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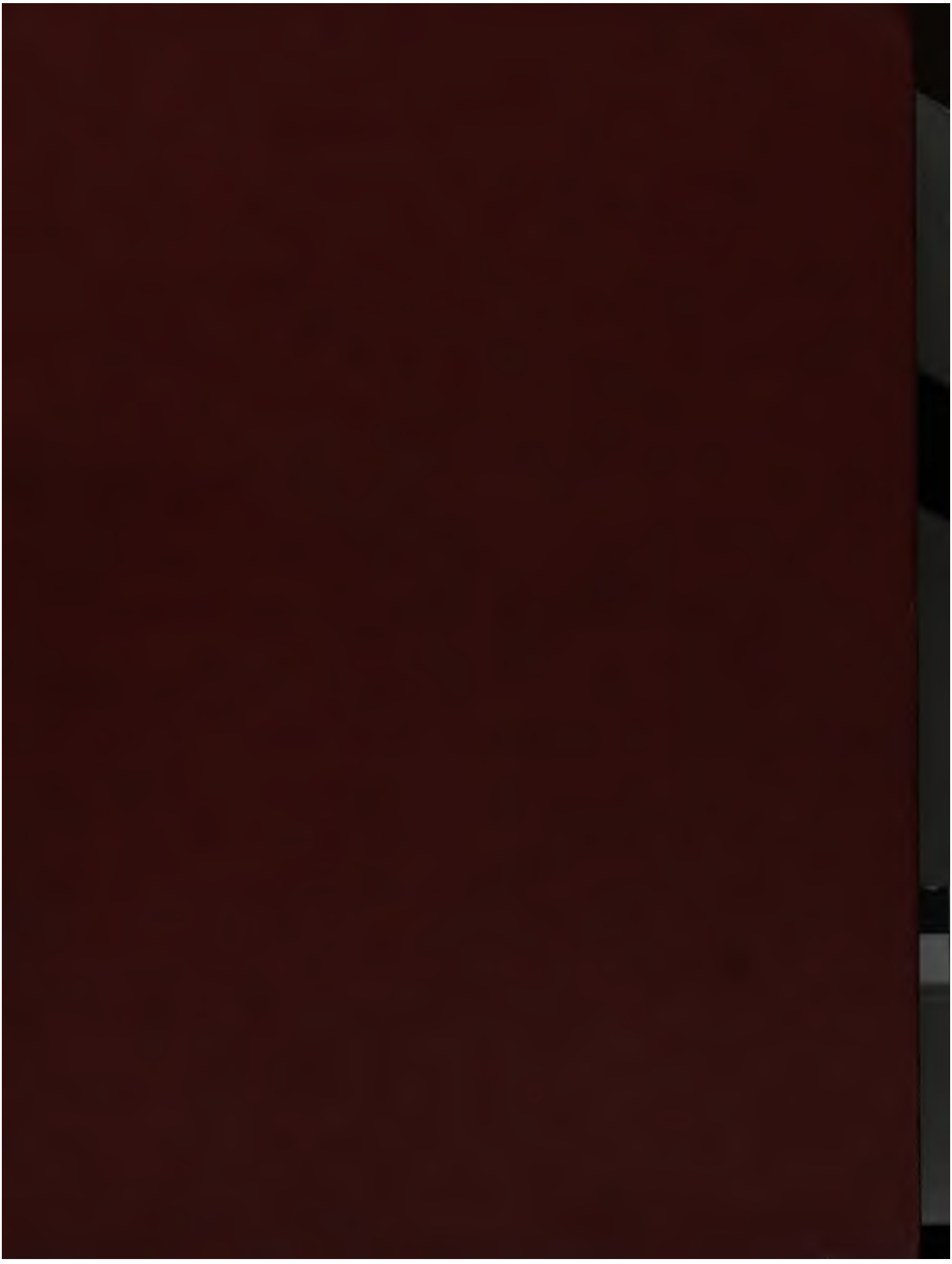

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

THE FRIEND AND BIOGRAPHER OF

COWPER.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET-STREET.

FRONTISPIECE TO THE SECOND VOLUME OF

HAYLEY'S MEMOIRS.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

THE FRIEND AND BIOGRAPHER OF

COWPER,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

AND UNPUBLISHED POETRY.

AND

MEMOIRS OF HIS SON

THOMAS ALPHONSO HAYLEY,

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

EDITED BY JOHN JOHNSON, LL.D.

RECTOR OF YAXHAM WITH WELBORNE, IN NORFOLK.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

PART THE SECOND.

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1798, TO THE DEATH OF THOMAS HAYLEY, IN 1800.

CHAPTER I.

Page
Brief notice of incidents and compositions in the year 1798 - - 1

BOOK THE NINTH.

THE OCCUPATIONS OF HAYLEY DURING THE FIRST EIGHT YEARS AFTER THE LOSS OF HIS SON.

CHAPTER I.

Incidents and compositions from the death of the young artist, to the end of 1800. - - - - - - - - 11

CHAPTER II.

Incidents and compositions from the commencement of the year 1801, to the publication of Cowper's Life. - - - - - - 26

CHAPTER III.

New literary occupations of Hayley after he had ended his Life of Cowper, and various occurrences to the autumn of 1808 - - - - 37

BOOK THE TENTH.

CHAPTER I.

New prospects—The second marriage of the poet - - - - 71

CHAPTER II.

Page

The conclusion to be hereafter concluded - - - - - 74

CHAPTER III.

Continuation—Letters principally relating to Mr. Cowper, and to the author's son, from 1796 to 1800 - - - - - - - 77

CHAPTER IV.

Letters and extracts relating to the Life of Cowper, &c. from 1800 to 1805 - 111

CHAPTER V.

Letters on various subjects, from 1807 to 1819. - - - - 155

CHAPTER VI.

Conclusion—Last illness and death of Hayley—His character, &c. - - 194

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS ALPHONSO HAYLEY,

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

PART THE FIRST, extending to the fifth of October, 1793 - 3

PART THE SECOND - - - - - 69

PART THE THIRD - - - - - 153

PART THE FOURTH - - - - - 218

PART THE FIFTH - - - - - 272

PART THE SIXTH - - - - - 317

PART THE SEVENTH - - - - - 376

PART THE EIGHTH - - - - - 415

MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1798, TO THE DEATH OF THOMAS HAYLEY, IN 1800.

CHAPTER I.

BRIEF NOTICE OF INCIDENTS AND COMPOSITIONS IN THE YEAR 1798.

So many particulars of the Poet's life are minutely recorded in his biographical tribute to the memory of his son; his own feelings and sentiments are so copiously displayed in the series of letters, which he inserted in his affectionate memorial, that the present history will hasten to the period, when it pleased Heaven to deprive a tender father of that singularly interesting child, whose education and welfare had been the primary objects of his incessant attention. Hayley always regarded his son with peculiar affection; and the talents, which he evinced, were a continual source of the most consolatory, and enlivening sensations in his paternal bosom.

The early years of this youth were so happy, that his father used often to exclaim to himself, "should it please God to deprive me of my son to-morrow, I ought to be most cordially thankful for the several years of rare felicity that he has already enjoyed." By contemplations of this sort, he prepared his own mind to sustain a trial, that he was very far from foreseeing—the trial of losing his filial idol, not by a sudden stroke of death, but by a slow and severe martyrdom of more than two years. The insidious advances of that destruction, and the angelic spirit of the unrepining and cheerful sufferer, are faithfully recorded by the ocular witness of his gentle fortitude, and of all his virtues: here it will be sufficient briefly to notice some of the literary occupations, in which the afflicted father was able to employ himself in the long and calamitous season, while he was anxiously watching over a life far dearer than his own.

Towards the end of the year 1797, Hayley had left his young artist, then believed to be convalescent by all his medical friends, resuming his professional studies under the excellent Flaxman. His letters were cheerful; but when the anxious father revisited the young student on the 10th of February, his quick eye discerned, in the altered features of his son, such symptoms of undiscovered malady, as had escaped all his medical friends. His kind physician declared, that he could discern no source of serious alarm; but, as the tender father thought otherwise, he exhorted him by all means

to convey the interesting invalid immediately into his native air. He did so; and soon after his return to Eartham, discovered the unsuspected source of his infirmity—an incipient curvature of the spine, long and fatally mistaken for inflammatory accidental mischief, extending only to the muscles of the breast. I will not repeat his father's circumstantial account of his gradual decline, the frequent, though fruitless hopes of his revival, or the many surprising exertions of his spirit, and his talents, in the course of his oppressive, and often excruciating malady; recollecting that this narrative ought now to be more and more confined to the personal history of the author. His chief occupation was to amuse the beloved sufferer, and assist him in such employment as he was yet able to endure.

The journey from London to Eartham had so affected the injured frame of the invalid, that he appeared for some time overwhelmed with extreme languor, both of body and mind; so that he could hardly command attention, except for one favourite amusement, namely, to hear his father read some of the best English comedies. The anxious parent devoted all his thoughts to cheer and inspirit this beloved sufferer, who gradually revived so far, that great hopes were entertained of his recovery by a residence in marine air. He was, therefore, stationed at Felpham, by the advice of his medical friend, Mr. Guy; and the poet supported the native alacrity of his own spirits, by cherishing

the double expectation of seeing his new villa, and his reviving son, advancing together in such improvements as might afford the purest gratification to the evening of his life. His attention to these two objects of his solicitude hardly allowed him leisure for any important composition of verse or prose: but I find that on 7th June, 1798, he sent the following rhymes

TO MRS. FLAXMAN,

In reply to a friendly and partial Billet accompanying a most welcome present of sacred Sketches by Flaxman.

" Too grateful Anna! whom love owns with pride
" The heart's associate, and the fancy's guide!
" Long on thy present let me feast my sight,
" Absorb'd in wonder, and in mute delight!
" Words fit to thank thee I in vain may seek;
" Inestimable gifts make language weak.
" Rich are the offerings, that, when friendship glows,
" Benignant Asia from her bosom throws;
" Odours, whose power the fiends of languor fly!
" And gems, that commerce has not wealth to buy!
" Thy gifts, more rich, superior joy impart,
" They elevate the soul, they mend the heart;
" And, blending lively zeal with tender awe,
" Give fresh attraction to a Saviour's law;
" Since every duty, which that law defines,
" Charms, with new grace, in these sublime designs.
" Instruct me, Friendship! sweet instructive sprite!
" How best I may deserve, how best requite

" These dear remembrances of kind regard,
" Bestow'd by Anna on her rustic bard!
" My mind yet holds thy just suggestion dear:
" No music is so sweet to Anna's ear
" As praise of him, from truth's ingenuous lyre,
" Whom love, and amity alike admire;
" Whose talents, ripen'd into purest art,
" Still rank below his purity of heart.
" In that blest hour, when gay with glorious spoil,
" (True mental wealth amass'd by foreign toil!)
" My distant friend had shaped his travel home,
" From his deep study of exhausted Rome;
" Hope's anxious warmth, and joy's enlivening swell,
" Burst from his sickly bard's long silent shell:
" The Muse, ambitious for a favourite friend,
" Whom common eulogies would ill commend,
" Aspired to deck him with poetic flowers,
" Rich as his art, and varied as his powers.
" Pain, sickness, trouble, art and nature's foes,
" To thwart this fond intent malignly rose:
" Suspended, not destroy'd, the friendly song,
" On merit founded, and in justice strong,
" May flourish——In her own propitious day,
" Friendship may consecrate the finish'd lay,
" If haply, to relieve thy poet's breast,
" Too long a stranger to all cordial rest,
" If Heaven, indulgent to a parent's prayer,
" Deign now to make the suffering youth its care,

" Whom parts and probity alike endear;
" Grievously thrown from art's beloved career
" By cruel malady's invidious sway!
" The slave of languor! and of pain the prey!
" If he restored to that kind master's side,
" Whose worth should govern him, whose genius guide,
" May gain, yet true to his instructor's plan,
" All that becomes the artist, and the man:—
" But this depends on Heaven. Whate'er his fate,
" Long may kind Anna bless her happier state!
" Long be it her's to keep a brighter life
" Free from the noxious clouds of pain and strife;
" From genius, justly prized, each thorn remove
" By guardian kindness, by enliv'ning love;
" For O! in cheerful love alone we find,
" The vital daylight of the working mind."

Hayley was particularly gratified by the kindness of this present, in a double point of view; first, as it was a pleasure to himself frequently to contemplate the exquisite designs of his friend; and, secondly, as these admirable drawings served to cherish, and invigorate, the inventive powers of the beloved artist's affectionate disciple, who, severely injured as all his rare faculties were, by his oppressive malady, yet so exerted himself occasionally under every disadvantage, that in the course of his long sufferings, he astonished all who loved him, by various productions of art; and particularly his compassionate master, whose esteem and tenderness to his disciple extended through every season, and afforded in-

finite consolation to the young sufferer, and to his father, in all his troubles. The poet had, at this time, a pleasing opportunity of gratifying the feelings of the friendly sculptor; for it happened that a lady, in the depth of maternal affliction, had been so touched by a sight of his monument, erected to Collins, the Poet, in Chichester Cathedral, that she engaged him to execute another, of superior expense, to her lost daughter, expressing at the same time a most anxious wish to obtain an epitaph from his friend of Eartham. Hayley, ever ready to weep with those that weep, did not hesitate to comply with this request. He rode to pass his first night of sleeping in his new marine villa, in the hope that the circumstance might assist his fancy on this occasion; and, at the dawn of the next morning (the 11th of August, 1798) he composed the following tribute to the heartfelt affliction of Mrs. Lushington. The verses are engraved on a marble, that forms a part of Flaxman's highly beautiful and pathetic design, which he executed for the church of Lewisham:

ON MARY,

Daughter of William and Paulina Lushington.

" BLAME not, ye calm observers of distress,
" A mother sorrowing to a fond excess!
" True filial excellence, of life so brief,
" Claims the full tribute of no common grief:
" Here friendship, form'd by nature's sweetest tie,
" And hallow'd e'en by Heaven's approving eye,

" Laments the dearest joy affection gave,
" Lost in the darkness of a daughter's grave;
" Pity absolves the Parent thus o'ercome;
" Her reason crush'd, her resignation dumb!
" No human comforters such pangs controul,
" But Seraphs whisper to the mourner's soul;
" 'Raise thy sunk eye to her, in sainted rest,
" Whose beauty charm'd thee, whose perfection bless'd!
" Whose voice, now joining the seraphic quire,
" To thee was soothing as devotion's lyre!
" See her exalted from the mists of earth,
" To radiant recompense for spotless worth!
" And let her merit (still thy graceful pride)
" Prove, to the Throne of Truth, her Parent's guide.'"

The poet had an opportunity, in this little business, of shewing his disinterested spirit; for he declined accepting a rich diamond ring, very graciously offered to him by the afflicted parent, as a memorial of his success in soothing the anguish of her heart. He used, however, to declare, that he had no right to boast of his generosity on this occasion, because he declined the diamond, to shew his preference of what he regarded as a more precious gem; namely, a marble bust of the young deceased lady, from the chisel of his friend Flaxman.

This he was not unwilling to accept; and he was led to expect so delicate a present: but though he saw the model of the bust begun, there arose some unknown source of disappointment, and he never received the promised marble. He was, however,

sufficiently rewarded for his composition, in the delight he felt at having in some degree alleviated the maternal sorrow of the most woe-begone mourner that he ever beheld; and he passed some pleasing social hours with the younger daughters of this afflicted lady: one of whom discovered, at a very early age, uncommon talents for the pencil, particularly in the inventive spirit of her historical sketches.

But to return to the occupations of the poet. His anxiety for his young sufferer had given him the habit of waking every morning at four, and employing his mind on the pillow in brief compositions of tenderness and devotion. These related chiefly to the sufferings and the virtues of his son: they were intended only as private exercises of a troubled mind, that sought relief for its inquietude by addressing itself to Heaven. The mind of Hayley, however troubled, had a natural tendency to cherish very sanguine hopes. The health of the dear patient seemed at this time so much improving, that, with the sanction of his medical guides, he ventured to visit London under the care of his very kind relation, Captain Godfrey, who drove him in an open carriage, and supplied him most generously with that convenience, as long as he was able to derive useful exercise, and amusement, from driving himself on the sands of the coast, where he occasionally resided.

The poet cheered him on his birth-day, in October, with a few occasional verses, inserted in his Life.

Upon a serious inspection of that memorial, I find Hayley has introduced so much of his own personal history in de-

scribing the two last years of that beloved sufferer, who died the victim of medical mistake, and was now perishing by a very slow martyrdom; that as the father's history of his son, and this account of its author, will probably be imparted to the public at the same time, and of course, if they are read at all, will be generally perused with a brief interval between them,—to save both my reader and myself from painful repetitions, I shall pass silently through the dark period which the fond father has so circumstantially described, and rush forward immediately to that season in his life, when his fortitude and resignation were put to the severest trial, in watching the last moments of that justly-regarded youth, who expired at Eartham on the 2nd of May, 1800. With this afflictive event I shall terminate the single chapter of this eighth book, a division of the present work, originally intended to contain a few more chapters, but now, for reasons already imparted to the reader, compressed into one.

BOOK THE NINTH.

THE OCCUPATIONS OF HAYLEY DURING THE FIRST EIGHT YEARS AFTER THE LOSS OF HIS SON.

CHAPTER I.

INCIDENTS AND COMPOSITIONS, FROM THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG ARTIST, TO THE END OF 1800.

THE sufferings of the surviving father were proportioned to the infinite delight he had taken in cultivating the talents and virtues of the deceased. Religion alone could teach a mortal of very strong affections to support such a loss, without utter distraction.

That Hayley was not unprovided with this only valuable medicine for such wounds of a parental heart, may appear from the following sentence, with which he ended his Diary of the month that was rendered memorable to him by this bitterest of all his afflictions.

" I close this darkest of all the dark months in my life, with " such sentiments, I hope, of resignation and gratitude to Hea- " ven, for the many mercies mixed with my severe loss, as may, I

" trust, prepare me for a blissful re-union with my dearfilial angel,
" whose endearing perfections are more and more the wonder
" and delight of my faithful and affectionate remembrance."

His devotional feelings were still more forcibly expressed in a funeral sermon that he composed immediately; and it was listened to with peculiar interest in the little church of Eartham. The poet did not attend the ceremony, though he visited the deceased in his coffin, and scattered over his placid features some of their favourite flowers, from the Felpham garden. Hayley sent his sympathetic young friend William Meyer, as his proxy, to the funeral; and secluding himself on that mournful day in his marine cell, he composed the two following occasional sonnets.

SONNET I.

" AFFLICTING hour of fate's most awful cast!
" When vernal scenes take sorrow's solemn hue,
" And the sweet village, where my darling grew,
" Vents the kind anguish of the heart, aghast
" At youth's now opening grave, whose life has pass'd
" Like an effulgent drop of morning dew,
" That having sparkled in affection's view,
" Darken'd, and fell by desolation's blast.
" I hear the bell remote: on fancy's ear
" It strikes distinct; and on the heart of love:
" In double vision, now, alas! too clear,
" I see, though lonely as th' imprison'd dove,
" Thy obsequies, my child! O bless'd above,
" Accept, and hallow this sequester'd tear!"

SONNET II.

" HASTE ! gentle friends, who to the sacred cell
" Of sunk mortality attend the frame
" Of filial worth, in which the temperate flame
" Of truest genius once was seen to dwell ;
" And virtues, potent as a magic spell,
" To win, whatever excellence may claim
" Of rich affection, or unsullied fame !
" Haste, if your lips have breath'd his last farewell !
" I pant, and tremble from your love to learn
" The dread solemnity's affecting close ;
" When mournful sanctity, with fond concern,
" Gave his dear relics to divine repose :
" Haste, tender friends, and in your wish'd return
" Bring tidings lenient to paternal woes !"

The friends of the poet were peculiarly kind to him in the season of his grief. The excellent Flaxman hastened to him immediately, took a cast from the features of the deceased, and begged leave to bestow a marble monument, at his own expense, on his beloved disciple: an act of liberality and tenderness inexpressibly grateful and soothing to the heart of Hayley.

But to return to his literary concerns. By forcing himself to persevere in his extensive work upon Sculpture, at the earnest exhortation of his filial artist, he had the comfort of gratifying the beloved invalid with a sight of the performance in print; though it was not completely ready for publication

when that dear sufferer expired; for in the poet's Diary of 1800, the following remarks occur on the 2d of June:

"I seem to have lost my propensity to composition, since "the loss of that dear delightful inspirer, my angelic son, who "was the soul of my studies, and of my life. I forced myself "to begin (to-day) a fresh revisal of all the poem on Sculp- "ture, and the notes, to form a complete list of errata.—Be- "fore the day closed, I had gone through all the pages in my "possession, three hundred and twenty, besides the introduc- "tory letter."

The poet added a Postscript to his friend Flaxman, and a Sonnet to his Country, which closed the production. It was published in the summer of 1800; but the art of which it treats, had not been sufficiently naturalized in England, for a poem upon it to become popular; and we may still say of it, in the words of Juvenal, "*laudatur et alget.*"

When Hayley said, in the words just transcribed from his Diary, that he seemed to have lost his propensity to composition, he must have meant composition of extent and magnitude; for at this season he composed many of those brief, occasional poems, that have flowed from the tender and devotional sorrow of his heart. Indeed he was so much a poet of nature, that all the strong emotions of his bosom, whether of grief or joy, of affection or disdain, were continually apt to array themselves in rhyme. The habit of composing a few verses on first waking, almost every day, as a prayer, or a wish, would have formed a voluminous and tire-

some collection, had he been as anxious for their preservation, as he was alert in their composition. But he used to warn himself against the danger of overloading his friends with a multiplicity of these poetical mushrooms, by frequently repeating a favourite verse from Gresset,

"Que trop de vers entrainent trop d'ennui."

He has been heard to say, that his affliction in losing his son, gave rise to as many sonnets as Petrarch devoted to his lamented Laura. Many of these he treasured in little books, as the recital of them was soothing to his wounded spirit, particularly of those that impress upon the mind an absolute resignation to the will of Heaven. It may serve to display the character of the poet, to insert two or three of the sonnets that he composed at this time; and I select such as appear most expressive of his paternal affection.

SONNET I.

"ANGELIC regent of my tender mind,
"To whom my thoughts unvaried homage pay,
"Sure as the just return of night and day!
"Soul of my buried son! howe'er enshrined,
"With tutelary impulse unconfined,
"Guide thou my steps through every doubtful way,
"In years, that threaten premature decay,
"The powers, that age would spare, to grief resign'd;
"But ev'n to grief my angel may impart
"His own mild energy sublimely sweet!
"Whose modest fortitude, unchanged by time,
"Shrinks not from toil, and dignifies retreat!

" So fond remembrance shall her task complete,
" And life's last hours be like the hour of prime."

The two following sonnets were probably composed under the roof of his good friends at Kew: as William Meyer, a sort of secondary son to the poet, kindly escorted him to that favourite domestic scene, very soon after the decease of the young sculptor; and the Fanny to whom the first is addressed, was the youngest daughter of that friendly house.

SONNET.

" FANNY! sweet nymph, whom, in a few short years,
" Kindly I hoped to see my darling's bride,
" Due to the brightest youth that ever died—
" Died, the just object of angelic tears!
" The youth, whose memory every grace endears,
" That gives a sanction to parental pride,
" While tender sorrow, with pure faith her guide,
" Hallows his image, and his name reveres!
" By thee my grief is heighten'd, and beguiled,
" As on thy cheek these drops of passion start;
" I clasp, of him I love, no trivial part,
" Thou idol, worthy of his spotless heart!
" Thus love paternal, in fond anguish mild,
" Folds, in warm pressure, his departed child."

SONNET.

" FAREWELL, dear mansion! where my buried son
" In blooming years, that promised length of life,
" Guess'd, in the pensive child, the future wife!
" Ye scenes of kindness, where his talents won

" All they deserved, surpass'd in praise by none!
" Ye honour'd scenes! though plagues on earth are rife,
" Free be this hallow'd spot from care and strife!
" Here smooth be fortune's thread by virtue spun!
" Ye shrines of innocence, and peace, and love!
" Here still domestic joy shall duly reign;
" For he our vanish'd idol, bless'd above,
" Shall prove the guardian of this fav'rite fane:
" A kinder shines not in the seraph train;
" Less brave the eagle, and less mild the dove."

The two young friends of the poet, Meyer and Rose, seem to have been particularly active and kind, in consoling and reanimating his spirits, under the double affliction of losing both his son and his beloved Cowper, who departed for a brighter world within a week of each other. When Hayley had lost these pre-eminent objects of his affection, it became the prime wish of his heart to employ the evening of his life in paying ample and just tribute to the memory of each. This wish is expressed in one of those brief nocturnal poems that he was accustomed to compose on his pillow. It is transcribed from his letters to Rose, but from a letter that has not a date of the year.

TO MY DECEASED DARLINGS.

" ANGELIC spirits! whom on earth,
" Where now your fame extends,
" Most conscious of your matchless worth
" I deem'd my dearest friends!

" Dear bard of Weston! and most dear
" To nature's fond embrace,
" My son! who hast not left thy peer
" In every filial grace:

" If I have render'd to you both,
" In trouble's trying storm,
" All services, that, nothing loth,
" True kindness could perform;

" Now in your scene of glory crown'd
" With heavenly palms and powers,
" Aid me yet struggling on the ground,
" In sorrow's darken'd hours!

" I ask not gifts of wealth, or youth,
" So coveted by men;
" Give but the light and grace of truth
" To my recording pen!

" I ask it for your sakes, to raise,
" Ere to the grave I fall,
" A deathless column of your praise,
" Most worthy of us all.

" So let me toil in virtue's cause,
" With truth-devoted love,
" That I may gain your just applause,
" Your fellowship above!

" This earth, with all its bitter leaven,
" No more my heart allures;
" My passion is the smile of Heaven,
" Endear'd to me by yours."

This little metrical prayer, which seems to have obtained that angelic assistance which it implored, was probably composed in August 1801; but the writer was actuated by the same desire in the preceding year, for it appears by his Diary, that he wrote his first epitaph on Cowper, in the evening of Sunday, June the 8th, 1800. He was then in London, and the next day he gave a copy of that epitaph to his friend Rose, who was zealous, to the highest degree, in exhorting Hayley to employ himself on a copious Life of their beloved and revered Cowper, promising, at the same time, to exert himself to the utmost in assisting to collect all the necessary materials for such a Life. In July 1800, Hayley received a request to the same purpose from Cowper's amiable relation, the Lady Hesketh, who, in the most animating language of esteem and regard, solicited the most intimate friend and correspondent of the departed poet, to become his biographer. Hayley, with the purest warmth of affection and sincerity, endeavoured to persuade the lady to execute this delicate office herself, confident, as he really was, that no person could be so completely qualified for the task. This her great modesty would not allow her to believe; and her next letter repeated, and enforced, her friendly request.

Hayley, in his reply, dated the 5th of August, 1800, thus expressed his genuine feelings on the subject.

"Believe me, I was very far from meaning *to flatter you*, "when I suggested to you my sincere opinion, that you might "prove the very best biographer that could be assigned to

" that wonderful model of genius and virtue, who now requires " the most delicate of kind offices, from the hand of sincerity " and affection. You know, my dear Lady, with what tender " zeal I have formerly endeavoured to promote the interest, and " the health of our inestimable friend; and I will certainly not " shrink from a task, which you deliberately, and repeatedly " wish me to assume, in your kind idea, that I may prove a " proper guardian of his reputation. I can literally say, with the " strictest truth, that his reputation is dearer to me than my " own; and, in whatever shape I may write his memoirs, I shall " zealously wish not to insert in them a syllable which, I could " imagine, his tender and pure spirit might disapprove.

" I once thought, as you do, my dear Lady, that it must " be impossible for our beloved bard to have *a single enemy on* " *earth*; but I have been lately grieved to see some very bitter " effects of a vehement prejudice against him, and severe attacks " on passages in our favourite poem, the Task, accusing them " of being suggested by the dark spirit of sarcastic fanaticism."

Her Ladyship's answer was full of gratitude and kindness.

On the 13th of September, Hayley expressed, in a letter to Lady Hesketh, his thoughts and feelings on her timidity concerning the manuscripts of their departed friend. As the letter alluded to explains also the immediate occupation and future plans of the biographer, the following extract seems to claim a place in this narrative.

" I had flattered myself with an idea of your having such " confidence in my affection for the deceased, that you might,

" without difficulty, impart to me any writings existing (of what " nature soever) that flowed from his pen. But your scruples " on this subject have not abated my zeal; and I am confi- " dent, all those scruples will vanish, if you will have the " kindness to meet me in London in the last week of October, " or the first week of the following month. It is my present " intention to pass about a fortnight in town, at the time I " mentioned; and chiefly for the interesting purpose of col- " lecting every thing I can, that may enable me to render the " projected life as perfectly worthy of the beloved being, whom " it is our wish to commemorate, as the extent of my informa- " tion and my faculties will allow me to make it.

" I am at present finishing a work devoted to the memory " of my dear child, which I mean to print in November, with " two engraved portraits of him, more faithful to his expressive " countenance, than the miserably unjust medallion in the Essay " on Sculpture. The new publication will consist chiefly of " devotional sonnets, composed in the long illness, and since " the departure of my filial angel, which I am tempted to " print, by the opinion of some tender-hearted friends, who " persuade me the book may prove, in some degree, soothing " and medicinal to parents in general, under similar affliction. " To prove to you, that it does not render me unmindful of " the dear departed bard, I will transcribe one sonnet from the " collection, as, in the wish of the closing verses, you will " sympathize, my dear Lady, both for me and for yourself.

SONNET.

" YE hallow'd darlings of my thought! whose praise
" O'er your dear tombs I fondly strive to speak,
" Though with a troubled brain, and utterance weak:
" Cowper, bless'd bard! and thou, whose early rays
" Of talent promised a meridian blaze!
" Whose mind was all paternal pride could seek:
" In truth a Briton, and in taste a Greek!
" Ye! whom, though gone, my mental eye surveys!
" If ere my hand can form the faithful scroll,
" In which my heart would all your worth record,
" Lifeless I sink, by Heaven's revered controul,
" Crown my kind purpose with a bright reward!
" Lead me, like you, to serve our heavenly Lord!
" And to your fellowship exalt my soul!

" It will gratify me to hear speedily, that your tender " health is growing strong enough to afford me a fair prospect " of our meeting, according to my suggestion."

The health of the excellent lady to whom this suggestion was addressed, was so severely impaired, that it rendered her unable to meet the biographer in London. Before he visited the metropolis, his health and spirits had so far recovered the shock of his late affliction, that his fancy was much inclined to amuse itself with brief poetical compositions. On the 22d of September, he wrote a ballad, entitled *Little Tom the Sailor*. It was printed with two designs by Mr. Blake the engraver, who had now settled himself in a cottage near the poet, to execute various works of art, and

particularly the prints with which he hoped to decorate the projected Life of Cowper. The ballad was successfully devoted to relieve the necessities of a meritorious poor woman on the Kentish coast, whose misfortunes Mrs. Rose had imparted to Hayley, and whose heroic sea-boy was the hero of the ballad.

As Lady Hesketh and the biographer truly sympathized in mutual esteem, and a most cordial wish to honour the memory of Cowper, a right understanding on the subject of his manuscripts was very soon established between them; as we learn from the following expressions of Hayley, in writing to her Ladyship:

"FELPHAM, *Dec.* 24, 1800.

"Let me hasten to meet you, my dear Lady Hesketh, as "you profess to appear 'with *the olive branch* in your hand.' "Your *pacific letter* has found me just returned to my ma- "rine cell, after an excursion, which infinite kindness from "some old and some new friends had induced me to make "of much longer continuance than I at first proposed. "I have engaged more in social amusement, and less in "literary business, than I intended; for although I con- "veyed a volume of parental verses to town, with an idea of "printing and publishing what I considered as a just tribute "to the very singular merit of a departed darling; yet, when I "reflected repeatedly on the uncommon modesty and reserve "of that angelic youth, I seemed to hear his mild spirit sug- "gesting to me, that, fond as he ever was of being praised by

"me, yet he could not wish me to obtrude so much of his "sufferings, or of his praise, on *that fierce eye of the public*, "which he, like your Ladyship, was tenderly apprehensive of "drawing too hastily on himself. I have, therefore, reserved "those effusions of a parental heart which I thought might "be usefully soothing to other afflicted parents, to rest in "privacy at present; and to appear, perhaps, only when I am "united again (as I hope to be) to that gentle and affectionate "being, of whose beatitude I have the most consolatory as-"surance.

"But I beg your pardon for dwelling on this topic. I will "hasten to say, that I wish you to send as much as you can "send, both of prose and verse, to the care of our dear Rose, "who will forward the papers to me. He has promised to "visit my retirement by the 12th of next month; and I may "possibly return with him to town, to glean a few more mate-"rials for a work which I certainly wish to render as perfect "as I can, though heaven only knows how far I may be able to "satisfy either myself or others, in what I consider as the "most arduous and delicate of all literary duties.

"Your sincere and affectionate

"HERMIT."

It was a cordial gratification to Hayley, that he was able to tranquillize the spirits of this truly good lady.

The present chapter may close with two brief extracts from his Diary, as it noticed the end of the two last months of the year 1800: "November 30. I close the month with

" thanks to Heaven, that I have received so many proofs of " kind esteem from different friends in the course of my ex- " cursion from the Turret. I feel not that attraction to my own " retirement, which I felt when my dear son was the magnet " that drew me to my home. Yet I hope Providence may " guide me to make myself a comfortable domestic scene for " my latter days."

" December 31. The year, and the century, which have " produced bitter afflictions for me, close, I thank God, with " a fairer prospect of blessings, which Heaven, I hope, may " enable me to realize and to deserve."

CHAPTER II.

INCIDENTS AND COMPOSITIONS FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1801, TO THE PUBLICATION OF COWPER'S LIFE.

On the opening of the new year, Hayley seemed to be greatly recovered from all the uncomfortable effects of extreme sorrow, which had affected him deeply in the last year.

On the 12th of January, 1801, his Diary contains the following words; "My mind begins to grow warm with two "great projected works: one, in prose, on my beloved Cow-"per; the other, in verse, on a subject that I think he would "have highly approved, and wished me to pursue."

The poem here mentioned was suggested to the imagination of Hayley by a book, which he received as a present from Mr. Greathead, namely, an account of Missionary Voyages. The fancy of the poet was highly pleased with this alluring subject, and he commenced a poetical composition in cantos, which he entitled "The Christian Navigator;" intending to employ himself on this poem and his projected biography, alternately. It appears from his Diary, that he had finished a first canto by the end of February; and we there find the following expressions on the 28th of that month: "I have

"great reason to be thankful to Heaven, for having been "enabled to advance in my new works beyond my sanguine "expectation. By the aid of the same gracious support, I "hope in due time I may bring them to a prosperous conclu- "sion, after allowing myself proper seasons of relaxation. At "all events, I am thankful for having advanced so far."

While he was composing part of his poem, "The Christian Navigator," he was amused and inspirited by the following singular incident. He wished to find a motto for that work—a copy of the Oxford Cicero, purchased for him by his friend Rose, happened to enter his library at the time. The poet cheerfully seized a volume, as the box was unpacked, and sportively exclaimed, "Now, my beloved Cicero! present to me an apposite motto for my Christian Navigator!" Scarcely had he uttered the words, when, *mirabile dictu*, he read, on the first page he looked at, the following sentence:

"O constantiam promissi, et fidem miram! O navigationem amandam!"

CICERO, Edit. Oxon. Tom. 8. fol. 116.

Was ever poem more happy in a motto most signally appropriate? This composition, begun the 17th of January, was warmly applauded on the close of its first canto, by several friends of the poet; and particularly by his excellent critical friend of many years, Mrs. Poole, of Lavant. But though a favourite also of the author's fancy, he relinquished it, probably, lest it should interfere too much with the elaborate project

that more interested his heart, his promised Biography of Cowper, which, as we learn from his Diary, he began on the 23d of the same month; but, as he intimates, in an hour not propitious to composition; for in his Diary of that day, his words are, "Began Memoirs of Cowper—advanced very little, "being not well:

"Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis!"

It was a favourite custom with Hayley to animate himself (or any fellow-sufferer from tender health) to new literary exertions, by the citation of favourite passages from the great authors of Rome and Greece.

In March he indulged himself in a little of that relaxation, which his delicate health had rendered so necessary, by a visit to friends near London. While he was under their roof, he chanced to read in the newspaper, the death of his old musical friend, a native of Chichester, Theodore Aylward, the organist of Windsor; and he instantly composed the following tribute to his memory, which has been engraved on his tomb:

"AYLWARD, adieu! my gentle antient friend!
"Regret and honour on thy grave attend:
"Harmonious skill thy rapid hand possess'd,
"And moral harmony enrich'd thy breast;
"For Heaven most largely to thy frame assign'd
"Benevolence, the music of the mind!
"Mild was the tenor of thy mortal scene,
"Thy death as easy as thy life serene."

The regard between the poet and the musician was reciprocal. As soon as the former returned to his marine cell, he was informed, that his friend of Windsor had honoured him with a little pecuniary legacy, a circumstance which he was very far from expecting, when he composed the Epitaph. Aylward had always appeared to Hayley one of the happiest mortals whom he had ever known; and his enjoyments were supported through life by those primary pillars of happiness, industry and benevolence. His manners were very modest and engaging.

Hayley used often to exhort this worthy man to engage in extensive musical composition, till he discovered that his talents were not of the inventive kind; a discovery that did not impair their friendship, though it induced the poet to relinquish his pleasing expectations of hearing original music from Aylward, adapted to more than one extensive poetical composition, written expressly with a view of promoting the interest and honour of a musical friend.

Hayley was extremely fortunate in general concerning that important article in human life, the choice of friends. Those of his juvenile days, when friends are formed more by chance than by selection, were men of considerable intellectual powers and the purest hearts; but these favourites, Thornton, Clyfford, and Beridge, and their successors of more renown, Gibbon, Howard, and Cowper, were now all in their graves; and his surviving associate of many years, the wayward, yet beloved

Romney, was at this time sinking into a second childhood in the north of England. It was therefore a matter of serious concern to the heart of Hayley, to lose a remaining old friend, not by death, but by dissension; yet he thought it right to incur the hazard of such a loss, rather than fail to remonstrate with him on a very singular transaction, which was a source of considerable inquietude to the poet.

But, not to expatiate on an irksome topic, let us return to the time when Hayley was advancing diligently in his Life of Cowper. Eager as he was to proceed in that work, he did not fail to pay a brief poetical tribute to a worthy old domestic, whom he had settled, for the tranquillity of his latter days, in an old cottage at Eartham, and who died at that time.

In the poet's Diary of October 1801, the following words occur. "Tuesday 27th, visited in the course of the morn-"ing my poor William, twice alive, and once after he expired; "derived much mournful gratification in having been providen-"tially sent to comfort, and see the blessed release of this "affectionate and beloved old servant."

"Wednesday the 28th, an Epitaph for William early."

ON WILLIAM METCALFE.

"To this plain grave, that Nature's hand will dress,
"That truth will honour, and affection bless,
"A kind old servant sunk; this stone may give
"His sweet and simple character to live:

" A hand to minister, a heart to feel,
" Good-natured diligence, and sprightly zeal,
" Metcalfe! were thine, on earth—in joy's bright sphere
" Now be it thine, these blessed words to hear—
" 'Come my good servant,' from that Master's voice
" Who bids the living die, the dead rejoice."

The year that closed the life of one humble friend so esteemed by Hayley, afforded him another still more valuable; for it was on the 2d of June 1801, that Margaret Beke became his housekeeper at Felpham. She saved him, by her probity, from the many ruinous depredations to which a solitary studious author is exposed. At the end of his Diary for December 1801, he said, "I cannot close the " month, and the year, without sensations of gratitude to " Heaven, for having granted me faculties to proceed, as I " have, with a cheerful spirit, under many troubles, in the " prosecution of my interesting memorial of the beloved Cow- " per; which, with the blessing of Heaven, I hope soon to " finish in such a manner, as may obtain for me the appro- " bation of the two pure spirits, according to whose conjec- " tured feelings and wishes I am most anxious to fashion my " work.—I mean the dear excellent bard himself, and, I trust, " his present associate in bliss, my darling child, to whom may " God in his own blessed time, most mercifully unite my spirit " for ever!" Anxiously intent as Hayley was on completing his Life of Cowper, he yet found time to compose various

little pieces of poetry towards the end of the year 1801; particularly several of the ballads founded on anecdotes relating to animals, which he printed for the emolument of the interesting artist who had settled in a cottage, as the poet's neighbour, to execute the engravings for the quarto edition of Cowper's Life. That singularly industrious man applied himself to various branches of art: he had wonderful talents for original design; and, at Hayley's suggestion, he executed some portraits in miniature very happily; particularly a portrait of Cowper's beloved relation, the Reverend Dr. Johnson, who arrived at Felpham on a kind visit to the biographer, in January 1802, a visit that enabled Hayley to collect all the anecdotes he wanted of Cowper's closing days, from the lips of his favourite kinsman and his constant attendant. The biographical narrative, so eagerly expected by the admirers of the poet, was concluded on the 23d of January, 1802; a publisher was also provided, for Mr. Johnson of St. Paul's, who had visited Felpham in a former year, was introduced to the biographer by their common friend, Mr. Edwards, once a most active and prosperous bookseller in Pall Mall. Terms were soon adjusted with the author, when Johnson, after an ineffectual contest, acquiesced in the positive requisition of Hayley to have his work printed in his native city of Chichester. The biographer was aware, that provincial printing was liable to some objections, and that it must inevitably be a source of delay in the publication; but he was zealous

for the literary credit of the city that had given him birth; and was also peculiarly anxious to befriend a printer of that city, who was worthy to print a Life of Cowper, because he felt all the excellence of his character, being himself a man of feelings uncommonly acute and delicate, with perfect integrity. Such was the late Joseph Seagrave, most cordially regarded by Hayley, who had the pain of trying ineffectually to restore him from a stroke of sudden death on the 9th of July 1808. It was in March 1802, that he began to print the Life of Cowper, and the work in two quarto volumes was in circulation before the end of the year. It was the anxious wish of the author, that one of the earliest visible copies of the performance should be presented to his highly regarded friend, Lady Hesketh; and some passages of a letter from that admirable lady, in which she describes the arrival of the anxiously expected book, and her complicated sensations concerning it, shall terminate this chapter.

"CLIFTON, *Dec.* 29, 1802.

" 'Your book shall come tied with red tape, and sealed; so " you may let it rest unlooked at as long as you please.'

" An admirable arrangement in favour of the apprehensions " expressed! but certainly not fulfilled *au pied de la lettre*: for " neither red tape nor wax was there, to throw any impediment " in the way of my curiosity, which, I own, was very strong, " to see this dear and long-expected (though much dreaded) " work! Well! but I must, though I am positively still in a " tremble, tell you the matter regularly. At four o'clock yes-

" terday, on my return from a half- hour's walk, I beheld " on my table a square parcel, which my heart instantly told " me, was *The Life of Cowper !—Hayley's Life of Cowper !* I " surveyed it all round with fear and trembling; yet, with " the most lively interest; but determined (whether *heroically* " *or cowardly*, I know not by which name to call it) to defer " opening it to some future time; when fortunately I dis- " covered, that the paper was very wet, owing to something " it had lain near in the coach. Of course, it was become " necessary to strip it instantly, lest the precious contents " should suffer: and having stripped it, was it in woman to " do less than to read the first volume quite through, only " stopping to sleep? for as to dinner, it was impossible to " eat any; neither could I have slept, had I not armed my- " self with ten drops of laudanum to tranquillize my agitated " spirits. *You* will not, I am sure, ask me, as many cold- " hearted mortals would do, *why* they were agitated? On the " contrary, you seem, in your last on this subject, to enter " so entirely into my feelings, that I need say nothing more " on that head, but shall proceed to tell you, that I finished " the first volume before ten this morning. I have since made " a progress into the second, of more than a hundred pages; " but I can go no further, till I have expressed to you some " part of the admiration I feel on the Life. Its merit more " than answered all the expectations I had formed. You see I " resolve, as you bid me, to judge for myself; though I confess, " it would have done me good to have heard the eulogiums of

"the public, previous to my casting an eye upon it; and this "gratification I had really *intended* to have had; but I must "have been more, or less than *human*, could I have re- "sisted the temptation, which assailed me yesterday, in the "shape of these two interesting volumes, which I am really "at a loss to express my admiration of. You will not think "I mean to flatter you, when I say, that you have exactly "answered the idea which the person (whoever he might be, "who invited you to this task, in the Magazine,) had formed "when he said, that, could you be persuaded to undertake "it, you could not fail to execute it *con amore e con spirito.* "This is exactly the case; and should I write a quire of paper, "I could not describe more exactly what I think on the "perusal of this charming work, where indeed I should say "*to any one, but to you,* that the elegance and animation of "the style can only be equalled by the extreme tenderness "and delicacy with which you touch on particular subjects, "too affecting in their nature not to be seen with real pain by "me, and which would indeed have been *insupportable,* had "they been drawn by a rougher pencil. Ten thousand "thanks receive then, dear Sir, from me, for that soul of "friendship, with which you appear to have been animated "through the course of this arduous and delicate undertaking.

"You must forgive me, if I write nonsense upon this oc- "casion. Some time hence, and when I shall have read it *all,* "I shall be better able to praise it as I wish, and to describe "what I feel; at present I write in too great agitation of nerves

" and spirits, to say half what I feel. I will however say, how
" I am delighted with various little pieces of poetry inter-
" spersed in your charming work—some of which were new
" even to me. I must now finish, but cannot conclude with-
" out saying, that I am sensibly affected at coming into the
" cruel year *ninety-three*, at the close of which that cruel malady
" began, in which this loved creature suffered tortures never
" to be forgotten by

"Your most obliged and grateful
" H. HESKETH."

CHAPTER III.

NEW LITERARY OCCUPATIONS OF HAYLEY, AFTER HE HAD ENDED HIS LIFE OF COWPER; AND VARIOUS OCCURRENCES TO THE AUTUMN OF 1808.

Long before the publication of Cowper's Life, Hayley had entered on another task of biography, peculiarly interesting to his heart. The following brief extracts from his Diary of March 1802, may serve to shew his feelings on that occasion:

"Saturday, 13th. Meditation on writing a Life of my dear "Son—opened the box of his manuscripts—overwhelmed by "the sight of them, I did very little in the course of the "whole morning.

"Monday, 15th. Composed four devotional stanzas, on a "projected Life of my dear Son,—early after breakfast began "that Life, and, I trust, in a manner that may be acceptable "to his pure and beloved spirit."

This new biography, which seemed to engage so much of the author's heart and soul, did not preclude him from the composition of several brief poems, particularly epitaphs, and the ballads already mentioned, of which he formed a series for the emolument of Mr. Blake, the artist. In March, he wrote a preface to these ballads, which were first published in quarto numbers, with two engravings to each number;

but, as this mode of circulating them was thought too costly, it was soon discontinued; and they afterwards appeared in a neat pocket volume, with several engravings, published by Phillips, who divided the profits equally with the engraver. In the summer of 1802, Hayley received a very pleasing compliment from the poetical eldest son of his early departed friend Mr. Clyfford, who served with honour in Egypt, and, like the noble Spanish poet Ercillo, made the scene of his warfare the subject of his song.

On the 1st of July, Hayley composed the following sonnet, which formed part of a letter to the young poet, who had made honourable mention of his name in his animated publication:

SONNET.

" CLYFFORD! brave son of a lamented sire!
" (The fond associate of my youthful days)
" My age grows young with pleasure in the praise
" So nobly won by thy adventurous lyre;
" Sounding where Egypt's sands of sultry fire
" Render the cheering lustre of thy lays
" A marvel, view'd with rapturous amaze,
" Like desart streams, that make the faint respire.
" Thy father's friend would with a proud delight
" Strike a just prelude to thy early fame;
" But Abercromby's spirit (awful sight)
" Thus mildly vindicates his higher claim:
" Sooth'd by my soldier's verse of kind regard,
" 'Tis mine to patronize this martial bard."

Though Hayley passed the greater part of the year 1802 in sequestered study, it appears from his Diary, that he was sometimes enlivened by a pleasing unexpected visitor. In October, the young poetical Lord Strangford was admitted as a guest by the old poet, who was highly prejudiced in his favour, by a very tender and touching description that he gave of his filial attendance on a dying father. In a few visits from Worthing to Felpham he ingratiated himself so much with the literary recluse, that Hayley lent him one of the choicest treasures of his library, a very rare edition of the Portuguese poet Camoens, with notes by his elaborate commentator Faria: a favour of which the young noble author was certainly worthy, from the grace and spirit displayed in his translations of select minor poems from the heroic poet of Portugal.

The health of Hayley would probably have suffered from habits too sedentary, had not his kind and considerate friend of Lavant, Mrs. Harriet Poole, enjoined him to mount his favourite horse very early, and ride to breakfast with her twice a week. Her pleasant and hospitable villa was to him a scene both of cheerful relaxation and of critical business; for there the author used to meet his proof-sheets of Cowper's Life, a work in which that feeling and judicious lady took a most cordial interest. The biographer declared himself not a little obliged to the kindness of her criticism, and to the purity of her taste and judgment.

His Diary of Tuesday, November the 30th, speaks in the following words:

"Rode alone to Lavant—surprized and shocked there by "unexpected tidings, in the newspaper, of my dear old friend "Romney's death, at Kendal; my feelings concerning him "made the morning a very distressing one to me. Heaven "bless my departed old friend!

"Peace to his ashes! to his memory, fame!"

A subsequent year will show how zealously Hayley endeavoured to give efficacy to that friendly wish.

He began the next month by composing an epitaph on the deceased, before the dawn of day; on the 2d of December he concluded the second part of the biography of his son; and retouched his epitaph on Romney, "wishing," according to his expression in his Diary, "to make it like one of Romney's "happiest portraits, just, forcible, and tender."

Few poets have been more ready than Hayley to offer sepulchral tribute to the dead. On Monday, the 27th of December, he composed an epitaph on Cowper's friend and correspondent, Hurdis, the Oxford professor of poetry. The chief occupation of Hayley in the close of the year 1802, consisted in regulating the presentations of his biography, then completed at the press; and in preparing such letters and verses, as he wished to attend the copies presented to those individuals of whose approbation he was particularly ambitious. His primary wish was to afford the highest gratifica-

tion to those who were distinguished by the sincerest affection for Cowper, and to those who had given public testimony of their admiration for his genius. He sent copies, and wrote letters on the occasion, both to Pitt, and to Fox.

Hayley had great reason to be thankful to Heaven for the extensive success of his new publication. He considered it as a most gracious reward from Providence for the compassionate zeal, with which, in the midst of his own troubles, he had laboured to improve both the fortune and the health of his beloved Cowper. While he was active in the service of that dear sufferer, he was very far from surmising that he should ever receive any pecuniary recompense for his friendly exertions; but in the very uncommon advantages that he derived from the great share of public favour which attended his Life of Cowper, he acknowledged with devout gratitude, that Heaven unexpectedly rendered his disinterested friendship for a man of virtue and genius, suffering under the darkest calamity, a source of unthought-of blessings to himself at a distant period, and in those latter days of life when the favour of Heaven is felt with all the just sensibility of religious contemplation.

The letters of friendly applause which the biographer received from two highly distinguished, but very different characters, Lord Thurlow, and the Bishop of Landaff, afforded him infinite pleasure and encouragement. So animated, he employed himself with fresh ardour on the Life of his Son, and

made great progress in it in the first months of the year 1803; still continuing to amuse his fancy in brief pieces of nocturnal poetry.

His Diary on the 26th and 27th of March has the following words:

"Read the death of Klopstock in the newspaper of the "day, and looked into his Messiah, both the original and "the translation. Read Klopstock into English to Blake; "and translated the opening of his third canto, where he "speaks of his own death."

Hayley had recently acquired a little knowledge of the German language, on finding that it contained a poem on the Four Ages of Woman, of which he for some time made it a rule to translate a few lines, almost literally, into English blank verse, every day, and at the same time transcribed a portion of St. John's Gospel, both in German and Spanish. But the former language appeared to him so harsh and unattractive, that he never made himself perfectly master of it; although he was in some measure invited to do so, by receiving presents of no less than three works of his own translated into German: namely, the Essay on Old Maids, the Life of Milton, and the Triumphs of Temper.

On the 2d of June his Diary records a singular, melancholy delight, that he enjoyed in contemplating, for the first time, the graceful marble monument, that the tender generosity of Flaxman bestowed on the memory of his young disciple in the Church of Eartham.

His feelings on that occasion immediately produced the following extempore sonnet, which he dispatched by the post of that day to the dear liberal artist who had afforded him such a cordial gratification.

SONNET. *June 2d*, 1803.

" THE dead have spoken :—and to Nature's ear
" The gentle tenant of an early tomb
" Yet speaks ; and seems in speaking to assume
" The voice of gratitude—a voice most dear
" To all, who virtue and her law revere !
" Yes ! he commands the sculptured angel's plume,
" That shines expressive of his heavenly doom ;
" He greets the Sculptor's love with thanks sincere.
" Hark ! how he clears the tablet's mournful date :
" ' It was my youthful wish,' he fondly cries,
" ' Before my elder friends to heaven might rise,
" To prove their kind support in life's last state,
" Their age's prop !—but mark my happier fate !
" A call from God to guide them to the skies.' "

The parental feelings of the poet were gratified, not only by this delicate monument, but also by a friendly production of Romney, containing the portraits of Flaxman and his disciple, with the painter and the poet; which was sent to him at that time by the executor of this beloved artist.

Hayley has expressed his value for these two memorable works of art by thus closing his Diary for June 1803.

" I close the month with feelings of gratitude to Heaven,
" that I am enabled to cherish the most pleasing remembrance
" of my dear departed child, by opportunities of contempla-
" ting the graceful monument of his virtues by his generous
" master, and the full-length portrait of his uninjured figure
" in the great picture by Romney."

The biographer was animated to new diligence in his present work, by these tributes from friendly artists to the merits of the young sculptor. The Diary so often cited, contains, on the 29th of August, the following information.

" Pursued my new biography with such perseverance, that
" I finished it (thank Heaven) in the course of this morning,
" writing twenty-four pages, besides a reply to a letter."

The author's attention seems to have been entirely devoted to this Life of his Son, as his diaries of the summer hardly speak of any other composition, except a patriotic song in August, and a few rhymes of nocturnal devotion.

On the 1st of September he was much gratified by a visit from his young confidential friend, Edward Marsh, of Oriel, whom he thus mentions in his Diary of that day.

" Edward began reading the first volume of my new bio-
" graphy with uncommon interest, and warmth of approbation.
" A singular comfort and delight to my heart! He read it ad-
" mirably, aloud; and if his musical voice does not deceive me,
" the language is what I wished it to be."

On the 10th of the same month, the biographer began those remarks on the letters of eminent persons, which he

prefixed to an additional quarto volume of his Life and Letters of Cowper, published in 1804. The Diary observes, "These "remarks were concluded on the 3d of October."

The chief occupation and delight of Hayley seems to have consisted in zealous and constant endeavours to serve his friends, while they lived, and to celebrate their talents and virtues after their decease. About the middle of December, 1803, he began his Life of Romney; and he closed his Diary of that year in returning thanks to Heaven for the reviving health of his excellent literary friend of Lavant, Mrs. Harriet Poole, whose delicate frame had been severely shaken by a painful attendance on the death-bed of an old female friend of many virtues, in the east of Sussex.

In the opening of the year 1804, Hayley had a narrow escape of life, from one of the most dangerous accidents to which life can be exposed; a strong horse falling under him in a gallop, threw him forward with such vehemence, that his head pitching perpendicularly on a very large flint fixed in the road, made his faithful attendant, a very feeling servant, apprehend that his master must be killed on the spot. He spoke to the bleeding figure on the ground without expecting an answer; but Hayley soon cheered the honest fellow, by exclaiming, "No! my good Walwyn, I am not stunned; but "to tell you the truth, I feel as if my neck was broken: how-"ever, you shall see I can mount my horse, and as it will not "be right to alarm our friends at Lavant with this bloody visage, "we will ride home together." The life of Hayley was pre-

served by a petty circumstance, which he was fond of relating, as an example of that gracious guardianship of Providence, which he, on all occasions, delighted to contemplate and acknowledge. It happened, that when he was going to set forth on his ride, his excellent domestic, Margaret Beke, observed that he had an old hat on his head; and requested him to change it for a new one sent home on the preceding evening. The new hat proved a helmet of preservation. It was remarkably thick and strong; so that, although it was completely cut through by the flint, it so far guarded the wearer, that his skull was not wounded, and his blood flowed only from an unimportant gash on his forehead. The worst pain he suffered proceeded from the injured muscles of the neck; but his intimate medical friend, Mr. Guy, soon came to his assistance. The poet said to him very cheerfully, " My dear *Machaon*, you must patch me up very speedily; for, living or dying, I must make a public appearance within a few days at the trial of our friend Blake, in your city." Hayley alluded to a business that pressed not a little, at this time, on his mind and heart. The friendly engraver, who had settled himself in a cottage at Felpham, that he might work under the inspection of the biographer, was unluckily involved in a squabble with an insolent soldier, in the last August. Blake, who had great personal strength and courage, had forcibly, and justly, thrust the abusive intruder from his cottage-garden. The vindictive soldier engaged one of his comrades

to join him in swearing that his antagonist, in their scuffle, uttered many seditious expressions.

On this charge the accused was brought to his trial, at the Quarter Sessions in Chichester, on Wednesday the 11th of January, 1804. Hayley had engaged his zealous friend, Samuel Rose, as counsel for the accused; yet he made a point of appearing in court himself, as he imagined it might be incumbent on him to speak in favour of a new inhabitant of Sussex, with whose habits of life he was particularly acquainted. The young admirable barrister, in his examination of the accuser, most happily exposed the falsehood and malignity of the charge. He spoke also very eloquently for his client, but, in the midst of his defence, a sudden illness seized him, and, although he maintained his station, he ended his speech with apparent infirmity. But he had gained his cause. The verdict of the jury was in favour of his calumniated client. The exultation of Hayley was great: it was late in the evening, and Hayley was eager to present the delivered artist to their very kind and anxious friend, the Lady of Lavant. Great was his exultation, and that of all who regarded him, on the issue of this vexatious affair; but, although this anxious day concluded with the purest joy, it proved, in its remote consequences, a source of the deepest heartfelt affliction to Hayley. A most severe cold, that attacked his friend Rose, on the very day of the trial, laid the foundation of that cureless malady, which, after various vicissitudes of hope and

fear, to those who were cordially interested in his valuable life, hurried this highly promising young barrister to an early grave. But, not to anticipate that distressing event, let us return to the immediate literary occupations of Hayley. In the first months of the year 1804, he was busy in preparing the additional quarto volume to his Life of Cowper, amusing his fancy at the same time with various occasional verses to his friend Edward Marsh, to Lady Donegall and her sister, and to young Romney Robinson, the poetical son of Romney's pupil; but the most successful of these petty occasional poems, was a serious song on the health of the King, entitled "The Loyal Prayer." It was very happily set to music by Mr. Bennet, the organist of Chichester; and, as the poet was informed by his friend Sir Francis Millman, the physician, the composition was rehearsed, and highly applauded, in the Queen's Palace.

On the 5th of April his Diary notices a few verses intended as "the commencement of a poem on Music and Love." This gradually became the extensive composition entitled "The Triumphs of Music." Upon this, and his Life of Romney, the author seems to have employed himself alternately, till a very affecting event demanded, and engrossed his attention. He had, however, completed the poem, before the affliction alluded to occurred. His Diary of September contains the following remarkable expressions: "I thank Heaven most gratefully for "having enabled me to complete the long poem of Venusia, "which, I hope, may be productive of moral and religious good."

The poet might console himself by his benevolent intentions, for the surprising want of success that attended this publication: yet he was not without blame in his own opinion; for the production was infinitely too hasty. It appears, from his own Diary, that the last canto was begun and ended in two days, the 12th and 13th of September. The allusion which it contains to the feelings and fate of his own son, made it a fascinating performance to the author: and his amiable critical friend of Lavant, undismayed by its want of immediate popularity, has confidently predicted, that it will gradually become a favourite work, with readers who are alive to the influence of simplicity and tenderness. The many devotional sonnets and hymns that are blended with the narrative, have exposed it to the ridicule of the profane, but endeared it perhaps to the few readers who have spoken of it with fervent partiality. It was sent to the press of Chichester in September, and published by the friendly printer, Seagrave, before the end of the year. In the close of that month, Hayley was painfully alarmed by the declining health of his confidential friend Rose. He had hoped to derive benefit from the marine air of Ramsgate; but the following passage from a letter from that place, to his correspondent of Sussex, very forcibly displays the cruel increase of his malady, and the grateful warmth and tenderness of his friendship.

"I have been very ill since I last wrote; an oppression on "my breath, and a severe pain in my chest, have taken their "turns to reign. Not unfrequently, I am hopeless and heartless.

" Indeed, my dear friend, at times I could relinquish hope " entirely, were it not for my four helpless boys; for what " have many years of my life been, but years of labour, per- " plexity, solicitude, and distress? You, my dear Hayley, " have been a constant and all-powerful consoler and assistant. " What should I have done without you? God bless you!"

Great anxiety for this beloved sufferer seems to have prevented Hayley from employing himself sedulously on new compositions, in the latter months of this year; though he sketched the exordium of a poem entitled "The Triumphs of Friendship." The friendship he intended to celebrate was that of a young lady; but affliction prevented him from advancing in his design. Of the petty occasional poems that he wrote this year, two of the most remarkable were a triumphant song on the brave Captain Dance, who had signalized himself by a noble defence of his ship, an East Indiaman; and an epitaph on the martial and poetical Colonel Mercer, brother-in-law to Lord Glenbervie, which Hayley sent in a letter to that highly accomplished nobleman, from whom he had received many civilities.

The poet's Diary of December records his affliction, in the following words:

" *Saturday* 22d. A heart-piercing letter on the departure of " our dear friend!

" *Sunday* 23d. An epitaph on my dear Rose, in the middle " of the night!

"*Monday* 31st. I close the month and the year with a heart "full of regret for dear Rose."

Hayley indulged his feelings towards the dead by inserting, in a new edition of Cowper's Life, a memorial of that very interesting young advocate, whom Cowper had first taught him to esteem and to love: a very easy lesson, which the biographer never forgot. In June, Hayley had the gratification of receiving a visitor, who sympathized with him in affection for the deceased. This was Cowper's favourite kinsman, his Johnny of Norfolk, who kindly brought to Felpham a fresh selection of letters, which he had obtained from a worthy correspondent of his illustrious relation. Additions to the Life of Cowper so absorbed the time of Hayley, that he had not a spare hour, in the course of this year, for resuming his suspended Life of Romney; but he had the gratification of a friendly visit from his brother, the Colonel; and of finding him highly pleased with a sight of the pages already written as a commencement of the Life of the painter. Hayley was indeed remarkably assiduous in discharging what he regarded as his literary duty to departed friends. His life was truly that of a hermit; and he was so eager to complete all his biographical intentions, that he did not for some years allow himself any distant excursions, except a visit of two days to his old friend Mr. Sadleir of Southampton, to whom he devoted that time for the sake of contemplating the green old age of that admirable veteran, and for the pleasure of escorting his gentle friend of

Lavant back to her home, after she had derived considerable benefit from the medical advice of Dr. Wightman in Southampton. The recovery of his sisterly friend was the most pleasing consolation that the poet experienced under the incessant sorrow he felt from the loss of Rose. That departed intimate had occupied his thoughts so much, that he produced this year but few of those brief occasional poems, in which he was accustomed to indulge his fancy. The most remarkable of these were two sonnets to two admirable authors, the first to Mr. Roscoe, on his Life of Leo the Tenth; the second to that tender Muse of Ireland, who gave new interest and new lustre to the poetical adventures of Psyche.

Before we enter on the year 1806, it may be proper to notice some letters that passed between Hayley and his admired friend Lady Hesketh in the course of the last year; they happened to differ in opinion on a delicate subject, and it seems right to shew in this narrative with what tenderness and fortitude the biographer persisted in maintaining what he regarded as a point of literary duty. Lady Hesketh had lamented the insertion of a letter that she wished to be discarded from the new edition of Cowper's Life; thus speaking of it in a letter to Hayley.

"WEYMOUTH, *Sept.* 12, 1805.

"By the insertion of the cruel letter in question, the King "has been deprived of the amusement he would have received "from the third volume. The Princess told me it was neces- "sary to tell him the letters were not worth reading, to pre-

" vent his looking into them. Judge how much this hurts me!
" I must observe, that she spoke with the greatest tenderness
" and moderation; but I perfectly understood her meaning.

" I was at the Lodge again last Sunday: I sat next but
" one to the King, and had a great deal of conversation with
" him, and will answer for his having no complaint but that of
" his eyes."

This unexpected censure from a lady whom he had so cautiously and so kindly endeavoured to gratify in all her wishes, concerning the Life of her beloved relation, excited some degree of indignation in the biographer; and he vindicated himself in the following letter

TO LADY HESKETH.

" Felpham, *Sept.* 16, 1805.

" Your letter of the 12th, my dear Lady, has astonished
" and grieved me; but you must allow your old faithful
" Hermit to present to you his genuine sentiments upon it,
" with that perfect frankness and sincerity which form the
" essence of his character. Yes! I must tenderly exercise
" and discharge the privilege and the duty of integrity, even
" at the painful hazard of displeasing you by unpalatable
" truth.

" I cannot but regret that it should have been thought
" necessary to tell a sovereign of a feeling heart and a liberal
" mind, what is so injurious to the memory of dear Cowper,
" viz. That his exquisite letters to his old and his young
" friend, Newton and Unwin, are unworthy of the King's

"perusal—letters of such merit, *moral, political,* and *religious,*
"that all the kings of the earth ought to honour and bless
"the memory of their author. I grant you that the *motive*
"was amiable in a very high degree. The representation
"alluded to, no doubt, proceeded from an excess of tender-
"ness and apprehension. But let not us, my dear Lady, with
"such experience of life as we have had,—let not us give
"a sanction to the dangerous doctrine, that it may be right
"to do evil, in a hope of producing good. The affection-
"ate intention was, evidently, to save a beloved monarch
"from the pain of perusing expressions disrespectful towards
"him in his kingly character; but, had the letters been de-
"liberately examined without prejudice, and with all due
"allowance for the pure and avowed political principles of
"the poet, it would have been perceived that his letters *ought*
"*not to offend* any English monarch of an intelligent and a
"candid mind. I am ready to assert, and stake my life on
"the truth of the assertion, that no expression is to be found
"in the letters of Cowper that can be proved to be disre-
"spectful towards his sovereign. It would indeed be strange,
"and marvellous, if he could have used such expressions,
"when in truth he ever felt a manly constitutional reverence
"for the great office of royalty, and a most affectionate attach-
"ment to the personal character of his sovereign. You point
"to an objectionable letter without naming it. I am at a
"loss to guess what letter could be intended, except one on
"the patronage of India. Some persons might call *that letter,*

" perhaps, disrespectful to the King; but the writer of it " (though modestly timid by nature) would, without appre- " hension, have put it himself into the hands of Majesty, as " containing only those just sentiments and principles of a true " and honest whig, in which he gloried; and in defence of " which he would willingly have staked his honour and his " life. Do not, my dear Lady, suffer any one to *mistake* and " *misrepresent* his *pure* and innocent *whiggism*, though, as he " honestly told you in one of his excellent letters to yourself, " ' *You* are a *tory*, and answerable to the shades of all your " whiggish ancestors for being so.' Yet, as Cowper and his " biographer were ever as much the votaries of *toleration* as of " *truth*, we both have loved you, *tory* as *you are*, sincerely. I " answer fearlessly, both for the departed angel, and for the " infinitely less meritorious mortal, yet remaining on earth. " As to cancelling any public sentiments of Cowper that may " have been misrepresented, I would sooner be beheaded " instantly than so servilely forsake what I deem my sacred " duty to a dear, blameless, buried friend; and so basely desert " the *cause of his innocence* and *my own independence*.

" Allow an old faithful Hermit to discharge all the duties " of true friendship to the best of his time-worn faculties; " and believe him, in all points, where he can obey you " *without sinning against his own conscience*,

" Your most obedient, sincere, and affectionate,

" W. H."

P. S. " Heaven restore and bless you with the enjoyment " of all you can wish! Adieu!"

Before this admirable but too apprehensive lady received the letter, in which the biographer spoke feelingly in justification of himself, and his departed friend, she requested him to suppress a juvenile letter of Cowper's, which he had thoughts of printing, because he was much pleased with its humorous and innocent vivacity. To her unexpected request he sent the following reply.

"LAVANT, *Friday, September 20th*, 1805.

"My dear Lady,

"Your letter reached me late last night, and I seize the "first spare moment of the morning to assure you, that I "shall most willingly gratify your wish in omitting the ex- "tract of the juvenile letter.

"Your present request comprises only a point of femi- "nine delicacy and taste, and I therefore comply with it "most readily.

"Your former request involved a point of manly honour, "the honour of my dear departed friend, and my own, of which "you must allow me (I ask only the common privilege of "manhood) to be both the judge and the guardian.

"The sentiments you desired me to cancel, (if I guessed "the letter you alluded to) are sentiments which the dear "poet has most nobly and poetically displayed in the Task.

"We too are friends to loyalty; we love
"The King," &c.

"I could not suppress the letter, without violating my "own ideas of my duty, both to Cowper and to myself; "a kind of sacrifice, which you, my dear Lady, could never "deliberately wish to be made by

"Your most sincere, most loyal, and most affectionate,

"HERMIT."

In November following, the poet again addressed this amiable relative of his beloved Cowper:

TO THE LADY HESKETH.

"*Friday, November* 1, 1805.

"It is a gratification to me, my dear Lady, to hear that "you are safely returned to your comfortable residence in "Bath, and I have the pleasure of announcing to you a "lady whom I am confident you will be glad to receive, "and who will speedily grow, I think, a favourite of yours, "as she is a favourite of your lovely royal Elizabeth, I "mean the very interesting Lady Melville, who has recently "honoured my cell by a visit, and proposes to reach Bath, "very soon; her conversation afforded me singular pleasure.

"I greatly admire the cheerful fortitude, with which you "support your ocular calamity; and fervently pray, that "you may soon be rewarded for it, by all the exquisite "delights of recovered vision. As you have been sometimes "amused with my nocturnals, I close with—

A RECENT NOCTURNAL.

" My sainted friends! who now enjoy
" The bliss to faithful spirits given,
" Aid me, and let no fiends destroy
" My tender hope to share your heaven!

" Make me resign'd (however tried)
" To ling'ring life, or hasty death!
" That peaceful piety may guide
" The words of my departing breath!

" Your faithful and affectionate friend,
" W. H."

On the commencement of the year 1806, Hayley had a pleasing visit of some days, from his confidential young friend, Mr. Marsh, of Oriel, who exhorted him to resume his long suspended Life of Romney. This he was very eager to do, but a variety of avocations prevented his immediate advance in it. Much of his leisure was absorbed by letters of importance, if not of necessity, in the service of various friends. His extensive correspondence deprived him of much time, but afforded him much cordial pleasure. One of the most lively gratifications that he ever received from it, arose in January from the perusal of a most honourable eulogy, bestowed on his beloved relation, Captain John Godfrey, then holding an appointment under the ordnance in Ireland. The eulogy was contained in a most animated report of the advantages that Ireland had derived from the professional conduct of Godfrey; a report addressed to the Board of

Ordnance by its Secretary, Mr. Wellesley Pole. The commendation of Godfrey was so manly, and so eloquent, that his cousin the poet, could not peruse it without tears of delight, which induced him to send some complimentary stanzas to the truly liberal reporter of his relation's desert.

The year 1806 elapsed, and left the biographer regretting that a variety of avocations had prevented his making any fresh considerable progress in the interrupted Life of his friend Romney: yet this time had not passed entirely without composition, for he wrote, in the latter months of the year, two private poetical epistles; the first he sent by the post, but anonymously, to the respectable author of Beattie's Life; the second he despatched to cheer the tender spirits of his amiable friend Caroline Watson, the engraver, who had resided some weeks in Felpham, and worked with great diligence and skill, in preparing the various drawings from which she intended to finish, in London, the several prints that were to decorate the Life of Romney.

The poet also composed, in this year, epitaphs on two literary characters, one upon his unhappy friend, the celebrated Charlotte Smith, who had honoured him by a dedication of her sonnets; the other, on the Reverend Alexander Hay, who had dedicated to Hayley a copious and respectable History of Chichester, his native city, commemorating his poetical productions, with a venial partiality.

The first month of the year 1807 afforded Hayley a singular gratification of the heart, and a pleasing proof that his

literary character had enabled him to prove a serviceable friend to his meritorious relation, Captain Godfrey.

For this gratification he was indebted to the liberality and beneficence of Lord Holland. That amiable nobleman had honoured the poet of Sussex with a present of his Life of Lopez de Vega, accompanied by a very polite letter, declaring that he had been induced to learn the language of Spain by what Hayley had written of the heroic poet Ercilla. Emboldened by this kindness, Hayley presumed to solicit his Lordship in favour of his relation Captain Godfrey, who wished to obtain the appointment of Ordnance Store-keeper, at Purfleet. Lord Holland entered into the wishes of the poet with the zeal of a generous friend; and informed him of their success with a graceful celerity of beneficence, that rendered this important favour a source of the most cordial and permanent delight.

As pain and pleasure are generally treading on the heels of each other in human life, the next month produced to Hayley a singularly afflicting disappointment, on a very different occasion.

In the close of the last year, he had been induced, by the entreaty of two humble, anxious parents, to try the effect of his electrical apparatus, on the very severe malady of their son, a very promising youth, who had been deprived of the use of his limbs, and the powers of utterance. The good effect of electricity on this youthful sufferer had a miraculous appearance. In the course of a few days, when sparks had

been drawn from his throat and his tongue, he began to articulate the name of his new friend, and to thank God, that he was better and better. His improvement was gradual for more than a month: he first regained the use of his arms; and soon acquired the power of standing on his legs, which appeared so visibly improving, that Hayley said, with the cheerfulness of sanguine hope, to his gratefully rejoicing parents, "I really believe that with the blessing of God, we shall "see him walk, and run, in another week or two." These delightful hopes were illusive; on the 2d of February, Hayley had the grief of hearing, that this very interesting youth had been suddenly taken ill, and expired in the night. He instantly rode to console and sympathize in the sorrow of the afflicted parents. Hayley had also to lament, at this time, the loss of his admirable friend Lady Hesketh, who closed a graceful and beneficent life by a most exemplary death. Hayley endeavoured to honour her memory by a poetical epitaph; but he had the candour to yield the preference to the verses composed for her monument by one of her female friends. The gracious Lady Hesketh had given, in the kindest manner, to the biographer of Cowper, all the writings of that poet relating to Milton; and Hayley thought he could devise nothing more likely to gratify the pure spirit of his departed friend, than to make his Miltonic compositions conduce to the emolument of a friend very dear to Cowper. He therefore resolved to insert them in such an edition of Milton, as Cowper had wished; and which the editor hoped to render

beneficial to the poet's favourite kinsman, the Rev. Dr. Johnson. The result of that kind intention will be noticed among the incidents of a future year. In the spring of 1807, Hayley appears to have been engaged in writing the preface to a quarto volume, containing the Miltonic writings of Cowper, above-mentioned, and decorated with designs, that testified the talents and the tenderness of Flaxman. That most liberal and exemplary artist co-operated also with his friend Hayley, in honouring the memory of their admired Romney. He kindly contributed a professional character of the painter, and the biographer gladly inserted it in that memoir, which Hayley, after many interruptions, had now eagerly resumed, and which he had the gratification of completing on the 22d of October. On this comfortable event, the literary recluse indulged himself in an excursion of a few days to Southampton, taking with him his intelligent and friendly printer, Mr. Seagrave, for the pleasure of introducing that worthy man to his hospitable old friend, whom he styled the Patriarch of Southampton, the venerable Mr. Sadleir. That lively veteran was highly pleased by the visit; and the poet of Sussex expressed his cordial exultation in the green old age, and the social gaiety of their host, in a few occasional verses.

The following November afforded to his muse a subject of a different complexion: this was the death of his earliest love, the gentle Frances of Watergate, a villa in which she passed many years of rural beneficence, as the wife of Mr. Thomas, the member for the city of Chichester. She died

in that tranquil villa, to the infinite regret of all her neighbours; and Hayley, who had loved her most fervently in his juvenile days, discovered, "*veteris vestigia flammæ*" in the two following tributes of tender respect to her memory.

EPITAPH.

" FRANCES! the voice that praised thee in thy bloom
" Hails thee, still lovely, in no early tomb.
" Mild were thy graces, as the modest light
" Of morn, that gradually charms the sight.
" Thy tender virtues, to all ranks endear'd,
" The high respected, and the low revered.
" Thy mind all purity; thy words all peace;
" Thy soul was sainted ere thy life could cease.
" In that sweet form, to earth's fair angels given,
" No gentler spirit ever soar'd to heaven.
" Thence (perfect angel! such thy powers may be)
" Still soothe those hearts that ache in losing thee."

The poet's second tribute to the memory of this first object of his love, was composed on the day when her remains were conveyed to the village of Yapton, not far from the new residence of Hayley.

STANZAS

On the Funeral of that virtuous and amiable lady, Frances of Watergate, Nov. 23, 1807.

" WITH tender, solemn feelings, such
" As language vainly tried to speak,
" I hail the hallow'd morn,
" When lovely Fanny's lifeless form
" Slowly through weeping crowds will pass
" To her sepulchral home.

" Gentlest of women ! in our youth,
" I deem'd our destinies combined,
" And bless'd my promised wife ;
" But delicately proud, my love,
" To shield thee from an angry sire,
" Released thee from thy word.

" To love thee was my pride ; and thine
" A pure affection to return
" With maidenly reserve.
" Justly our stars disjoin'd us ; else
" Too happy both had proved for earth's
" Probationary state.

" Trials beyond the reach of thought
" Awaited each : but thine are past ;
" Applauding angels own,
" So past, they take thee now with joy,
" Forth from this crucible, the world,
" The perfect gold of Heaven !

" There, tender angel ! thou wilt deign
" With tutelary smiles to view
" Thy earliest love on earth,
" Still toiling through a troublous scene,
" With cheerful purity of heart,
" Still emulating thine !

" But thy undeviating feet
" Have pass'd the Saviour's narrow path,
" And never trod awry :

" Now then, all innocence, ascend,
" Thy worldly duties well fulfill'd,
" To thy celestial palm!

" And oh! inspire me to attain
" Purer resemblance to thy soul,
" Which I ne'er ceased to prize!
" Till made more worthy by thy worth,
" I share with thee a scene, where love
" No dark disunion dreads!

" Meantime I here may hope to please
" Thy not unconscious mind
" By love's terrestrial task;
" Fondly aspiring to record,
" With modest, but with fearless truth,
" Thy virtues on thy tomb."

Hayley, who was ever willing to attend to the claims of the departed, wrote several epitaphs in this and the concluding month of the year. After such mournful occupation, it afforded a seasonable relief to his spirits to receive again, in his marine cell, a most welcome guest, his young friend William Meyer, who had recently returned from the island of Corfu, where he had acted as secretary to the British resident Mr. Foresti, and arrived under the roof of his long regarded friend, the Hermit of Felpham, on the 29th of December 1807.

The Diary of Hayley for the first month of the year 1808 shews that he was then occupied in writing fresh notes to the quarto volume containing Cowper's translations, and dedicated

by the editor to the exemplary friend of the poet, his faithful Josephus! The revising that volume, as it passed through the Chichester press, and retouching the Life of Romney, employed the biographer during the first months of this year. On the 27th of March, his friendly printer Seagrave passed a few social hours at Felpham, and revised with the author the first proof-sheet of Romney's Life, which they were both anxious to see printed with such neatness and accuracy, as might be highly creditable to the press of Chichester. This anxious business engaged the attention of Hayley in many months of this year; but did not prevent his indulging his fancy in various poetical compositions, and some in which his heart and his imagination were so singularly interested, that they almost hurried him into a serious passion for a lady, whom he never beheld. The fair one alluded to was related to one of his confidential female correspondents, who had taught the poet to esteem and pity her in a season of sorrow, for she had lost a husband, who was a soldier and a poet; and felt the loss of him with such intense sorrow, that although she had cultivated music with success, to please a beloved father, she now had thrown it aside, as incompatible with her affliction. Against this rejection of a sweet and sacred art, Hayley remonstrated with the fair mourner, both in prose and rhyme, giving her the name of his Cecilia. The name sounded to her like the salutation of a prophet, for it happened that she was born on the festival of that musical saint; and the Hermit's poetry had the happy

effect of soothing her troubled spirit, and making her a convert to his persuasive admonitions in favour of the art he loved. Such consolatory effects of his verse made the poet half in love with the lady; and a sight of her would probably have inspired him with a presumptuous passion: but they resided at different extremities of the island, and destiny determined that they should not meet. In May, the recluse of Felpham was enlivened by a visit from Cowper's Johnny of Norfolk, who kindly brought his bride to receive the personal benedictions of the Hermit. The visit was agreeable to all parties, "*non deficiente Camœna.*"

In July an incident of an opposite nature called forth the tears of the poet. This was the sudden death of his friend Seagrave, the printer; a man of exquisite sensibility and many virtues. Hayley had passed some cheerful hours with him in the morning, and before night hastened from Lavant on a report of his illness, but found him deprived of speech and perception. The poet, an enthusiast in favour of medical electricity, saw it tried in vain for some hours on the insensible frame of his still breathing friend, who was lost indeed irrecoverably. Perhaps the poet felt his sudden decease the more keenly, as he had accidentally omitted to impart to him the commencement of a new poem on a subject peculiarly interesting to his liberal mind. It was entitled "The Stanzas of an English friend to the Patriots of Spain." The author had it printed in London towards the end of the year, under the direction of his

filial coadjutor, William Meyer. It was an anonymous publication, and utterly neglected by the public. On the 26th of August, the Hermit's cell was honoured by a royal visitant; his benevolent friends Lord and Lady Sudley introduced the Princess Charlotte and her governess to take their tea in the turret. The poet was highly pleased with the graceful manners of his young extraordinary guest, and expressed his cordial wishes for the prosperity of her maturer life in verses, which his unwillingness to be suspected of a propensity to flatter the great, prevented him from presenting to the Princess, or to her attendants. The month of October brought some new unexpected female guests to the hermitage of the poet, who gave a new complexion to his retired life. But their visit was so important in its consequences, that it shall form the commencement of a new book in this history. We have only to observe, in concluding the present chapter, that Hayley escorted his young friend Meyer, on the 4th of October, for a visit of a few days, to his favourite veteran, the cheerful patriarch of Southampton, where the travellers were graciously received by the late Marquis of Lansdown, and his Lady, who amused them in a most agreeable manner by shewing them all the costly and fanciful works of architecture, in which the Marquis was at that time engaged. After a poetical benediction to their vivacious and venerable patriarch, they returned to Felpham on the 6th. On the 8th Hayley translated a favourite Idyl of Gessner, from the German, into English blank verse.

On the 20th he received a welcome present from his highly esteemed brother of Parnassus, Mr. Mundy of Derbyshire, namely, his second poem on the forest of Needwood; and he expressed his pleasure and his gratitude on the occasion, in a few verses to the bard of the forest. On the 24th of October the Diary of Hayley contains the following remarkable expression.

"Read Homer, and translated his brief prayer for a wife."

BOOK THE TENTH.

FROM THE AUTUMN OF 1808 TO THE AUTUMN OF 1811.

CHAPTER I.

NEW PROSPECTS.—THE SECOND MARRIAGE OF THE POET.

HAYLEY had now passed between eight and nine years in that sequestered application, which was necessary to accomplish the peculiar wish of his heart, namely, to finish for publication, before he perceived any decay in his mental faculties, a copious biographical tribute to the memory of those very dear departed objects of his affection, Cowper, Romney, and Thomas Hayley, the young Sculptor; each of whom he thought worthy to live for ever in the kind remembrance of their country. The great success of the Life that he published of Cowper, had a most happy effect in reanimating his spirit, after the long trial he had sustained, in the lingering tortures and decease of his son. His first object, after the publication of his Cowper, was to prepare a memorial, as faithful, of that younger beloved sufferer; and upon this he worked with an inexpressible eagerness of tender

zeal, lest his own existence should terminate before he had time fully to discharge what he regarded as a duty full of pain and delight. Having completed a copious Life of that extraordinary youth, he reserved it for future revision; and to appear only as a posthumous production. The next principal object of his attention, was a Life of his intimate friend Romney, which, as the reader is already informed, was concluded in the autumn of the year 1807. He continued to retouch it at different times, and it was now advanced in the press, but with a prospect of being obliged to wait for some of the numerous engravings, with which he had resolved to adorn it.

Having thus discharged, in a great measure to his own comfort, what he called *his sacred duties to the dead*, he felt it expedient to provide against that dreariness of heart, which is apt to throw a gloom round the solitary recluse in the autumn and winter of life. While he was deeply engaged in his biographical compositions, he used to say, "I have not leisure "to wander from my hermitage, and look into the world in "quest of a wife; but I feel a strong persuasion, that if it is "really good for me to venture once more on marriage,

'——that step
'Of deepest hazard, and of highest hope!'

"my kind stars will conduct to my cell some compassionate "fair one, fond of books and retirement, who may be willing "to enliven, with the songs of tenderness, the solitude of a "poetical hermit."

Such was the frame of mind in the recluse, when an incident occurred, that gradually seemed to promise a completion of his prophecy. This incident was a visit from an old ecclesiastical acquaintance, attended by two young ladies, Mary and Harriet Welford, daughters of an aged and retired merchant on Blackheath.

The countenance and musical talents of the elder sister made a strong impression on the sequestered poet. Their accidental visit gradually led to his second marriage on the 23d of March, 1809, an event attended with much general exultation and delight, though evidently, like the usual steps of poets in the world, rather a step of hasty affection than of deliberate prudence.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONCLUSION, TO BE HEREAFTER CONCLUDED.

As this curious history, though adhering inviolably to truth, has in many parts of it a romantic air, the writer is inclined to close it as the most agreeable romances are apt to terminate, with a wedding, and to add only a few intimations concerning the most striking literary circumstances, that followed the most important of all terrestrial transactions. Notwithstanding the disproportion of their respective ages, the adventurous couple seemed as happy for a considerable time as any mortals could expect to be. Yet the common troubles of mortality did not fail to throw occasional clouds over their brightest enjoyments. The grievously impaired health of their sister, Harriet, the decease of their affectionate and amiable father of the heath, in the autumn of 1811, and some family misfortunes, unveiled by that event, appeared to put to new proofs the philosophy of the poet. But that cheerful philosophy did not fail him, even in a series of unexpected trials, that he had to sustain as an author. He supported, with his usual vivacity of heart, the various disappointments that arose from the surprising ill success that

attended three of his publications, first his Life of Romney, that formed a quarto volume, with admirable engravings, chiefly from the hand of that exquisite female artist, Caroline Watson; a book that was published a few months after the marriage of its author, 1809. Secondly, his neat edition of Cowper's Milton, in four pocket volumes, which he printed in 1810, for the emolument of Cowper's favourite kinsman—a liberal intention, though it failed of success. Thirdly, his dramatic octavo, in 1811, containing three tragedies, early productions of the poet, which, although they had been honoured with the most fervent and sincere applause from his literary friends Gibbon and General Burgoyne, have not hitherto interested the public in such a manner as those highly accomplished judges of composition had declared they ought to do. The poet, though partial to these ill-treated children of his tragic muse, only smiled at the neglect which they experienced, and said: "If I have lost my popularity, it "is the more incumbent on me to shew my friends that the "cheerfulness of my spirit is built on a much nobler founda-"tion than the precarious breath of popular applause."

If the writer of this memorial could be disposed to delineate at full length all the personal and mental characteristics of Hayley, this would be the place to insert such a description: but he is rather inclined to leave so delicate a task to a future memorialist, who may be furnished with ampler materials, and more discriminating powers for its perfect accomplishment.

He resigns the pen, therefore, in a pleasing persuasion, that the person who devoted so much of his time and labour to render all the justice in his power to the talents and the virtues of several among the most deserving of his contemporaries, will, in due time, find another honest chronicler who may be more highly qualified to estimate the extent of all his merits, and of all his defects; and to form, from a judicious contemplation of them, useful literary, and moral lessons for the amusement and the instruction of such readers as peculiarly delight in the history of authors; a branch of literature perhaps inferior to none in its attractions, and also in its utility!

CHAPTER III.

CONTINUATION.—LETTERS PRINCIPALLY RELATING TO MR. COWPER AND TO THE AUTHOR'S SON, FROM 1796 TO 1800.

THE Editor must now take the Author's place, in conducting the reader to the conclusion of this Memoir. Before he does this, however, he has to insert a series of letters, addressed by the author to himself, as illustrative of the preceding pages, and for reasons already assigned in the preface. He regrets exceedingly, that these letters are so numerous; and is aware that he hazards his character for modesty, in no small degree, by their quantity. But he trusts that for the sake of the motives alluded to, the indulgent reader will be induced to pardon him, and will, at the same time, believe, that so far as himself is concerned, he has not intruded any one of them on the public without unfeigned reluctance. At all events, the reader will derive this advantage from the letters in question, in addition to that of their illustrative tendency, that they will secure him the company of the author the longer, and will proportionably shorten his journey with the editor.

The first portion of letters with which the reader will be presented, is comprised within the four years immediately preceding the death of those two interesting objects of the

author's incessant solicitude and affection, his friend Cowper, and his beloved child. What has been said already, on the respective maladies of these pitiable sufferers, has developed much of the tender sympathy of the author's character; what follows will exhibit more.

EARTHAM, *May* 6, 1796.

My dear Johnny of Norfolk*,

Nothing can be more welcome to the Hermit of Eartham, than good tidings from you; and surely your last tidings are good in a very delightful degree. To the sanguine fancy of friendship, they promise the speedy and perfect restoration of our inestimable invalid. I consider so remarkable an alteration in his bodily habit, as a symptom of happiest omen, not only for the tranquillity, but even the splendor of his mind. God grant that he may soon smile upon us all, like the sun new risen! but I have a strong persuasion on that subject, and feel convinced myself, (I know not how) that the good old lady's† flight to Heaven, will prove the precursor of his perfect mental recovery. I rejoice to hear that she has gratified her daughter‡ with a kind interview, and I sympathize with you in the friendly pleasure you receive from your agreeable guests. I wish our dear Rose and I could take a social

* This name and that of "Johnny" were playfully given to the Editor by Cowper, and constantly used by Hayley, both in writing and speaking to him.

† Mrs. Unwin.

‡ Mrs. Powley, wife of the Rev. Matthew Powley, Rector of Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

flight to the top of your hospitable hill; but such an event can hardly take place in the course of this summer, as our excellent friend Rose is preparing for a very important event in his life, his first appearance as an advocate at the bar. I have hopes that the next circuit will bring him into this county; and it is rather to be wished than feared, that legal business may press upon him so fast, as to leave him no time for a distant excursion of pleasure. The Hermit, though not fettered by legal occupation, is almost rooted to his cell; yet he indulges a hope that in some more favourable year, he may take wing on his own airy hill, and alight upon yours. Blessed indeed, will his excursion prove (whenever it may happen) if he shall enjoy the delight of beholding our beloved Cowper completely himself.

How fortunate is it for you, my dear Johnny, that he retains, or rather improves, in his disposition of listening to the books that you so kindly amuse him with: perhaps he may soon relish another kind of reading, and be pleased to exchange works of fiction for history. You might make an experiment with a most admirable recent work, the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici; a book that I am sure you will peruse with infinite gratification. I am now reading it a second time, and with encreasing pleasure.

As a divine, I hope you read and admire an excellent little book, lately published by my revered friend, the Bishop of Landaff, entitled "An Apology for the Bible," a book which I am persuaded will do infinite good, and for which the King

very graciously thanked the author, in language that did honour to both. But in talking to you of literary works, let me say, my dear Johnny,

——" Ipse quid audes?
" Non tu corpus eras sine pectore."

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Fervent benediction to all your house, from your sincere and affectionate W. H.

EARTHAM, *August* 3d, 1796.

Blessed be the great Parent and ruler of all spirits, for his merciful restoration of that tender and sublime spirit, our inestimable friend! Heaven continue and confirm this marvellous and delightful recovery!

But how was it possible for you, my dear Johnny of Norfolk, how was it possible for you (knowing, as you know, my anxious affection for him, and deep sympathy in his mental distress,) to withhold from me this blessed intelligence so long? Did not joy very much incline a feeling heart to forgiveness, I know not how I could forgive you, for detaining from me such a delight, to which, my heart tells me, I had every claim, that the purest and most fervent friendship could possibly establish.

Yes, joy is a powerful friend to forgiveness; and considering your motive, I will frankly forgive you; and as a proof that I do so, I would indeed immediately comply with your kind solicitation, and hasten to your hill, before you descend from

it, had I not a variety of indissoluble ties, that bind me to this county, for the whole course of the autumn. Yet believe me, I long most eagerly to be an ocular witness of the blessed change in our dear bard; and after having shared in his sufferings, till my own heartstrings almost cracked with agony, I pant to rejoice with him in the revival of his enchanting talents. With what transport should I contemplate his mind rekindling with Homeric fire, and listen to his recent version of our favourite passages; but if I cannot come myself, to felicitate him on his new Homeric exertions, I hope soon to send him an Attic visitant, that he will receive with pleasure, and no less a personage than Minerva herself. Our dear little sculptor Tom has most seasonably finished a much-admired little bust of this goddess, from the large antique head, of singular sweetness and beauty. He will soon have some casts taken from his production (which his excellent master, our admirable Flaxman, describes as a very creditable performance), and as soon as the first cast is in a travelling condition, it shall be dispatched to Dunham Lodge. What more suitable messenger could we find, than Minerva, to convey to the dear translator of Homer, our unutterable sensations of joy, in the happy renewal of his Homeric labours?

Pray hasten to tell me, my dear Johnny, that the vivacity of his affections is revived with the vigour of his genius, and that he thinks and speaks of me with those endearing sentiments of regard, which he never failed to shew in his healthy season,

and which I treasure in my memory as the delight and pride of my life.

You will have the kindness to let me know, whenever you think it would please him to receive a letter from me. I hope he has been gratified by the Irish papers of liberal criticism on his enchanting Task, which an obliging friend of mine sent to me from Dublin; and which I doubt not but our dear friends Lady Hesketh and Rose have forwarded to you. How happy, if they contributed in any degree, to the reanimation of his poetical powers! Adieu! dear intelligent and kind superintendant of an inestimable charge! Heaven bless you all! Write to me soon; remember me most kindly to my dear reviving friend, and believe me,

Ever cordially yours,

W. H.

Sunday, January 15th, 1797.

You judge perfectly right concerning my feelings on the important event, which you have kindly imparted to me. The release of the poor superannuated Lady was indeed "a consummation devoutly to be wished," as her existence must have long been a severe burthen to herself, and a source of anxiety and depression to our beloved Cowper. My sanguine spirit has ever looked forward to this affecting event, as likely to produce a very favourable change in the deplorable dejection of our friend. Heaven grant that my presage may be verified! and that you may be able, in your next letter, to give me the

comfort of knowing that our dear bard is emerging from his long and calamitous eclipse! I have not ceased to pray fervently for his restoration, both in prose and rhyme. The sonnet, which you will find on the other side of this paper, darted into my head, as it reclined on the pillow, a few days before your friendly letter arrived, and in consequence of my mind being full of solicitude for the dear sufferer, on my having heard (from the dear little sculptor) of Mrs. Unwin's decease. If the poetical prayer appears to you to have as much force and feeling, as it ought to have, from the sincerity of the heart that formed it, pray take the trouble to transcribe, and send it with my love to our dear Lady Hesketh, assuring her that she must ever retain a distinguished place in my remembrance and regard, and that it will gratify me much to receive an account of her interesting health from her own hand.

I rejoice in what you kindly say concerning Beau* and Minerva. Heaven grant that two objects, so interesting to the heart and mind of our dear bard, may make a pleasing and salutary impression on his reviving fancy! Whenever such intelligence can touch him, do not fail to assure him how tenderly and faithfully he is beloved by the little ingenious maker of the Minerva, and by the parental Hermit of the south.

May the new year bring or confirm to you, my dear Johnny,

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* Cowper's favourite little dog, which, having recently died of old age, the Editor had sent to London, to be preserved, and had just received from thence in a glass case.

every blessing you can wish, and above all, the grand blessing which is the object of all our prayers, the mental recovery of our inestimable friend!

Fail not to give me as speedy good tidings of him as you can, and believe me

Ever faithfully yours,

W. H.

SONNET.

" ETERNAL fountain of all mental power!
" In nightly prayer before thy throne I bend;
" Hear thy grieved servant, praying for his friend!
" For him, on whom, in health's propitious hour,
" It seem'd, dread Sire, thy gracious joy to shower
" All that to life can worth and lustre lend;
" Feelings all truth! and fancy without end!
" With probity, the soul's sublimest dower!
" Lord of all beings! and by all adored,
" If evil spirits his good angel cross'd,
" O dissipate a darkness so deplored!
" Let friendship see him to himself restored,
" To sink no more in frenzy's hideous frost,
" That petrifies the heart, when reason's lost!"

August 21, 1797.

Let me now thank you, my dear Johnny, for your kind invitation to Norfolk. It would give me great pleasure to visit you, and to bring with me the dear juvenile sculptor, to model

a portrait of our beloved bard; but a variety of obstacles forbid us having such a gratification this summer. I have boldly plunged into brick and mortar, and with the prudence of a poet began to build, as the first step in a plan of economy.

To explain this riddle, I must inform you, that as I find the sea essential to my health, and to that of the dear sculptor, I am building a little marine hermitage, in our favourite village of Felpham. I mean to reside in it seven or eight months in a year, letting this lovely spot as a summer residence to some friends, in whom I can confide for a proper care of my books and pictures; the only treasures I am anxious about. It has occurred to me, that it might be possible for us to render this place conducive to our dear Cowper's recovery, and to the re-establishment of Lady Hesketh's health, if you all pitched your tents on this salutary and pleasant hill, during the finer parts of the year, retreating to Dereham in the winter. Meditate on this friendly hint, my dear Johnny, which I have also suggested to Lady Hesketh. We may all think of it at our leisure, as my new building will not be habitable till next summer; but it is pleasant to form even distant projects on the basis of benevolence and friendship. Adieu, dear and excellent guardian of a dejected genius, in whose restoration every good heart must be interested. May Heaven enliven us all with the blessing of his recovery!

Ever your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

October 17, 1797.

What think you, my dear Johnny, and what thinks our excellent Lady Hesketh, on the hint I suggested, of fixing you all, as summer residents, on this pleasant, tranquil, and salutary spot?

Might not such a plan conduce to the health and enjoyment of our dear bard? You know I speak in the pure spirit of disinterested friendship, and should exult rather to sacrifice than promote my own pecuniary interest, in the adjustment of such a plan. You would all be near enough to the sea, to derive occasional benefit from that great reviver of health; and in my little marine retreat I propose to have a warm sea-bath, that may be beneficial to our dear invalid. That Heaven may enable me to be of important service to him, in every way, is the fervent prayer of

Your faithful and affectionate

HERMIT.

EARTHAM, *Nov.* 26, 1797.

Since I last wrote to you, I have been much engaged by an unexpected, awful, and affecting event, the death of Mrs. Hayley! It will gratify your friendly spirit to be informed, that all the incidents preceding this event, and the event itself, appear to be under the immediate regulation of a most compassionate Providence. I have rendered all decent honours to the interesting deceased, on this favourite spot, and hope in

some future day, to shew you a funeral sermon, which I composed on this touching occasion.

I am eager to speak to you on this event, lest on first hearing it, you should imagine it may alter the plan I had proposed to you, and which you seem to contemplate as I do, with pleasing expectation of its being realized to the gratification of us all. I have persuaded myself, that it will conduce to the perfect restoration and future health of our dear invalid, and I have therefore peculiar satisfaction in assuring you, that no obstacles shall arise on my part, towards the completion of this benevolent idea.

Where is our good Lady Hesketh? I am going in a few days to London, to adjust a few mournful concerns of my departed Eliza. I shall probably be under the necessity of remaining a fortnight, or perhaps a little longer in town, though I shall be eager to regain the quiet of my own library again. Let me have the gratification of hearing from you while I remain in London. Let us sympathize in every good hope! and believe me, my dear friend, ever cordially yours,

W. HAYLEY.

Pray direct to me, Millman Place, No. 2, Bedford Row, London.

EARTHAM, *Dec.* 16, 1797.

Your very kind and comfortable letter, my dear Johnny, was an exhilarating cordial to my heart, in a scene of mournful occupation. I have at length adjusted all the little concerns of

my poor departed Eliza, and am restored, (I thank Heaven) to the tranquillity of my favourite retirement. I was almost tempted to accept your friendly invitation, and fly to Dereham, with our beloved little sculptor, to rejoice with you in the blessed advances, which I am persuaded our dear Cowper is making towards his complete restoration. But it struck me, that the sight of two figures in deep mourning might, at this dreary season, produce too powerful an effect on his tender imagination, and I thought it kinder to postpone our visit to a season more propitious, than to hazard any such impression on his fancy, at this very critical period of his mental convalescence. Your account of his literary occupation, both morning and evening, is indeed most delicious to my feelings, as it fills my sanguine spirit with something superior to hope, even a *rooted belief*, that we shall all have the delight of beholding this inestimable friend re-established once more in his own enchanting character. The most sweet and sympathetic companion that I ever knew!

As you said not a syllable, my dear Johnny, in reply to my question concerning the present residence of our excellent Lady Hesketh, I concluded that I had no chance of seeing her in London, and therefore omitted to call in New Norfolk-street, as it was much out of my way, and my time was too short to allow me to dispatch completely the thousand things that I wanted to do.

How I exult to find that our dear bard is again so busy with our darling Homer. Might it not cheer and encourage him, to

hear now and then the opinion of an old friend and fellow-student, on some of his retouched and favourite passages? If you think so, do not fail to send me a few lines very soon from the improved version. I saw his old associate of the Temple, Lord Thurlow, in town, who spoke of him as he always does, with esteem and tenderness.

I believe I told you that the dear sculptor had modelled a bust of this noble lawyer; and the juvenile artist intends himself the pleasure of sending, as a new year's gift, to our dear Cowper this commended resemblance of his antient friend, which may form a companion to the Minerva that you already possess from the same youthful hand.

Adieu! my dear Johnny, continue to send me frequent and improving accounts of your invaluable charge, whose present state does great honour to your tender care! and accepting my cordial benediction to you both, believe me ever

Your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

March 9, 1798.

How does our good Johnny of Norfolk? whose silence towards us will appear too long to his own conscience, when he recollects our extreme solicitude for the dear bard, reviving, we trust, under his tender care. You will grieve, my amiable friend, in hearing, that the promising young sculptor has been cruelly impeded in his professional career by those deadly and detestable foes to excellence, pain and sickness. Our medical friends in London (kind, intelligent, and attentive as they

were) failed to comprehend his case, and I have reason to be peculiarly thankful to Providence, for guiding me to London at a most critical time, for his preservation; for on perceiving, with the keen eye of a parent, that this dear patient was really much worse than his physician apprehended, I hastened to convey him hither; and here at length we have ascertained, we trust, the unsuspected source of obstinate and varying malady, that perplexed us all. It proves to be a distortion of the spine between the shoulders, partly owing to his tenderness of frame, and partly to a sedentary habit in application to the pencil. We hope, by time and extreme care, to restore the dear sufferer, but his present weakness is deplorable indeed.

Enliven us, my good Johnny, by a happier account of the dear invalid, whom you seemed to have nursed into a most promising state of mental recovery.

A few weeks ago I wrote to Lady Hesketh, on the important subject of the plan I had suggested to you both, for a migration to the south. I find by her reply, that she is too much attached to the air of Clifton, to think of residing in this part of the world; and I imagine from the expressions of her letter, that she does not intend to reassume any share in the domestic superintendence of our beloved Cowper, till his mind is perfectly re-established. This idea of her Ladyship's intention does not abate, my dear Johnny, my zealous desire to render this favourite spot conducive to his comfort and restoration; if you think those most desirable objects may be happily pro-

moted, by the project of your settling with him on this pleasant and salutary scene—a project which appeared, when I first mentioned it to you, to strike your fancy as it did my own! Pray consider it in every point of view, and impart to me all your thoughts on the subject, with the entire frankness and sincerity that the proposal deserves!—you may consult our excellent friend Rose on any points that relate to it. I am finishing my little marine villa, in a comfortable hope that it will be singularly beneficial to the recovery of my dear artist, and we shall render it, I believe, so commodious, that it may even serve me for a winter residence; so that this house may become your abode, through all the seasons of the year, if you should judge such a plan most eligible for yourself and our dear bard. How far such a migration may be consistent with your pursuits in life, I know not; but, at all events, you will perceive the friendly wishes of my heart in the suggestion. It is one of my most cordial desires to promote and to behold the restoration of our inestimable friend, and my sanguine spirit has persuaded itself that a "consummation so devoutly to be wished" may be accomplished on this salutary and pleasant spot. Think of it, my dear Johnny; and with every good wish to your domestic circle, believe me ever cordially yours, W. H.

June 21, 1798.

Had I the wings of a dove, or a hippogriff ready saddled, you should not ask me twice to visit you and our beloved bard, without seeing me *presto* before you. But not being able to

reach you "*remigio alarum*," I will yet fly to you in idea, on this scrap of paper, and tell you, that I enter, with the spirit of a sincere friend, into the variety of forcible reasons that led you to decide against the migration which I had affectionately suggested to you, in the hope of its conducing to the re-establishment of your dear charge. To have tried such an experiment, and to have found it of no beneficial effect, would assuredly be a bitter affliction to us all; and I therefore acquiesce, my dear Johnny, in the propriety of your decision, though, like the generality of benevolent projectors, I fancied I could discern infinite good arising to all parties from the accomplishment of the project.

The description you give of the dear sufferer, and the probability that, even on this lovely spot, he would have no powers of relishing the scenery, fill me with new concern for his obstinate malady; yet I eagerly catch at every circumstance that may suggest to us a hope of his amendment. Two circumstances, that our dear Rose mentioned to me not long ago, appear to me very favourable symptoms of his spirit's being considerably relieved from its darkest depression. The circumstances I mean are, the repeated solicitude he discovered for a new coat, and for a sight of his own exquisite works in a new and decorated edition. These are surely indications that his mind is growing more cheerful. I shall long to hear, that he has contemplated with pleasure the graceful decoration of his books, and rejoice if it animates him to new composition. This I consider as the grand *signum salutis* in all minds that are

truly and naturally poetical. Alas! how many chances in human life are inimical to the mental exercise of a poet!

Here is the dear sculptor still most grievously stopped in his very promising professional career. He has lately ventured into the sea, though hardly strong enough to stand against the impulse of a very moderate wave. I flatter myself the sea (my favourite *panacæa* for all complaints!) will gradually restore him, but it must be yet a work of time, vigilance, and care.

Both the body and the mind of this dear patient (alert, graceful, and strong, as both appeared to be) have suffered, and must long suffer, from this most unseasonable and cruel disorder. Still I trust in Heaven he will in some future days redeem his lost time, and prove an artist of some distinction.

Adieu! my dear Johnny, remember that whatever subjects of anxiety I may have immediately before my eyes, I must be ever anxious for my dear friends in Norfolk. Pray let me soon have a good account of you, and believe me ever,

Your affectionate

HERMIT.

Thursday, January 31, 1799.

Half o'erwhelmed, as I am, by anxiety for my beloved cripple, whom I have now nursed under my own eye more than eleven months, I will not fail to express to you immediately the cordial joy I feel in hearing, from our friend Rose, the glad tidings you have sent him of our darling bard. *He promises,*

you say, *to resume original composition.* Enchanting promise! it inspired me with the following sonnet on my pillow, between four and five o'clock this morning; and I transcribe it in the hope that these rapid notes of honest praise from his old poetical friend may have a happy tendency to cherish his reviving spirits. I direct them to you, that you may seize the "*mollia tempora fandi,*" and introduce them to him in the most favourable moment for their producing that friendly effect which I wish them to have on his feeling and delicate mind. The sonnet you shall find on the other side of this paper, the best paper I can furnish myself with at present, in a little retreat by the sea-side, where I happened to be detained by tempestuous weather, and I dispatch this by the courier of the village, not to lose a post in congratulating you, as I do *most heartily*, on this blessed revival of our inestimable friend. Heaven bless you both! Pray write soon, to

Your affectionate

HERMIT.

SONNET TO WILLIAM COWPER.

"BLEST be the day, so long the darling theme
"Of friendship's prayer! the hope of all, who feel
"Delight in poetry, for virtue zeal,
"Or filial duty to the Sire supreme!
"Bright be the hour with joy's celestial beam,
"When Cowper, glowing for the public weal,
"In recent verse shall radiant thoughts reveal,
"Pure as a prophet's Heaven-descending dream!

" Of earthly friends, O, nearest to divine!
" In converse tender, as in genius strong!
" To thee those glories of the mind belong,
" Fancy and wit, incapable of wrong!
" One wish for thee may every good combine;
" Health be thy guest! her richest gifts are thine."

July 21, 1799.

How are you, my good Johnny of Norfolk? and how is your inestimable charge, our best beloved of bards? I am the more eager to receive fresh tidings of you both, because I persuade myself, from your last kind account of the dear invalid, that he is happily reviving. How it would delight me to behold, and be in any shape instrumental to that blessed recovery! Gladly indeed, my dear Johnny, should I have posted to you on your friendly invitation, had not duties of the most serious and distressing nature obliged me to hover incessantly over my poor emaciated cripple.

You have probably heard from our friend Rose, that, when I last visited London for a few days, I was hurried back by the alarming tidings of new and unfavourable symptoms in this darling patient; whose variety of sufferings, and mild magnanimous endurance of increasing infirmity and anguish, surpass every thing you can imagine. How it would affect you, and our dear tender Cowper, to see this dear metamorphosed being, whom you remember such a little airy, graceful Mercury, now become a poor helpless heap of emaciated and distorted bones!

His malady, cruel as it is, spares, however, the bloom of his cheek and the finer bloom of his mind; that sweet and cheerful temper, which has enabled him to bear, without a murmur, such a series of bodily sufferings as exceed all description! He has neither back nor legs to support him, and his poor arms are so hurt by having had more than their proper portion of labour, that he is now no longer able to guide the pencil, which amused him in his confinement.

Notwithstanding all the severe discipline we have pursued, by most extensive drains on each side of the injured spine, an abscess appears to be forming, which will probably either destroy or preserve him. The latter chance, in the opinion of medical men, is hardly any chance at all; but affection clings to the very shadow of hope, and while there is a spark of life left in the dear sufferer, I cannot utterly cease to imagine, that youth, nature, and Providence, may accomplish his restoration. I endeavour, as much as I can, to arm myself against the worst by religious meditation, the only valuable lenitive in affliction so inexpressibly poignant! I try to soothe and fortify my heart, by giving vent to its anguish in composing poetical prayers, on this severe occasion, and I will transcribe one, my dear Johnny, in the idea that it may interest our beloved Cowper, who, in his days of health, had the most tenderly sympathetic heart that I ever met with in the world, and no inconsiderable regard for the dear highly-promising youth, whose strength and talents have been so deplorably crushed.

SONNET.

" DIVINEST essence of that power supreme,
" On whom creation's various tribes depend,
" Beneficence! thou universal friend!
" O let thy spirit, like light's cheering beam,
" Which feeds existence with a vital stream,
" Through faculties, that care and grief suspend,
" Its bless'd reviving influence extend,
" And wake my heart from sorrow's deepest dream!
" If Heaven has summon'd from my fond embrace
" Its dearest gift, a youth his father's pride!
" Make his pure spirit still my tender guide!
" Teach me, like him, howe'er by anguish tried,
" Still with mild virtue's soul-sustaining grace
" To fill of darken'd life, the short'ning space!"

What the termination of this dear patient's sufferings may be, Heaven only can tell, but his medical friends, and our favourite Guy in particular, consider him as lost. There is indeed a tremendous probability, that he may linger many weeks, and at last drop with the leaf, or in the beginning of winter. He has himself no idea of his danger, and, when his pains are a little mitigated, he is as cheerful as ever. If I am destined to lose him, the remembrance of his virtues will be my chief comfort. In my own opinion, solitude is the best refuge for such affliction; but should I venture into the society of any soothing friends, my heart will lead me rather to Dereham, than to any other distant spot. Adieu! my dear Johnny; let me have the

gratification of hearing from you soon, especially if, as I persuade myself, you have good tidings of our dear bard to communicate; assure him of my most tender regard for him, and, accepting the united benedictions of this house,

Believe me ever your affectionate

HERMIT.

January 25, 1800.

It gratified me, my dear Johnny, to hear from our beloved Rose, who has lately favoured us with a visit, that from your recent ecclesiastical prosperity, you have removed into a nobler mansion, and that our dear bard supported the bustle of such a removal as well as you could expect. I hope, therefore, that I may not unseasonably awaken his attention to a passage in his Homer, that I greatly wish him to correct before I quote it in print, on the following occasion:

To gratify my darling invalid, I am finishing and printing my long-suspended work on sculpture. In a long historical note upon Dædalus, I have mentioned his celebrated bas relief of marble, described by Homer as containing the dance of Ariadne. The two admirable translators, Pope and our dear Cowper, have both, I apprehend, made an egregious mistake in this description, which ruins the simplicity and beauty of the sculptor's excellent design. Their mistake arose from supposing the word κυβιστητῆρες could mean only tumblers, or men who dance on their head; when in truth, I believe, it means in this place only the first couple, or the pair who were at the head of the

dance, and began it by striking up the air which they sung. But I will transcribe the whole passage from our dear bard's version, and make such alterations, as I think the sense of the scene (as it is clearly unfolded in a passage that I will quote from D'Hancarville) requires. He will have the goodness, I hope, to alter and amend my hasty alterations.

" To these the glorious artist added next,
" With various skill delineated exact,
" A lab'rinth for the dance *; such as of old
" In Crete's broad island Dædalus composed
" For bright-hair'd Ariadne. There the youths
" And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand,

---

* Amendment proposed by Mr. Hayley.

To these the glorious artist added next
A variegated dance, &c.

The concluding lines, thus:

A circling crowd survey'd the lovely dance
Delighted; two, the leading pair, at once
The song beginning, glided through the midst.

Cowper, availing himself of the above suggestions, immediately altered the passages, as follows; and as they were afterwards inserted in the octavo edition of his Homer:

To these the glorious artist added next
A varied dance, resembling that of old
In Crete's broad isle by Dædalus composed
For bright-hair'd Ariadne. &c.

The concluding lines, thus;

A circling crowd survey'd the lovely dance,
Delighted; two, the leading pair, their heads
With graceful inclination bowing oft,
Pass'd swift between them, and began the song.

Iliad, 18, line 733. 4to. edition.

" Danced jocund, every maiden neat attired
" In finest linen, and the youths in vests
" Well woven, glossy as the glaze of oil.
" These all wore garlands, and bright faulchions those
" Of burnish'd gold in silver trappings hung:—
" They, with well tutor'd step, now, nimbly ran
" The circle, swift, as when, before his wheel
" Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands
" For trial of its speed; now, crossing quick
" They pass'd at once into each other's place.
" On either side spectators numerous stood
" Delighted: and two tumblers roll'd themselves
" Between the dancers, singing as they roll'd."

" Ce bas-relief représentant deux tems d'une même action, étoit nécessairement divisé en deux parties, ou par une vase ou par une colonne, comme on en a plusieurs exemples dans les monumens antiques. Le premier de ces tableaux représentoit le commencement de la danse qui se mouvoit en cercle comme pour s'essayer; *le Coryphée avec sa compagne* entonnoit la chanson qui en étoit le motif et que le reste des danseurs répétoit. Par les plis et les replis de la figure qu'ils formoient, ils marquoient dans le second tableau les tours et les detours du labyrinthe d'où Thesée sortit au moyen du fils dont Ariane l'avoit pourvu. Dédale, au rapport de Lucien, l'avoit instruite de cette danse, et suivant Homère il en étoit l'inventeur, etc." *Antiquités Etrusques, Grecs et Romaines, Tom.* 3.

I think from these judicious remarks of D'Hancarville, there could be no tumblers in this graceful dance, and I beg you and

our beloved Cowper to join with me in *kicking the ungraceful tumblers off the stage.* I speak gaily, though with a heart full of trouble, as you will easily comprehend when I add, that I am labouring, with anxious and tremulous rapidity, to gratify my darling with a sight of this book now in the press, and yet fearing that his dear eyes may be closed for ever before it can be completed. Pray answer this with all possible celerity, as the press will require the passage in question in a week or two. With our united love and benedictions to you and our beloved Cowper, believe me ever

Your affectionate, afflicted,

HERMIT.

Feb. 1, 1800.

Words are not half strong enough, my dear Johnny, to express my delight in your kind letter, and the friendly Homeric favour from our dear reviving bard.

What an enchanting *signum salutis!* Heaven will yet, I think, reward me for past sufferings in seeing him and my dear cripple restored together.

I think the latter a little mended in countenance, and in pulse, in the course of the last week, but the next will probably be the grand crisis.

I write to the dear bard himself, because I think he must be well enough to receive a letter of genuine gratitude with some degree of pleasure; but I enclose my letter to you, that you may deliver it at the most favourable moment of the day. I

rejoice that he is still so full of true Homeric spirit. But, my dear Johnny, let us contrive to make his Homer a book to interest his fancy more and more. I am sure it would answer to print it handsomely in quarto, with the Greek on the opposite page, and Flaxman's admirable designs. Pray think of this, both for his gratification and the honour of our country. I will write to our dear Rose, on the subject, when I have a little more leisure. At present, I am almost overwhelmed with anxiety, in various shapes. Excuse a rapid scrawl, and believe me ever, my dear Johnny,

Your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

Enclosed in the preceding letter, with this inscription;

TO OUR MOST KIND AND MOST DEAR COWPER.

" BLESS'D be the characters, so kindly traced
" In that dear hand, which I have long'd to view!
" Pledge of affection old, and kindness new
" From the reviving bard, supremely graced
" With all the gifts of fancy, and of taste,
" That can endear the mind! and, given to few,
" The rarer, richer gift, a heart as true
" As e'er the arms of amity embraced!
" Ecstatic tears I on the paper shed,
" That speaks, my Cowper, of thy mental health,
" And of thy friendship, soothing as the dove!
" So weeps the nymph, who, when long storms are fled,
" Welcomes from sea her bosom's rescued wealth
" To life, to joy, to glory, and to love."

Feb. 1, 1800.

Kindest, and dearest of kind and dear bards, I did not suppose that any thing could have soothed and delighted me in my present anxious afflicted state to such a degree of delight, as I feel in perusing your fresh verses on Dædalus, so kindly and delicately written in your own hand! Accept my cordial thanks for so seasonable a kindness, and let me hope it is a blessed omen, that I shall yet see you and my dear long-disabled young sculptor still cherishing your regard for each other, and cultivating your respective talents very happily together. Ah, my excellent friend, how would your tender heart be affected in seeing the havoc, that his obstinate cruel malady has made in his active and graceful figure! It is now two years this very month, since I brought him into Sussex, expecting him to die every week. Strong hopes of recovery have arisen, and vanished again. At present he is just approaching the grand crisis of his most formidable disorder; for a very large abscess in the back, which has been very slowly rising for months, will be opened by our dear and most kindly attentive medical friend Guy, I believe, the next week. Destruction or safety will be the result of that tremendous operation. The dear sufferer has no fears, but, crippled and tortured as he continually is, he displays the most angelic mildness and magnanimity on every occasion. I think you will contemplate with tender affectionate interest the true delineation of his character, which I have introduced in the poem, that he has so kindly pressed me to finish. It shall travel to you the moment it

is fit to travel, with the united benedictions of the young artist (who has even in his crippled state contrived to decorate it with a design from his pencil) and of

Your affectionate old

HERMIT.

MY DEAR JOHNNY, *Feb.* 13, 1800.

I just learn, with surprise and grief, that our beloved bard (in whose recovery I was exulting) is attacked by a dropsical complaint. As I know how difficult it is to persuade the dear soul to take any medicine, I hasten (without losing a moment) to tell you that I cured a very bad dropsy in a labouring woman, in this village, entirely by electricity—drawing sparks from her swelled body and head, both so swelled that her friends did not know her figure! Pray try this most easy of remedies.

I must mention another useful thing, the broom seeds roasted like coffee (which, by the way, makes a very tolerable substitute for coffee), and by being mixt with coffee, perhaps you might persuade the dear invalid to drink it without considering it as medicine, if Lady Hesketh's *spruce* (which I believe still better than the broom seeds) should displease him. I would say every thing, if possible, to assist you; one thing more which I hold excellent, the very frequent use of a flesh brush.

Heaven prosper you, my dear Johnny, in the care of your inestimable patient, whom my fondest prayers ever attend. I am all anxiety in every fibre, to-day, for the dear sufferer here,

as I expect the tremendous operation to take place, in the course of the day: it is now seven in the morning, and my courier waiting to take letters to the post; so accept the hasty but most hearty benedictions of

Your affectionate and doubly afflicted

HERMIT.

Pray write to me very soon.

Wednesday Morn. March 5, 1800.

Let us animate each other, my dear Johnny, still to hope, while a particle of life remains in these two beloved inestimable beings, whom you and I are tenderly trying to detain a little longer on earth, though both are so worthy of Heaven, and both must probably be soon removed to their celestial reward. Yet, if the water has subsided in your dear dropsical patient (which I am willing to ascribe to the blessed broom-seed), he may yet shake off the feverish symptoms you mention. Oh, if the broom should restore him, I would take a sprig of it for my crest, and "O the bonny bonny broom," for my motto!*

* The Editor takes this opportunity of correcting a mistake, concerning the last illness of Cowper, which Hayley (from what cause it is impossible at this distance of time to determine) having fallen into, himself, communicated to the readers of his Life of the Poet; and to which, copying from him, the minor biographers of Cowper have given a still wider circulation. The fact is, the death of Mr. Cowper was not occasioned by the complaint above-mentioned; as appears by the following note, just received by the Editor, from Daniel Woods, Esq. of East Dereham, the medical attendant of Cowper, in reply to a direct question on the subject:—

My angelic martyr has passed through the long dreaded operation, not only without fear, but with much less pain than I expected, and I have been much elated by seeing him eat a little roast beef, with apparent appetite; but I am terrified again by observing a most alarming increase in the rapidity of his pulse, since this dangerous opening of the immense abscess. I live in distracting vicissitudes of hope and terror; and your state, my dear Johnny, must be nearly the same. Give me a few lines very speedily; as in the midst of my own domestic affliction, I feel hardly less anxious for our dear Cowper than for *my child*. Write without delay, and you shall then have an early fresh account of this dear sufferer, from

Your affectionate and doubly afflicted

HERMIT.

If the beloved bard's painful thirst continues, pray tell him, with my love, he will find *tamarinds* (preserved *without sugar*, *in the pod)* inexpressibly comfortable to a parched mouth. Heaven bless you both! As I think the tamarinds I have mentioned would be so very comfortable to the dear thirsty sufferer,

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Dear Sir,

Your friend Cowper did not die from dropsy; but from a worn-out constitution, which was attended, a few weeks before his death, with slight oedematous swelling of the legs, arising from extreme debility.

Yours very truly,

D. WOODS.

EAST DEREHAM,
March 3, 1823.

and there is only one place in London where there is *a chance* of finding them in this state, I will write to a friend, and beg him to send some, as a gift from the old Hermit to the dear bard. Adieu.

Wednesday, April 30, 1800.

God be praised, that the dissolution of our dear angelic Cowper has proved as *gentle* as his *life!* Such be the release of the still dearer expiring sufferer, whose pale features I am now watching, in hourly expectation of his last gasp! Two purer spirits (in age and youth) our Almighty Parent has, I believe, never called, from the rank of mere mortals, to their celestial reward; may that gracious Parent, my dear John, enable us so to cherish their memories, and so to emulate their virtues, that we also may die the death of the righteous, and share with these most justly beloved angels that eternal beatitude, to which they have so pure a title! I think it is hardly possible for this dear exhausted, but still magnanimous sufferer, to breathe more than a few hours. Heaven teach us, my excellent young friend, to bear with that tender resignation, which their excellence ought to inspire, the loss of two enchanting companions, for whom the world can never afford us any adequate substitutes. Write to me soon again; and believe me, with the truest sympathy in your sorrow, and the kindest wishes for your comfort,

Your affectionate afflicted

HERMIT.

FELPHAM, *May* 31, 1800.

My dear Brother in affliction,

I requested our kind sympathetic friend Rose to thank you for your affectionate mournful remembrance of the afflicted Hermit, and to give you some account of me, when I was hardly able to give any account of myself. Since the *second* of this long, but now expiring month, the *second fatal Friday!* (when my dear angel departed, as our beloved Cowper had departed on the preceding Friday) I have existed in that feverish agitation of recent anguish in the heart, which you will easily conceive; and by too great an exertion, in attending my young friend Meyer to Kew, and occasionally to London, after his endearing attention to the funeral of the angelic youth, whose loss we can never cease to feel, I have rather encreased the feverish tendency in my old shattered frame, and seem to myself in a sort of middle state, between life and death. I am now trying, by quiet and solitary meditation, to nurse myself into a firmer tone of mind and body, that if it should prove my destiny to remain a few years longer in this vale of tears, I may not be utterly an idle heavy piece of lumber on the earth.

You, I hope, my dear Johnny, will feel yourself impelled by the more active promising season of your life, and by your affectionate zeal for the honour of our dear departed bard, to cherish his memory, as you have nobly cherished his declining health; and I hope to see you distinguish yourself, as you ought to do, in the character of his biographer.

The Life of every poet, as amiable as Cowper, (if, indeed, there ever existed, or ever may exist, another poet so perfectly amiable) should be written by an intimate friend, completely sensible of his virtues, and enamoured of his genius. You have every advantage for the successful accomplishment of so soothing a task; and if you modestly suppose, that you may want any kind of literary assistance, you know you may freely command two very zealous and sincere friends in Rose and the Hermit. Has the former sent you a little inscription for the engraved portrait of Cowper, which he requested me to write, and which, to oblige him, I wrote extempore, though with a head and heart full of pain, in my recent visit to him? As the multiplicity of his avocations may not have left him leisure enough to copy for you this trifle, it shall find a place on this paper; so here it is for you; and if you have it already, you will forgive the repetition.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF COWPER.

" Behold the bard, who captivates all hearts,
" In humour's frolic, or in fancy's flight!
" To all, whom verse can touch, his verse imparts
" Sweet relaxation, or sublime delight."

And now, my dear Johnny, let me scold you for cruelly withholding from me all those particulars concerning the grave of our dear bard, which, by your mysterious intimations concerning them, would prove highly soothing to my heart and

fancy. You kindly meant, perhaps, to draw me by these mysterious intimations to visit the interesting spot; and in some propitious season I shall hope to attain that mournful gratification. In the mean time, have the charity to tell me every thing that relates to the friend, whom I loved so tenderly, whose memory is hardly less dear to me, than that of my angelic child, the most mild and magnanimous of martyrs!

Ah, my dear Johnny! what have we both lost in those two departed spirits! and what an inestimable treasure do we still possess in the recollection of their admirable endowments! Adieu! Write soon, and continue to love

Your affectionate afflicted

HERMIT.

CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS RELATING TO THE LIFE OF COWPER, &c.; FROM 1800 TO 1805.

As the preceding Letters exhibit the sympathy of the Author in the sufferings of his friend Cowper, and the measures resorted to by his affectionate spirit, in the hope of relieving him under the pressure of his malady, so the present discover an equal earnestness to promote the interests of his posthumous reputation. The zeal with which he entered on his biographical account of him, and the unwearied diligence of his search for materials, in every quarter to which he had access, either by himself, or his friends, are a pleasing proof of his solicitude on this occasion.

July 24, 1800.

My dear Johnny,

Be decently bold, and do more justice to yourself. I thought you had known enough of feminine spirit, to know, that with the dear soft sex *silence generally means consent;* and to prove to you that it does in your case, I transcribe with pleasure, for the immediate relief of your feeling heart, a

passage from a letter that I have recently received, where the Lady I have alluded to is very far from refusing your request, as you so painfully apprehend; on the contrary, she seems to delight in the idea of obliging you; but hear her own amicable words:

"As yet, our excellent friend in Norfolk has sent me no-
"thing, but he promises me every scrap that issued from this
"dear creature's pen, during his melancholy abode in Norfolk,
"and I am sure Johnny will keep his word. *He* wishes, I
"find, to publish a new edition of his Homer, according to
"late alterations, and if I find it proper, I shall be happy
"to indulge him in this particular. His uncommon zeal and
"invariable attention to his dear unhappy friend deserve
"every mark of gratitude from me."

So kind to you, my dear Johnny, is the good Lady, that you suppose inclined to reject your very modest petition. I repeat, my good Johnny, be more just to your own merits, and to the kind wishes of your friends. I promise you I shall support your petition with whatever influence I may have with this excellent Lady, to whom I have written such sincere and friendly advice, as I persuaded myself would be most pleasing to the spirit of our dear angelic bard.

I have said, what I firmly think, that his Life ought to be written in the form of Letters, addressed to Earl Cowper, from the heart, the memory, and the hand of Lady Hesketh herself. I could give you a hundred reasons for this, if I had time to enumerate them circumstantially; but I trust you

will *feel* them all. I am sure she has talent, virtue, and affection enough, to execute the delicate office in a very just and graceful manner; and I am anxiously waiting for her reply. I have also desired her to reserve our dear bard's version of Milton's Latin poetry, to be first printed in a handsome quarto edition of Milton without notes, but with my Life of him, (so thoroughly approved by our dear Cowper,) and an engraving from a sublime Miltonic design in my possession, from the hand of our dear disabled Romney.

You will instantly give me credit for not wishing to derive any pecuniary advantage myself from the poetry of my dear departed friend. I only wish to be thus united to him in the formation of such an edition of Milton, as I think he would contemplate with pleasure. In publishing the dear bard's Homer, I wish you would contrive to print the Greek with his version, and decorate your book with Flaxman's admirable designs. Pray think of this. I will afford you any sort of assistance in my power, being ever, my dear Johnny,

Your affectionate afflicted

HERMIT.

August 7th, 1800.

Since I dispatched my last very hasty scrawl, to soothe your feeling spirit, I have received a repeated request from that good Lady, who modestly professes she cannot think of executing that delicate office herself, which (in full confidence of her ability) I most sincerely invited her to assume.

In repeating her request, she desired a speedy answer, and I have answered speedily, that I would not shrink from it myself, if she persisted in thinking me the proper person. I informed her, that I had thought of *you*, my dear Johnny, as well as herself, in a *biographical capacity*, but that your modesty, like her own, declined the very delicate task. I added, that I must still wish you to appear as the public Editor of the beloved bard's collected works; and that, as to myself, I am perfectly willing to act as a subaltern, under the guidance of two respected relations of my dear deceased friend. In truth, my dear Johnny, I heartily wish to please you both, in an arduous duty, which interests all our hearts so completely. I shall speak my mind to you both, with the most affectionate freedom, and call on you both for all the aid you can give me, with equal frankness and confidence in your kind sentiments towards me, towards each other, and particularly towards the dear departed object of our literary solicitude and indelible affection,

I hope there may appear, by the liberality of your namesake, the bookseller, a very handsome edition of Cowper's collected works. Of that edition I shall continue to recommend you most strenuously as the becoming Editor, and I will contribute to it the best Memoirs I can form of our inestimable friend, either succinct or copious, according to the deliberate desire of you two very intelligent, feeling, and meritorious relations of the deceased.

I will conclude by entreating you, my dear Johnny, to

collect for me (from every quarter to which you have access in any shape) whatever you think may be useful to our general desire of doing the most affectionate justice to the genius and virtues of our friend. Pray form for me a slight *outline of annals*, comprehending the year of his birth, and of the most striking events in his singular sequestered life. Are you personally acquainted with Lady Austen, (I mean the Lady who suggested the "Task;" I know not if I spell her name correctly,) and Mr. Newton? They were both so intimate once with the dear bard, that I apprehend we might obtain from each, some materials of consequence to a faithful biographer. Do all you can for our great purpose, and believe me ever

Your most sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

I hope to catch a glimpse of our dear Rose on his circuit, and mean to converse with him on a subject in which I know he will take a most friendly interest, from his lively regard both to the dead and the living. Adieu!

P. S. Pray let me hear from you soon. Lady Hesketh seems to wish the Life to be short, and executed speedily.

FELPHAM, *August* 20, 1800.

Bravissimo, my dear Johnny of Norfolk, I love and applaud you for your zeal in the cause of biography, and am gratified by your kind partiality to the well-meaning biographer of our

beloved Cowper. I would please, if possible, all who love him as you do; and if I please them, it must be by the friendly aid and encouragement that I shall receive from you and our excellent Lady Hesketh, who speaks of you in her last letters to me with much esteem, tenderness, and gratitude.

Thanks, dear Johnny, for your lively and useful project of pumping the good lady you describe so pleasantly for a reservoir of information. Pump away, my brave boy, with all your might and main! As to Mr. Newton, our dear Rose has kindly engaged to gain every thing that can be gained from him, by calling upon him, this week, in London; so I may spare you that journey; but I hope when you have collected, like a good industrious bee, all the honey you can—I hope, I say, you will kindly fly into the South, and let us form the honey-comb together. Seriously, I shall wish much to see you, before the projected biography is finished, or indeed advanced near to conclusion. Pray send me a list of all the new pieces you have collected, of the dear bard; perhaps I may be able to add a few, that may have escaped you. Have you his charming stanzas on Friendship?

I have a thousand questions to ask you, but I must postpone them to a season of more leisure.

Adieu, dear Johnny;—write soon, and believe me ever

Your affectionate

HERMIT.

February 6, 1801.

Let me entreat you to supply me speedily with all the intelligence that you know I must want. I have already written the intended Introduction to my biographical work; and I want immediately all the particulars that I expected from you; parentage, birth, education, &c., &c., in the form of abridged annals.

From a recent letter of Lady Hesketh's, I may suppose you are already at Cambridge, intending to print your Homer *there*. Pray send me one of the first proof sheets, wherever it is struck off, upon exactly the sized paper which the book is to appear. I need this for the purpose of ascertaining at what expense I may be able to furnish you, *perhaps*, with *octavo plates from Flaxman's designs.*

I have the original MS. of the Milton, with many of the corrections in my own hand, as they were written at Eartham. There is a passage in one of the dear bard's letters to me, in which he expresses a strong wish for a Milton in partnership between us, uniting my Life of Milton to his Translation of the Latin Poems, &c. I shall therefore propose to Lady Hesketh that we may print such a Milton, the size of his Homer; and Flaxman partly promised me to make outlines for it, like his designs to Homer. I mean to have the whole text of Milton printed without notes, except the fragment of his intended Dissertations on the different books, which Lady H. has promised to send me.

Your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

P. S. Pray tell me all you can concerning the *time* when the dear bard's different works were composed. I think Mrs. Unwin told me that the "Progress of Error" was the earliest of all, in his first volume, and written at her suggestion. Was it so?

FELPHAM, *April* 2, 1801.

Your friendly idea of escorting the two literary merchants to the South, pleases me in various points of view. First, as I shall be truly glad to see you, as I wish to shew you my little marine turret, (a scene utterly new to you,) and as I have much to say to you. Secondly, as I shall rejoice to employ you as my *locum-tenens* in shewing Eartham to your fellow-travellers; for the scene affects me so much, on every fresh review of it, that I have almost resolved not to visit it again in person, for a year or two, unless Providence should send me, in that period, to rest by the side of my dear departed child. I avoided the sight of it, in our journey hither, by taking the *Midhurst*, instead of the *Petworth* road.

If you travel with Edwards and your namesake, I would advise you all to start very early in a post-chaise. You may easily reach Eartham by four o'clock, where I will desire the good solitary woman, who at present takes care of the house, to have a little cold meat ready for you, and after refreshing yourselves by a walk round that delightful garden, you may easily reach the turret before it grows dark. Thus, my friend Edwards may view the spot, that I wish him to think

of deliberately, both in an *evening* and a *morning light;* as I should advise him to pass a few hours there the following morning, to survey the scene more at his leisure.

I have been nursing my young friend William since my return; for this dear resemblance of my angelic son alarmed me by a feverish indisposition, which I have now happily removed. On such occasions all literary progress is suspended; but I hope soon to devote myself with effect to our dear Cowper; especially when I receive the documents that I expect from you. I rejoice with you, my dear Johnny, in your Homeric progress, and though I regret the decision of the booksellers, concerning the Greek, I am glad the paper is such as you approve. I meant to act by our dear bard, according to the *golden rule* of doing *for him,* what, in a similar case, I should have wished him to do *for me,* and what I am confident, could he speak from the tomb, he would say to me "Pray do." Yet there are cases, I perceive, when it may not be perfectly satisfactory to follow the golden rule I have mentioned; and on mature deliberation, I approve your purpose to print the Homeric MS. of the dear departed, without any attempts of correction.

Adieu! my dear Johnny! I salute you with my cordial benediction.

Ever your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

Saturday, April 18, 1801.

Dear Editor of Homer,

Pray have you visited Mr. Hill? Recollect that you were to apologise to that gentleman, for my not having a leisure minute to call upon him again, and to remind him of looking into his old magazines, by Lloyd, to ascertain (if his recollection extends so far) what compositions in that periodical work were supplied by our dear bard. He mentioned to me some translations from the Fables of La Fontaine. The moral ease and grace of those Fables, our beloved Cowper must, I think, have copied most exquisitely; and I am very curious to see the translations I speak of. Mr. Hill mentioned an early friend of Cowper's, now settled, if I remember right, in Yorkshire, who may probably possess some of his early verses and letters. Try what you can collect, my dear Johnny, from that quarter; and remember you are to supply me with a collection of letters to and from Thurlow, which will save me the trouble of applying again to his Lordship.

You will be glad to hear, that I had the high gratification of seeing our dear Rose with a blooming countenance, and enlivened by his professional success in our county, where his merits are more and more felt and admired.

When am I to see you and your two literary fellow-travellers? Pray give me the earliest notice you can! *Bon voyage* to you all.

Ever your affectionate

HERMIT.

Wednesday, June 3, 1801.

I hope you are enjoying the comforts of domestic tranquillity, after your bustle in the great city, where you seemed to be out of your element, and harassed by a thousand perplexities. The Hermit of the South is not sorry to be in his own cell again. I hope in a little time to proceed with regularity and spirit in my biographical work; and I beg you to recollect, that I cannot proceed properly till you supply me with all the documents you have kindly promised. But you need not wait till you complete the cargo. Let me rather have the earlier part of your compilation as speedily as you can, as I am eager to advance in a composition that must necessarily employ considerable time and thought. The letters you kindly procured me from Mr. Charles Cowper, are very interesting, though most of them on devotional subjects. If you have the volume of poems published by the Lady to whom these letters are addressed, as you probably have such a volume, with MS. remarks in it by the dear bard himself, I wish you to send it with the other papers, that I shall now eagerly expect, as they are essential to my work; for I depend on your accuracy as to the dates, &c., of all the material incidents in the life of our friend.

Ever your affectionate

HERMIT.

July 31, 1801.

Attend to your Bishop, but neglect not your Hermit! You are all affectionately solicitous to have the Life accurately written, but how can a biographer advance properly, when he comes to a chasm in the necessary collection of materials? I am just stretching my arms over such a chasm. The letters that Charles Cowper so kindly supplied, have been of infinite use; but in that interesting correspondence, I find a chasm of ten years, from 1770 to 1780. I believe the dear bard's severe and long fit of depression began in 1773. Can you tell me exactly when it began, and when he revived? What medical aid had he under those tedious sufferings? It was then, I know, that the care poor Mrs. Unwin took of him, was so truly angelic. But tell me all you can tell of these ten years. I apprehend that he wrote his sixty-eight hymns in the Olney Collection, in the year or two before that illness. I find, by the Preface to the hymns, that they were not published till 1779, and I collect, from Mr. Newton's expressions, that the poet was *not then* revived. Mr. N. removed to London, I believe, the next year. Did you ever see any of our friend's letters to him immediately after his removal? In short, I am in darkness in regard to these *ten years*. Send all the light you can, *speedily*, (as light should always travel) to

Your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

In haste.

LAVANT, *Aug.* 6, 1801.

Where will you find such another obedient and alert servant as your old Hermit? Your kind letter meets me in the apartment of our benevolent Paulina, within this half hour, and I have already dispatched the letter you commanded to Flaxman. I will tell you how I have managed the Inscription. Paulina approves it highly; but to give you an opportunity of improving it, if you wish to do so, I transcribe it for you.

In Memory
of MARY,
(Widow of the Reverend MORLEY UNWIN,
and Mother of the Reverend William Cawthorne Unwin)
born at Ely 1724, buried in this Church 1796.
Trusting in God, &c.

We all think this simple prelude to the verses, shortened by leaving out the long-winded particulars of preferment, just what it ought to be.

You forgot to send me *Vincent Bourne*, my dear Johnny; and I want him much, to mark the pieces in the thin Norfolk book, derived from Vincent B., that I may happen to admit in the Appendix. My good Seagrave is very alert himself; but his pressmen sometimes get drunk, and vex him sadly; not to the improvement, I imagine, of his elocution.*

Our good Blake is actually *in labour with a young lion.* The

* Mr. S. had a great impediment in his speech.

new-born cub will probably kiss your hands in a week or two. The Lion is his 3d ballad, and we hope his plate to it will surpass its predecessors.

Apropos of this good warm-hearted artist. He has a great wish that you should prevail on Cowper's dear Rose* to send her portrait of the beloved bard, by Abbot, to Felpham, that Blake may engrave it for the Milton we meditate; which we devote (you know) to the sublime purpose of raising a monument, suited to the dignity of the dear bard, in the metropolis; if the public shews proper spirit, (as I am persuaded it will) on that occasion—a point that we shall put to the end, in publishing the Life.

Adieu! dear Johnny, let the celerity of my reply atone for all deficiencies in

Your sincere affectionate

HERMIT.

In the haste of a hot visiting day. Adieu!

Sept. 3, 1801.

You are a good fellow to glean where you can, let the bundles of useful information be large or little. Our liberal friend Greatheed (who was so generous as to propose going directly to London in person, to collect and transmit to me, whatever particulars I wished to draw from Mr. Newton,) will

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* Mrs. Anne Bodham.

probably dispatch to me, without such an effort, which I desired him not to think of, many articles, if not all I want, concerning the period I mentioned. For later years I depend on you, and your own knowledge, my dear Johnny, and I hope you mean to devote a part of your autumn to the turret, where I shall be happy to have you as my fellow student, my guide, and my critic, in all the concluding part of my arduous task.

I fear your namesake of St. Paul's is a little ungracious in regard to the Homer, which you kindly said you would desire him to send to me, for it is not yet arrived; and yet this said Homer having to travel like a ghost, only in sheets, without staying to throw any robe over his shoulders, might have been almost as expeditious as ghosts generally are in their movements.

How do you advance in your Homer, my dear Johnny? I long very much to see it. Pray had our dear bard many letters from his critical cousin the general, on his translation? If he had, I should like much to see them; but I will mention this to our good Lady Hesketh.

The good Blake is finishing very happily the plate of the Poet's mother. He salutes you affectionately.

The dear travellers from Merton Cottage arrived at Felpham last night. Cornelia indisposed with a swelled face. The nymphs all well; our united love attends you.

I give you joy, that your mind is at peace concerning the public funds; and I hope I may pacify it on a point, that, I trust, is more interesting to you, the health of a sincere friend. I am often unwell, indeed;—the natural consequence of much

affliction; but, I thank Heaven, I have no very serious illness at present; and should I happen to drop before my biographical duty is fulfilled, I am confident our dear Rose, as I should desire in that case, would kindly take up my deserted pen, and finish my work for me, full as well as I could have done, had I remained long enough amongst you.

However, as things are at present, my dear Johnny, let us cherish a cheerful expectation that you and I may write the blessed word *finis* together in the turret: I, in composing, and you, in transcribing the Life of that dear being, whose memory must be dearer and dearer to us, the more we reflect on his genius and his virtues. May his pure spirit guide and smile upon our labours!

So prays, my dear Johnny,

Your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

October 1st, 1801.

October, you see, is arrived, and you, my dear Johnny, will arrive, I trust, before half this pleasant month shall pass away; for we want you as a faithful coadjutor in the turret, more than I can express.

I say *we*, for the warm-hearted indefatigable Blake works daily by my side, on the intended decorations of our biography. Engraving, of all human works, appears to require the largest portion of patience, and he happily possesses more of that inestimable virtue, than I ever saw united before to an imagination so lively and so prolific.

Come, and criticise what we have done!—Come and assist us to do more!—I want you in a double capacity, as an excellent scribe, and as an infallible fountain of intelligence for all the latter days of our dear bard, for whose memory my affection encreases, the more I contemplate his enchanting character.

Hasten to cheer and lighten the long labour of

Your most sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

In extreme haste.

October 18th, 1801.

A pupil! my dear Johnny, a pupil! have you really taken a pupil?

Well, bless you, whatever you take!—and as you have at present but one, pack up this said single pupil and yourself, and proceed to the turret together; for I have work to employ you both, for a fortnight or three weeks, from morning till night.

You and your pupil shall share the simple diet and interesting studies of your friend the Hermit; so here is both occupation and improvement for master and disciple. Come away then, my boys! and let us all work hard together, as we ought to do, to dispatch the work that, by our united efforts, will, I hope, do honour to the memory of our beloved bard. I shall have so many questions to ask you, my dear Johnny, that it will be impossible for me to finish without you.

I have divided the Life into three parts, like my Life of Milton; and already, thank Heaven, I have terminated, and our dear Rose tells me not unhappily executed, two of my three divisions. So come and with the light of your countenance enable me to arrive at the conclusion of a long and interesting labour, that I trust will amuse and do credit to us all. Write instantly to

Your anxious
And affectionate
HERMIT.

Adieu. *Bon voyage* to the South!

October 25th, 1801.

Ah! my dear Johnny, you little know what you ask, when you ask the affectionate Hermit to come and finish his extensive biographical work at Dereham.

You forget the nature of poetical nerves, when they have been repeatedly, and severely shaken by the loss of such beings as Cowper and Tom. The scene of the dear bard's distress and death would affect me too forcibly, on a first visit to you, to leave me sufficient powers for the necessary work. I know but too well the acuteness of my own feelings on such trials; for wanting, the other morning, to ascertain a point relating to Cowper, by a reference to some of my own letters to Tom, I opened the box, where that dear angel, just before he departed, arranged all his papers most delicately to shew his extreme affection to me; and although I had examined it many times before, it struck

me afresh so forcibly, that I felt for some hours as if I had sustained a paralytic stroke.—No! my dear Johnny, I must not think of Dereham, till after my biography is published. Then, indeed, if I succeed in a manner that may, I think, be pleasing to the spirit of our departed friend, I may possibly visit his grave with a mournful pleasure; and it will please me to be a guest of yours, when I can be so more consistently with my particular feelings of love and duty to the dead.

This is a point of feeling, my dear Johnny, and feelings alone must decide it.—Come, therefore, to the turret, my dear coadjutor!—Come soon, if you can!—if not soon, come at least when the holidays unloose the fetters which you have taken on yourself.

Though I have done much, yet I have still much to do. Write speedily, as I have done, for suspense is unpleasant; and believe me ever,

Your most sincere
and affectionate
HERMIT.

P. S. A thousand thanks for all the kind things you say of accommodations at Dereham. I hope, at a future and more propitious season, to gratify your kind spirit by accepting and praising them.—*Encor adio.*

November 8th, 1801.

Thanks and love to the dear divine of Dereham, for the pleasant prospect he gives me, of seeing him in his holidays; but, my dear Johnny, let me advise you strongly, let me advise you (I repeat it with *double emphasis*), not to *fetter* yourself so *woefully* as to *time* in the particular you mention. If you are scrupulous concerning the fortnight not given to your pupil on his first arrival, repay that fortnight of lost attention in some future holidays, but not in your first Christmas vacation, when you have literary matters of such interesting magnitude that call for your attention. I give you my honour most readily, that I will not attempt to detain you in the turret, so as to lead you to neglect any important duties; but, to render your visit to the Hermit as comfortable as I wish it to be, I entreat you to contrive, for our mutual satisfaction, that you may be as little fettered as possible. I give you the example of sacrificing other considerations to the duty we owe to our *dear Cowper*; for, as much as the dear inhabitants of Morton Cottage want to see me there, I have repeatedly told them, that I must adhere to my heroic resolution of not moving beyond a morning's ride from the turret, till I have completed my biographical work. My heart and soul are so full of those two dear affectionate angels, *Cowper* and *Tom!* that I seem to converse with them on my pillow before the dawn of day; and after requesting the dear filial angel to inspire me with some ideas, that may be particu-

larly pleasing to our beloved bard, I composed a few lines the other morning, to place over, or near, the dear and meritorious Mary. I am confident, that had he been well after her decease, he would have given her a poetical epitaph of exquisite pathos. As she has none from his pen, I persuade myself the spirits of the bard and his exemplary incomparable attendant, may both be in some measure gratified by the following

EPITAPH.

Trusting in God, with all her heart and mind,
This woman proved magnanimously kind;
Endured affliction's desolating hail,
And watch'd a Poet thro' misfortune's vale:
Her spotless dust angelic guards defend,
It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend!
That single title in itself is fame,
For all, who read his verse, revere her name.

And now let me congratulate you on having travelled so well through the Odyssey!—Blake and I read every evening that copy of the Iliad, which your namesake of St. Paul's was so good as to send me, comparing it with the first edition and with the Greek as we proceed. We shall be glad to see the Odyssey also, *as soon as it is visible.*

The dear bard has in some parts improved, and in some perhaps rather injured the beauty of his translation; but altogether it is a noble work, κτῆμα ἐς αἰεὶ.

Adieu, my dear Johnny! wishing you a good and pleasant journey to the turret, and every good wish,

I am ever most cordially,

Your sincere and affectionate,

HERMIT.

I have a great regard for the character of Mr. Lodge, the literary herald! and shall receive the genealogical papers you mention with pleasure—do not, however, trouble yourself to dispatch them to me till you arrive yourself, as I shall probably place every thing of this nature in the appendix of my book. *Encor bon voyage!* Pray tell me very soon how you like the Epitaph. *Adio.*

November 18th, 1801.

Your warm-hearted letter (that has met me this instant in the apartments of our benevolent Paulina, at Lavant) has delighted us all so much—(by *all*, I mean Paulina, Blake, and myself,) that I seize a pen, while the coffee is coming to the table, to tell you with what cordial pleasure we shall expect you and your young pupil. If my Epitaph delighted you, believe me, your affectionate reception of it has afforded me equal delight. I have been a great scribbler of Epitaphs in the last month, and as you are so kindly partial to my monumental verses, I will transcribe for you, even in the bustle of this morning, a recent Epitaph on your humble old friend my good William, who closed his height of

cheerful and affectionate existence (near eighty) this day fortnight, in the great house at Eartham, where Blake and I had the mournful gratification of attending him (by accident) in the few last hours of his life.

To this plain grave, &c.*

As I know you will give a kind sigh to the memory of this pleasant old domestic, I must add, that Providence conducted his dissolution in a manner most merciful to his own feelings and those of his affectionate master.

I am pleased, my dear Johnny, to hear you speak so agreeably of your pupil. I believe I shall furnish you with another pupil from our county; — but of this when we meet!

Wishing you a pleasant though a wintry journey to the south,

Ever your most sincere
and affectionate
HERMIT.

Sunday Morning, November 22d, 1801.

As many weeks have still to pass, before the welcome day *fixed* for your arrival at the turret, and as I have advanced as far in my biography as I can, without some fresh intelligence from you (for I have advanced as far as my own last and

* For this Epitaph see Vol. II page 30.

gloomy visit to dear Weston), I will beg you to dispatch to me a brief summary of all circumstances from that period to the decease of our dear bard. Send also the genealogical papers you mentioned, and the Norfolk Miscellany, which Lady Hesketh tells me you have, and which I wish to inspect for the verses of her father.* By the way—what is become of the book the Dowager Lady Spencer sent our beloved William of Weston from Rome, Flaxman's Odyssey?

I long for the arrival of the good young preceptor and his pupil Nelson.

Did I tell you that our excellent Blake has wished to have Laurence's original drawing to copy in his second engraving, and that our good Lady Hesketh is so gracious as to send it?—But whatever I have or have not told, I can tell you no more at present, my dear Johnny, for interruption plucks the pen from my fingers.—So God bless you!—write soon, and believe me,

Ever your affectionate

HERMIT.

Wednesday Morning, February 3d, 1802.

The tardy Johnny of Norfolk is a pretty fellow, indeed, to call for such extraordinary alertness in an old Hermit. But, Johnny, I love thee with all thy faults, and thou shalt not

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* Ashley Cowper, Esq. Clerk of the Parliaments.

call in vain:—so here is instantaneously a title page for thee, and a Greek motto, which I and Blake, who is just become a Grecian, and literally learning the language, consider as a happy hit!

The
Iliad and Odyssey
of
Homer
translated into
English blank verse,
by the late William Cowper, Esq.
The second edition,
with copious alterations and Notes,
prepared for the press
by the Translator,
and now published with a Preface
by his Kinsman,
J. Johnson, L.L.B.,
Chaplain to the Bishop of Peterborough.

Τάδε δ' αἰὶ πάρεσθ' ὅμοια, διὰ δὲ τῶν αὐτῶν αἰί.

EPICHARMUS.

If you look, my dear Johnny, into the life of Plato by Diogenes Laertius, you will find the verses of Epicharmus which contain the line selected for your motto. The poet is speaking of creatures made by the gods *like to themselves*, and by *them* subsisting for ever; but I think the words will bear a

very happy application to our dear bard's version of Homer being like the original, and by that likeness to subsist for ever. The simplicity of the praise, in this point of view, delights me. It will, however, be proper for you to notice in your preface, that the motto was not chosen by the translator, (as that idea would make him commend himself), but by you, and coming from you, it has, I think, a modest grace and propriety. The two mottoes, in your letter, that you tell me you found in my hand, were, if I remember right, (but my memory has been so shattered by my afflictions, that I hardly dare trust it in any thing,) the mottoes that the dear bard and I preferred together to the rest that I had collected for his choice; but in the present circumstances, the line that I have accidentally chosen for you this blessed morning, "*Haud sine numine Divûm*," will be far more eligible for you, I think, than any of the many but rather hackneyed scraps of eulogy on Homer himself.

And now, my dear Johnny, as you are a special good fellow in the *main*, though too fond of your pillow and of procrastination, you shall have a new Epitaph on the beloved bard, warm from the heart and brain, and composed, not to supplant the former, but to be placed on the grander monument in the Abbey, or St. Paul's; so without further preface tell us speedily how you like it!

YE dead, for efforts of the mind renown'd!
Whose fame endears this consecrated ground,
Mix'd with your tombs, your spirits may regard
Marble, inscribed to Cowper, heavenly bard!

Hail him, ye prophets! and ye saints, embrace
A genuine son of your celestial race!
He sung, with powers congenial to your own,
Earth's transient toys, and Héaven's eternal throne.

Hail him, your sweet instructor! age, and youth;
Charm'd by his fancy, tutor'd by his truth!
Hail him, a favourite bard of Nature's quire!
For all her heartstrings vibrate to his lyre.

Do not delay the tablet for the good old lady!

And now, my dear Johnny, God bless you! I have many letters to dispatch this morning, and you may consider yourself as most kindly treated in having so speedy a reply from the over-busied

But affectionate

HERMIT.

The new Grecian greets you affectionately.—Χαῖρε.

February 25, 1802.

I thank you heartily for your pleasant letter, and I am going to afford you, I hope, very high gratification in the prospect of our overcoming all the prejudices of our good Lady Hesketh against simple and graceful ornaments for the tomb of our beloved bard.

I entreated her to suspend her decision till I had time to send for the simply elegant sketches, that I expected from Flaxman. When these sketches reached me, I was not myself

perfectly pleased with the shape of the lyre, introduced by the sculptor, and presumptuously have tried myself to out-design my dear Flaxman himself on this most animating occasion. I formed, therefore, a device of *the Bible upright* supporting "*The Task*" with a laurel wreath and *Palms*, such as I send you neatly copied by our kind Blake. I have sent *other copies* of the same to her Ladyship and to Flaxman, requesting the latter to tell me frankly, how he likes my design, and for what sum he can execute the said design, with the back ground a firm slab of dove-coloured marble, and the rest white. If her Ladyship and Flaxman are as much pleased with my idea, as the good Blake and Paulina of Lavant are, all our difficulties on this grand monumental contention will end most happily; tell me how *you*, my dear Johnny, like my device! To enable you to judge fairly, even against myself, I desired the kind Blake to add for you, under the copy of my design, a copy of Flaxman's also, with the lyre whose shape displeases me.

Thursday, March 11, 1802.

Dear writer of invisible and inaudible prefaces!

Your very good friend Lady Hesketh, being perfectly convinced that you must be dead and buried, has expressly requested me to write your Epitaph, which I have done in manner and form following.

ON JOHNNY OF NORFOLK.

HERE Johnny lies; who, gentlest of good men!
Fell, horror-struck, in fear of ——— 's pen:

Fearing his pencil too, in shadowy strife,
His ghost jump'd back again to fleshly life:
"Heaven let not *him* (affrighted Johnny said)
"Write of me, living! or pourtray me, dead!" *

Hoping your benevolent spirit will approve this sincere tribute of regret and affection,

I am, my dear Johnny,
Whether you are in the flesh, or out of the flesh,
Ever your affectionate
HERMIT.

The kind indefatigable Blake salutes you cordially, and begs a little fresh news from the spiritual world.

P.S. The dear little tree† arrived safe, is well planted, and appears flourishing—if you can persuade the bird of Paradise to waft your kind spirit thither, you may both perch upon it, and heartily welcome. *Adio.*

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* The Editor supposes these curious lines must have adverted to a reluctance, expressed by him, to write a Preface to the octavo edition of Cowper's Homer, lest he should provoke some painful criticism on his very inexperienced and insufficient pen. But more than twenty years having elapsed between his first receipt of the letter, and his re-perusal of it on the present occasion, he can only class himself with the reader in expounding the riddle. Should the reader class himself with him, in thinking the letter not unworthy of insertion, as a fair specimen of the occasional playfulness of the author's style, the riddle contained in it will be sufficiently solved.

† A chesnut, raised by the editor, from a nut he gathered in the chesnut-walk of the grounds of Weston-Underwood, described in "The Task," in the Autumn of the year in which Cowper died.

May 16th, 1802.

Our good Lady Hesketh has been rather in a critical humour of late with the poetical Hermit, and objected to this couplet in the Dereham Epitaph.*

" His bright precedence in her pure esteem
" Rose not alone from fancy's potent beam."

Not pointing out any particular fault in it, but saying, in general, she thought the lines not worthy of Mr. H. I instantly sent her a choice of variations—and I will send them to you also, my dear Johnny, for as this Epitaph is to be in your town, I wish it to be perfectly to your fancy.

The heart united with the mind to raise
His perfect title to affection's praise;

or,

All, that excites affection, join'd to crown
His perfect title to this pure renown;

or,

No intellectual powers alone could raise
A claim so perfect to affection's praise.

Tell me if you sympathize with her Ladyship in disliking the original couplet, to which she objected, and tell me also which of these variations you prefer in its stead.

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* Intended for Cowper's Monument.

Thank you for executing my commission to your friend Miller. I am much pleased with the new copy of the book he has sent me, though of a more costly sort than I intended, for which he apologized in a sensible civil letter.

You will feel anxious when I tell you, that both my good Blakes have been confined to their bed a week by a severe fever. Thank Heaven! they are both revived, and he is at this moment by my side, representing on copper an Adam, of his own, surrounded by animals, as a frontispiece to the projected ballads. Adieu! my dear Johnny, give us speedily a good account of yourself and your works! Accept our united benedictions, and believe me

Ever your sincere
and affectionate
HERMIT.

Monday Afternoon, June 28th, 1802.

Our alert Blake is preparing, *con spirito*, to launch his eagle, with a lively hope of seeing him superior to the elephant, and

"Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air."

Our good Lady Hesketh has received and patronized his elephant with the most obliging benignity, and we hope soon to hear, that the gentle and noble beast arrived safe at Dereham, and finds favour with the good folks of your county. The ingenious maker of elephants and eagles, who

is working at this instant on the latter, salutes you with kindest remembrance.

Paulina and her guests threaten to beat up your quarters at Dereham two years hence. There is a puppet for fancy to dandle. *Adio.*

Monday, July 19th, 1802.

Here is a *hue and cry* after your expected book, my dear Johnny, from a *posse* of fair ladies and their confederate Hermit. Lady Hesketh, Paulina, Cornelia, all cry aloud, that they depended on the pleasure of seeing Johnny's Homer long before this time, and the Hermit also imagined it would find its way to the turret, when the last proof-sheets were fairly tucked up.

Surely, that strange namesake of yours in St. Paul's Church-Yard, who has occasioned such confusion and delay in our printing, by his management of the paper, must have been the *primum stoppabile* in *a stoppation* so much regretted by the ladies, who, in recollecting your kind promise to send them your book, exclaim with a sigh "there is no trusting man, if the good Johnny of Norfolk can prove faithless."

I hasten to inform you how these fair creatures murmur at the idea of being neglected by you, that you may the more rapidly pour upon their hearts a warm Homeric infusion of delight. Lest my metaphors should grow too numerous I bid you hastily adieu. Write speedily to

Your affectionate

HERMIT.

LAVANT, *September 10th*, 1802.

"Pray, have you written to the good Johnny of Norfolk, "to thank him for his kindness in sending you his Homer?" says the Hermit of the turret to the benevolent Paulina. "No," she replies, "I depend on you for telling him how very much "I feel obliged to him." Now, dear Johnny, as I know that maidens, in proportion as they are gratified, feel puzzled to find pretty expressions for themselves, to convey the exact degree of gratification, in which the heart is tickled; knowing all this, I say, I take pity on this good grateful lady, and although she has such a command of language, that she little needs any substitute to speak or write for her, behold, in the effervescence of my charity towards *perplexed maidens*, I scribble for her, at this moment, in her own apartment. Truly you have obliged her much, and much she deserves to be obliged.

Now a word or two on our kind Lady Austen!

For her good deeds to our dear Cowper she shall not depart without a tribute from the muse. Our friend Greatheed says she has such a claim on me. By the returning post, I dispatched to him the following instantaneous

EPITAPH.

HONOUR and Peace! ye guardians kindly just!
Fail not in duty to this hallow'd dust!
And mortals (all, whose cultured spirits know
Joys, that pure faith, and heavenly verse bestow)!

Passing this tomb, its buried inmate bless!
And obligation to her powers confess,
Who, when she graced this earth, in Austen's name,
Waked, in a poet, inspiration's flame;
Removed, by counsel like the voice of spring,
Fetters of diffidence from fancy's wing;
Sent the freed eagle in the sun to bask;
And from the mind of Cowper, call'd—"The Task."

I have sent this hasty production of the heart to Greatheed, with permission to send it to the Baron, if he thinks it will be acceptable to him, desiring that it may be kept in sacred privacy at present. I send it you with the same request, my dear Johnny, because I know you will sympathize with me in my feelings for this good lady, and because it will be a gratification to me to be told frankly by you, whether it is such as it ought to be, being designed to please such angelic spirits, as our beloved and sainted bard, and his female friends, now rivals, I trust, no longer, but happily united to him in a scene, where no kind of jealousy can exist.

Ever your affectionate

HERMIT.

September 26th, 1802.

Well! my dear Johnny, you are a good fellow, (notwithstanding all your sins of omission), to have recollected the important little volume of Bourne at last. The nice and

welcome little pacquet met me in the apartment of our benevolent Paulina, to whom I delivered, on the instant, your courteous salutation, which she heartily returns. To reward you for your kind remembrance, I hasten to send you a little literary treat, a new epitaph on our lamented Lady Austen, composed in French verse by her faithful Baron. and translated immediately, at the Baron's particular and polite request, by a certain affectionate Hermit of your acquaintance. The former epitaph, that I sent you, must have reached the Baron, in Paris, a few days, I believe, after his consigning to the post his own composition, and his request to me; so that I flatter myself, he may be pleasingly surprised to find that I, in some measure, anticipated his desire, before it could find its way to me. His sepulchral offering to his wife is very tender, and does honour to his heart.

CY GIT

ANNE Lady AUSTEN, Anglaise d'origine, veuve en premier noces de Sir Robert Austen, Baronet Anglais, et épouse de &c. &c. &c.

Décédée à Paris le 12 Août, 1802.

Dans un rang, où tout rit aux humains satisfaits,
Le hasard répandit sur elle ses bienfaits;
Et pour le seconder dans sa marche peu sûre,
Sur ses pas s'empressa d'accourir la Nature.
Les graces de l'esprit, les qualités du cœur,
La sensibilité, les vertus, la candeur,
Cet ensemble, qui rend l'homme heureux en ménage,
Ce que dans sa compagne ambitionne un sage,

Tout lui fut prodigué; mais de cette faveur
Le jugement bientôt connoissant la valeur,
La raison à l'orgueil sut imposer silence.—
De ces fragiles biens, qui charment l'existence,
Le futile agrément, par elle rejetté,
Fut pour ceux, qu'elle admit dans son intimité.
Par la religion sa belle ame asservie,
Chercha, dans ses devoirs, le bonheur de la vie;
Et jusqu'au dernier jour amante de son Dieu,
Au monde, en l'invoquant, elle fit son adieu.

Cet homage de la piété conjugale fut offert à sa mémoire à jamais cherie, par l'homme qu'elle honora du titre de son époux.

In life's most smiling sphere, with sweets o'erspread,
Chance upon her its cheerful favour shed;
Eager with fortune's gifts her own to blend,
With purer bounty, nature was her friend.
Graces of mind, and excellence of heart,
Feeling (of finest forms the finer part)!
Those social charms, that sweeten married life,
All manly wisdom wishes in a wife,
All upon her were lavish'd; yet her mind
The real value of those gifts defined,
And reason taught them not to waken pride.
In charms, that life with cheering light supplied,
She gloried not; but with a tender zeal
Made all she loved, their strong enchantment feel.

Her lovely soul, with pure religion bright,
Both sought and found, in duty, her delight;
Attach'd to Heaven, her latest path she trod,
And bade the world adieu, in bowing to her God.

There, my dear Johnny! You, I hope, and the dear angels you talk of, will be all pleased with the poetical honours, justly paid to this fair inspirer of our favourite bard.

You will rejoice to hear that I have just had the satisfaction of seeing in Seagrave's types, *The end of the First Volume.* Huzza, come and join a louder Huzza for the *Second,* which we hope to see about that time.

Adieu,

Your affectionate

HERMIT.

Keep the Epitaph in sacred privacy! Flaxman is gone to Paris, but promises immediate attention to Cowper on his return.

January 1st, 1804.

Here is new year's day arrived, but without the expected arrival of the silent Johnny.

Our good Lady Hesketh asks me if you are yet in the *land of the living. Apropos* of the good Lady! She has lately sent me a cargo of MS., in which I am delighted to find an original poem of our dear bard, that I never heard mentioned by any one. It is entitled *Yardley Oak,* a most delectable composition in blank verse; and though only a fragment, yet extending to one hun-

dred and sixty-one lines. Most admirable indeed! Surely you must have seen it—and if so, how could you be silent concerning it? Where is Yardley? Hasten to tell me all you can, relating to this delightful and sublime fragment. Adieu!

Your ever affectionate

HERMIT.

Et mihi rescribas et tamen ipse veni!

January 18th, 1804.

I have not yet thanked you, I believe, for your kind intelligence concerning the Yardley Oak. The poem of that title will enchant you, I am sure, and it will make the oak not less precious than the mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare. I shall write, therefore, to our friend Greatheed, and beg him to get up a large lump from the roots of the said ruined oak, which our ingenious friend Weller shall make into nice little boxes, for the toilette of the fair; and I will present one to your bride, whenever you will bring her to receive a holy kiss and benediction,

From your affectionate

HERMIT.

November 10th, 1804.

Dear eager yet dilatory planter,

I shall be truly glad to see your plantations. As to your present project, listen to the good, though simple advice of your sympathetic Hermit. Do not consult either Signor Nicolini,* or

* The late Rev. N. Nichol, Rector of Blundeston, Norfolk, a friend of the Poet Gray.

any professed modeller of grounds, but hasten to desire your intelligent architect to make, under your own eye, a little plan, on a small, convenient, portable scale, of the very land upon which you intend to exercise your improving spirit; marking upon it all the trees now existing, and the exact situation of your intended house. Bring the said plan with you to the turret, in your Christmas holidays, and I warrant you, a few conversations with the experienced old Hermit, on the subject, will enable you to lay out your own grounds, and embellish the spot, more to your fancy and content, than if you had employed the most celebrated landscape-gardener in England. Go over every yard of the ground in question, deliberately, with your sensible architect, and make memorandums of all his ideas and suggestions on the spot. A fancy just strikes me, that may perhaps contribute to the beauty and delight of your future garden and groves. If you have a good sloping piece of ground near the spot where you mean to place your house, I would advise you to make three fanciful and useful lines of plantation upon it, either semicircular, or shaped like segments of a large circle. The line of plantation nearest the house, should be of bearing almond trees; the second, of standard cherries, of various sorts; the third, and broadest, of various apples, and quinces. Contrive so that the bloom of all these trees may be visible from the windows of your own library, which I advise you to make not the ground floor, but upstairs, by all means, with windows to the East, to encourage you in the salutary habit of cheerful early morning study.—"*Experto crede!*"

I suppose our dear Lady Hesketh has told you of the brilliant honours, and endearing kindness she received from the royal family, at Weymouth. I am in love with the Princess Elizabeth, for placing her own gold chain round the neck of our dear Lady. Here is a pleasant epistle from our lively friend Greatheed, announcing a nice large lump of the Yardley Oak on its road to Sussex, for the ingenuity of our friend Weller to work upon. *Adio.*

Your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

In extreme haste.

Monday, November 26th, 1804.

Well! my dear Johnny, what say you to the Hermit's friendly advice to you concerning your projected plantations? I hope you are now in cheerful activity, following my suggestions, that you may the more enjoy your holidays in the turret. Have you seen a new poem, in six cantos, advertised to be published on the first of December, by a certain old poet of *your acquaintance?*

This hasty billet is to inform you, that a copy of the said poem, intended for your holiness, is by this time, I believe, delivered to the custody of our good little friend of Barnard's Inn. So you will either meet it there, in your transit, or send for it, if you are eager to see the new poetical vagaries of an old friend.

Is not the Hermit a bold fellow, to be producing long poems

on love and music, on the verge of *threescore?* As he blends some devotion with love, he trusts the old ladies will forgive him; and as to the young ones, dear creatures, they are generally indulgent to a poet, who, whatever his age may be, has a lively sense of their charms.

I had hoped to amuse our dear Rose, in his confinement, by sending him some loose printed pages of a new work; but, alas! his deplorable debility is so great, that my intention could not succeed. The tidings of him, that I receive, are grievous indeed. Reduced as he is, he seems to have no idea of his own danger, and his friends consider it as their duty to preserve his mind, if possible, from all suspicions of his real state, which, as his physicians confess to them, allows them not to entertain a hope of his recovery. Ah! my dear Johnny, how bitterly must we feel the loss of a man whom we both have such reasons to love, for his early and most valuable friendship to our beloved Cowper, not to speak of his personal regard for each of us.

This subject saddens my heart. Write soon to cheer

Your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

May 9th, 1805.

The day is approaching for the commencement of your excursion to Blithfield. Heaven grant it may be prosperous and pleasant to you, and all dear to you, in the highest degree!

Did I tell you how pleased I was, to observe the dates of the kind Walter's letters? because I can most commodiously

introduce the early letter at the end of the volume just printed, and all that follow will come in, in their proper chronological places. I wish the kind Walter may be able to teach us how to discover our dear Cowper's cantos of the Henriade, and some of his early poems, which he told his young friend William Unwin he had observed in a book, that he called *The Register*. We supposed the *Annual Register* that Unwin lent him, and in which he marked the poems with his initials; but the obliging mother of my young friend John Unwin looked carefully over the volumes of the Register now in her custody, and could not find the poems so marked.

Joseph Hill (the benevolent noble Josephus) once told me, that Cowper, in early life, was charmed with Fontaine, and imitated several of his sweet fables. Try if the kind Walter can discover any of these early compositions; and be sure do not forget to enquire for the *Song of the Serpent.*

And now, *Bon voyage!* dearest of Johnnies.

Heaven bless and guide you happily to the cell of

Your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

In haste.

May 24th, 1805.

Hail to thee, beloved Johnny! as the guest of the benevolent Walter!

Do not fail to bless, in the Hermit's name, the fair scribe who copied for me the letter of 1749. Pray read that lively letter at Blithfield, and ask your kind host, *what* was *the prison*

and *who* the *Argus*, so gaily mentioned by his young correspondent. I guess the prison to be the college at Westminster, and Argus, the schoolmaster; but I may be wrong in my conjecture. I heartily wish the kind Walter may teach us how to find our dear bard's early imitations of Fontaine, and his cantos of the Henriade.

The *Song on the Serpent*, I take to be a different composition from the *Verses on the philosophic Viper*, suffering the contemplative cat to feel his head with her paw—verses that you say our dear Catherine of Weston possesses, and which we will beg her to send to the turret, when your holiness arrives under my roof.

The Song of the Serpent our dear bard once mentioned, as one of the best he ever wrote; and he regretted that Lady Hesketh could not find a copy of it.

He sang like Apollo on his triumph over the Python; for the serpent, I speak of, was a large monster, encountered and destroyed by our dear bard himself.

Pray entreat the kind Walter to confide to your care his whole cargo of letters; for we may select together, when you are with me, brilliant passages from several, perhaps, that we could not wish to print in their entire state.

I rejoice that your kind and judicious host feels so perfectly in sympathy with us, concerning the singular pre-eminence of our dear Cowper, as an epistolary writer. I am persuaded the MS. you will bring from Blithfield, will tend to confirm us in these affectionate sentiments.

May Blithfield prove a little Paradise to you, dear Johnny. Do not hurry from it too hastily. Allow yourself a full week there, at least. Eager as I am to see you here, the idea of your enjoyments there, will agreeably temper the impatience of

Your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

CHAPTER V.

LETTERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, FROM 1807 TO 1819.

THE remaining letters exhibit still further proofs of the sympathetic turn of the spirit of Hayley, whether appealed to in seasons of sorrow, or of joy. Some of them also illustrate in a striking manner, that prime feature of his character, a restless desire to subserve the interest of his friends, even when those friends were as unpardonably indolent in prosecuting their own concerns, as the person addressed in those letters appears to have been, from the developement they make of his negligence.

Monday Morning, January 19, 1807.

I had supposed, my dear Johnny, that I was perfectly prepared to hear with tranquillity of mind the decease of our dear Lady Hesketh; but, in spite of philosophical and religious meditation on that approaching event, the certainty of her departure has affected me not a little. I am much obliged to you for your

kind immediate account of her *Euthanasia*. I am persuaded that her death, like her life, was under the guidance of good angels. Just before your letter reached me, I had written to Miss Maclaine, rather to relieve the feelings of my own heart, than in the hope of affording gratification to the departing angel, whom I then imagined to be very near the close of her mortal existence, if not absolutely departed.

I hope you will see Miss Maclaine. Pray say to her every thing that is kind and friendly, in the Hermit's name as well as your own! I beg you to collect from her such minutes of our angelic friend's sufferings, and conversation, in the course of her illness, as may enable me, in some future season, to render all the affectionate justice in my power to the memory of a person, whom you and I can never cease to esteem and love, for her tenderness to our dear Cowper, and for much endearing kindness to ourselves. I lament that I could not prevail on her to sit for her portrait, to an artist, that I wished to send to her for the sake of obtaining a resemblance of those spritely and expressive features, which I should often contemplate with pleasure, had they been faithfully preserved. Pray enquire if there is any portrait of her existing-

Providence seems particularly kind to you, in conducting you to Bath, at this time, for a variety of reasons. You will have a mournful gratification in paying all possible respect to our dear departed friend. Whenever you return home, I depend on your making the turret in your way, as we have a million of things to say to each other, on many most touching topics. Do not

fail to give me repeated and speedy accounts of yourself, and those most dear to you on earth and in heaven.

Ever your sincere
And affectionate
HERMIT.

March 16, 1807.

Dear Tantalus of Cathedrals! wading in a wide sea, with ecclesiastical cushions floating around thee, yet wanting power to squat thyself comfortably down on any one of them. Courage, my boy! who knows but thy old friend, the Hermit, may yet be enabled to hoist thee up, and give thee a nice neat toss into some pleasant prebendal stall. Assuredly thou wilt be seated there, if so desirable an event can be accomplished by any device he can hit upon; and you know his brain is apt to teem with diverse unthought of devices, for the benefit of those he loves. So once more, courage, my boy! I discern some rays of distant light, that may perhaps ripen into future warm sunshine upon you.

No more of this at present. Rejoice that the Hermit has not quite vanished from your reach, like our dear Lady of Clifton; for he has been ill, and confined for three weeks, with the most intense obstinate cold, and feverish oppression in the head, that he ever experienced; but, thank Heaven, he has doctored himself, by the sharp discipline of blisters and sudorifics, into something a little like health again.

But enough of an old recluse's complaints! Here are two nice

damsels, not young, but of easy, elegant manners, expected every moment in the turret, and for them you must exert your humanity. This you will doubtless be ready to do, when I tell you, they are *two interesting sisters* of Cowper's friend, poor Hurdis—his sisters Eliza and Sally. Sally, you know, was his model for Cecilia, in his play of *Sir Thomas More*. These good girls were with me on Saturday, and are coming again this morning, to consult the Hermit a little, on a work they are preparing, their brother's collected works, with a brief memoir of his life, which they are to print, with the aid of a friend in Oxford, at the Clarendon Press—three neat little volumes, by a guinea subscription. These good sensible sisters have met with many kind friends. Their subscribers already amount to some hundreds, and their book is to be dedicated, *by permission*, to the Queen. I wish our dear Lady had lived long enough to witness and give new vivacity to this act of patronage of their royal favourite—but let us engage all her surviving friends to befriend the publication. Pray collect what subscribers you can for them!

How do you like your new pupil? I was delighted with the kind copy of Mrs. Quin's pathetic letter, on the death of Lady Hesketh, though I have been both too ill, and too busy, to tell you so before. The girls are coming, so accept a hasty benediction,

From your affectionate

HERMIT.

P.S. I have written to your namesake of St. Paul's, to beg he will exert his zeal for the Miss Hurdis's — receive subscriptions for them, and circulate their books, when they are ready.— Adieu.

April 17, 1808.

Well! Thou dear, busy Benedict elect! how advance all thy anxious preparations of domestic comforts, and garden pleasures, for the reception of the *Carissima Sposina?* The heavens are smiling upon thee, and will, I trust, long continue to do so in thy double state, although thou hast not had the grace to inform the sympathetic Hermit what day is fixed for the blessed union.

The alert and friendly Josephus has, however, given me the information. So I begin betimes to pelt you with benedictions as thick as hail, and as warm as thunderbolts.

I trust our meeting is not *very distant*, for, as I told you long ago, you can hardly consider your marriage as complete in all points, till you have brought the dear bride to receive the personal benediction of that old Hermit, who, with the aid of our good angel, the sainted Cowper, has had *some share* in the blessed business of *making her yours.*

" It is th' allotment of the skies,
" The hand of the Supremely-Wise,
" That guides and governs our affections,
" And plans and orders our connexions."

Believing this maxim of our angel bard most firmly, I am grateful to Heaven for having made me, in any degree, instrumental in facilitating the right road to felicity for my dear and long-bewildered Johnny.

What tidings have you of our worthy friend and principal coadjutor Greatheed? I hope his very delicate health has improved in the air of the West. Give me the best news of him you can, and tell me soon, *when* you will bring my new friend to enliven the cell of

Your affectionate

HERMIT.

I trust it may be pleasing to you both to pass a week in the *absolute retirement* of the Hermit's cell, immediately after your marriage.

Assure the dear Maria of my affection.

Auspiciis omnes tecum feliciter annos
Exigat, et pulchrâ faciat te prole parentem!

June 12, 1808.

Double thanks to our dear Johnny for his pleasant history of his travels from the turret, and of his happy arrival and establishment at home! I rejoice to hear that our beloved Maria is not only a delightful companion (of which I am perfectly convinced), but also a most useful helpmate to her good man, in the recondite science of domestic economy. To be a truly good parson, and a good parson's wife, in the midst of their parishioners,

justly idolizing both their Pastor, and their Pastorella, is perhaps, of all earthly conditions, the most truly noble for its utility, and its happiness. With such a prospect, I shall welcome the season, whenever you begin, with your friendly architect, to lay the foundation of a house, that may enable you both to enjoy the exercise of all your parochial virtues in the manner most satisfactory to your own hearts.

I was pleased to hear that my little college had the honour of having its hall enlivened by the harmony of your young musical brother Barham, whom I shall hope to see happily provided in due time with his *sine quâ non*.

As the stars have been so very propitious to our good Johnny, I am willing to believe they may exert their blessed influence in favour of his particular friends, both the young and the old, in proportion to their sympathy in the rare happiness of Johnny; and, if they regulate their kindness by that criterion, what may not your sympathetic Hermit expect from them?

I trust you did not forget to leave the Milton at Bignor Park for our friend of that beautiful scene.

I did not fail to write to the friendly Josephus, according to your wishes, in behalf of that good little man of God in the West,* and I received a very kind reply. I hope the traveller does not suffer in his fortune by the loss of that good tender woman, whom his heart is sufficiently inclined to regret. If his

* The Rev. S. Greatheed.

health revives, as I trust it will, I am persuaded the fair ones of the West will exert all their charms, both to console and to captivate a pilgrim so worthy of being re-settled in all domestic delights.

Let me now ask you if you have seen a new book, that has interested and pleased me so highly, that, before I had finished the first volume, I could not refrain from addressing a sonnet of gratitude to the author for the pleasure he had afforded me. The work I allude to (which I strongly recommend to you and Maria) is Clarkson's History of the Abolition of the African Slave Trade, in two octavos. He speaks of our favourite Wilberforce in terms that will please you, which induced me to inclose my sonnet to the senator, requesting him to forward it (if he did not think it fitter for the fire) to his friend the historian.

Wilberforce sent me a delightful reply, and says the little history I sent him of you and Maria in my cell, made him heartily wish to have been of our party. *Adio! Carissimi e felicissimi.* Continue to love each other, and also

Your affectionate

HERMIT.

Paulina was here a few days ago, and desired me, when I wrote to Dereham, to add her benediction to mine—so here is a double God bless you!

October 22, 1809.

You have asked me, my dear Johnny, for what I could hardly grant to any mortal alive but yourself, and not even to you without some uneasy sensations from letting my inestimable portrait of the dear old Lady in her youth* ramble from my roof; but, however painful it may be to part with her, even for a week, I will dispatch her in the course of a few days, according to your direction. I must desire she may be returned to me as soon as possible, and that no copy may be taken from it but the one for you: if your projected picture turns out as well as you expect, I shall request you to have a delicate print made from it by our friend Caroline Watson, for future editions of my dear bard's life.

Do not forget to look out the letters of our dear Lady Hesketh, (of which you made a memorandum,) and send them to me as soon as you can, for I am anxious to finish the singular history, of which they are to form a part, though it is not to be printed till I am gone myself to rejoin, I trust, our beloved bard.

Adieu. *My Maria* joins me in every kind wish to you and yours.

Ever your affectionate

GULIELMUS ET MARIA,

of the Turret.

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* The portrait of Mrs. Unwin (Cowper's Mary), given to Hayley by her daughter, Mrs. Powley, of Dewsbury, in Yorkshire.

November 15, 1809.

Your letter has just reached us. We will not fail to drink your health, and your Maria's, on *your birth-day*. We rejoice to hear you are both at Sarrat.

" Stet fortuna domus, et avi numerentur avorum ! "

If your neat portrait-painter has in his custody Abbot's picture of our dear bard, you had better desire him to make you a delicate drawing of the head, to be engraved with another of Milton, as decorations for the book that we are printing for you. I will entreat the favour of Flaxman, or you may ask your friend Mr. Slater, to design some elegant simple mode of uniting the heads of Milton and Cowper in one plate, which you may have engraved by Caroline Watson, (or by my friend Raimbach, if she cannot undertake them,) for the book in question.

Let me now ask you, if you possess, or can recollect seeing, a manuscript of Cowper's Tyrocinium ?

The reason of my question is this—a letter was sent to me, saying that a difference of opinion as to the wording of the following passage in the " Tyrocinium" having caused a severe disputation in a party of literary friends, they request my opinion, as some editions read *doctor*, and others *surgeon*.

The passage is this;

" If judg'd by their expressive looks,
" In none more deep than in their doctor's books."

The question is merely which is the expression of the poet?

I replied, that it seemed to me the original line was borrowed from one of our early satirists, Hall or Donne (though I could not find it in either); that if so, and if Cowper adopted it, the line *probably* stood with *surgeon*, in the old satirist, and was altered by Cowper to *doctor*, as that, to his delicate mind, might seem to throw a thin veil over an image too coarse to satisfy him without such a softening—but I added, that I would consult a friend, who might recollect Cowper's *original manuscript*—the only fair mode of deciding the point in dispute.

Send me speedily all the light you can on this point, and accept the hearty wishes of your friends here, that you may enjoy and celebrate many happy returns of a day that bestowed on the world such a dear, laudable, and reprehensible odd fish as the present correspondent of

Your affectionate

WILLIAM

of the Turret.

In extreme haste.

February 7, 1810.

What negligent idle rogues are you, and your painter: I never will trust even an old lady with either of you again. Cannot your artist devise any neat and graceful mode of uniting the portraits of Milton and Cowper in one plate? Surely it may be done, either as busts, or as medallions. In the latter case, he might sketch an eagle, holding in his beak a ribband, or ring,

from which may descend a medallion of Milton, and a dove, as its companion, with a similar image of Cowper. Or, if you prefer their busts, they may be placed on terms, or pilasters, forming the entrance to a bower, in which, at a distance, you should discover the Muse Urania in a pensive attitude, with her harp, and a Bible: the figure of the Muse much smaller than the features of the busts.

If your artist has any dexterity of hand, and exercise of fancy, he may make something expressive and pleasing from these simple ideas, or he may draw two neat altars, inscribed *to Piety*, in the shady recess of a garden, placing the bust of Milton on one, and that of Cowper on the other; the first, near a *Cedar*, or *Palm*; the second, near a *Cypress*. Let him try his hand in slight outlines of these various hints, and you and I may then chuse what we think the best of his sketches. Or, if he feels himself unequal to such a task, I would advise you to let him obtain for you a sketch in a pen and ink from Smirke, or Stothard, that Caroline Watson may engrave.

Your friends of the Turret are very diligent in your service, as my dear Maria and I are revising together a proof sheet with the conclusion of Paradise Lost; then follows the commentary of Cowper, in a smaller type, that will not swell the volume too much, but make a very nice compact appearance all together, and the Adamo of Andreini shall follow in the third volume.

Accept a general benediction to you all

From your faithful Friends

of the Turret.

April 12, 1810.

We rejoice with you most cordially, on *the dear little image you have set up*—only remind yourself, as I used to do in regard to dear Tom, that the idolized little being is *mortal;* and whether we possess any living treasures, or none, let us all say, with perfect gratitude and acquiescence in the will of Heaven,

" The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away,
" Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

This new little friend, whom I will call *Maria Theodora*, till I hear what other name it may please you both to bestow upon her, will flourish, I trust, as an olive-branch round your table, and prove to you every thing that parental hearts can wish her to be. I presume and hope, that you intend to educate all your children yourself, as I know by *experience* the occupation is delightful to an inexpressible degree; and I am persuaded this dear little scholar, though she has not yet opened her book, will soon have a group of domestic fellow-students to awaken her delightful emulation. I shall be glad to hear, that her countenance soon begins to express a happy mixture *utriusque parentis*; a little of the placid solemnity of the dear divine, with some of the joyous vivacity that occasionally sparkles in the features of the dear female musician. Whomsoever she may most resemble, Milton is assuredly her devoted humble servant; but this is a little affair of the heart between the sacred bard of Paradise and the infant beauty, which you, my dear friend, with all your paternal authority, must not presume to frown upon, or

say a syllable about. If Milton can privately slip a few sanctified guineas into the purse of his dear little mistress, so much the better! if he fails in the attempt, no one has a right to complain, as he will certainly devote himself in secret to that very just and affectionate endeavour—but more of this at a future period, when he shall have arrayed himself in proper habiliments, and more clearly understands his own capabilities!—at all events, he lays you under a hallowed interdict, and forbids your saying a word on the subject.

Now let me rejoice with you on the discovery of the manuscripts found by the good Samuel Roberts! By the way, I have always intended to send to the said good Samuel a copy of his master's life, which he perfectly deserves; yet I am apprehensive the book has never reached him; but *it shall*, if it please Heaven to give me life and leisure to prepare another edition in the manner I wish.

Believe me ever

Your sincere and affectionate

WILLIAM, of the Turret.

April 24, 1810.

"To save the post, which must depart
"In fugiente horâ,
"I send my blessing from the heart
"To Mary Theodora."

" BLESSINGS on those, who fondly join
" Their hands, and hearts, at Cuthbert's shrine!
" Be theirs the streams, that never cease,
" Of perfect Love! and cordial Peace!

" Howe'er, in this odd world below,
" The tides of fortune ebb or flow,
" Still may they bless, with zeal divine,
" The vows they breathed at Cuthbert's shrine!" *

The last day of April, 1810.

There, my dear friend, is a cheerful extempore for you, suggested by your kind billet, that reached me not till yesterday, announcing a new nuptial visit to the shrine of your good St. Cuthbert. Tell Barham, with our love and benediction to himself and his lovely bride, that if these hasty rhymes are worth his attention, he should set them to music as a FAMILY GLEE, that you may all sing together, as long as the stream of harmony can flow from your lips.

" Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

And now let me thank you for your very interesting pacquet: some of our dear Lady Hesketh's letters are delightful, and the verses of our beloved bard are, as usual, a true and most affecting portrait of his heart. I was peculiarly struck by the stanza,

* A church in the town of Bedford.

" Et præter omnes te mihi flebilem,
" Te chariorem luce, vel artubus,
" Te vinculo nostram jugali
" Deserui tremulam sub ense."

I hope you may visit Weston, and exhort the good Samuel Roberts to make yet more discoveries. Remember me kindly to him, and most tenderly to the Courtenays.*

But why does not your painter send home to us the portrait of the *dear Old Lady*, that I lent you on the promise of its being speedily returned to me?

Apropos of heads, I have obtained from Mr. Smirke a delightful drawing, in which a grand bust of Milton supports a medallion of dear Cowper. The design is simple and beautiful; but I fear it will be long before we get an engraving from it, as the only two artists, to whom I could confide it, are over-busied already; but I believe Raimbach will do all he can to oblige me. Our fourth neat little volume will be completed, at our active provincial press, in less than a month.

Your affectionate
HERMIT.

April 6th, 1813.

Ah, my dear friend! if we found it as easy to do good, as to wish, and to attempt it, mortal life would be too pleasant, per-

* Now Sir George and Lady Throckmorton.

haps, for a state of probation: as it is, we have only to condole with each other, that our united endeavours to serve your luckless divine have proved so utterly vain. As I am not apt to be slow in trying to accomplish the request of a friend, I wrote to Lord E. immediately on hearing your wishes. He said, in his reply to me: "Before I received your letter, I had heard that "Mr. O. had no chance of success, and would probably decline "the contest, which he has now done."

Let us hope, that a gracious Providence, and your friendship, may console this worthy man of God for his series of disappointments.

I rejoice in your cheerful account of your own domestic scenery. May Heaven long preserve to you all its harmony and happiness! As I intend that this paper shall reach Sarrat on the birth-day of your little Theodora, I flatter myself you may be amused with an old bard making love to your eldest daughter in a few innocent rhymes.

My benediction to all around you! *Adio.*

TO

THEODORA JOHNSON,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, APRIL 8, 1813.

"My little idol of three feet!
"To fill thy happy part,
"Arise to woman's growth, complete
"In person, mind, and heart!

" Thou wilt, dear Thea! as I trust,
" With virtues charm the earth:
" Cease not to kiss the Hermit's bust,
" Who hails thy day of birth!

" For our endearments are so free
" From all that can beguile,
" A saint may bless their hallow'd glee,
" And view them with a smile."

Adio.

August 21st, 1813.

" HAD Cowper lived, in health and joy,
" A little John * to see,
" He would have caroll'd to the boy
" A heartfelt heavenly glee.

" And let us hope, *that saint of love,*
" Who pitied earthly strife,
" Will little John's good angel prove
" Thro' all his mortal life.

" Then in the man may Heaven unfold
" A genius so divine,
" That gladden'd earth will say, ' Behold
" A second COWPER shine!' "

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* The boy was, however, called William Cowper.

Amen, says the Hermit, with his cordial benediction to all the dear happy group around the *carissimo pargoletto e la tenera madre. Adio.*

Friday, January 7, 1814.

My very dear Johnny,

I am very glad to find that the amiable Charles Cowper so warmly seconds my old neglected suggestion, and repeatedly urges you to come forth, as you ought to do, the right respectable editor of our dear bard's poetry. I am persuaded, that Charles and I sympathize completely in our just solicitude for the glory of our beloved poet, and for your interest and credit. You are, I trust, perfectly assured of my willing co-operation with you, in whatever you can wish me to do that may best conduce to these two important points.

You will see, when you next visit my cell, as I wish you to do on the very first fair opportunity, what posthumous works of my own, relating to our dear bard, I have prepared for *your emolument*, whenever I depart. But let this be a secret in your own bosom, till I am gone. I only mention it, because I think it might be a satisfaction to us both to have read over the works I allude to together, before they are consigned to the care of my executors.

I have no recollection of the translations from Ovid and Virgil that you mention. You say you sent me the former—pray in what shape? I find no traces of such a composition.

Come and write your preface to the collected poetry, in the

Turret, whenever you have settled whatever is to constitute the new matter! I think you may also add a few *useful and interesting notes* from your own perfect knowledge of places and persons that make a figure *in the poems.*

Heaven preserve and bless you, and all the objects of your affection!

Your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

March 21st, 1814.

Thou dear, though most neglectful of mortals! What a strange trance must thou have fallen into, having such an enchanting composition of our beloved bard's, (twenty-six stanzas in praise of sensibility!) in thy possession for months, without imparting a word of it to thy faithful Hermit. Do you expect that the Muses can ever forgive you? Can they fail to be exasperated (gentle creatures as they are) by your abominable dilatoriness in preparing to appear in the important and honorable capacity of editor, which all your friends have been so long entreating you to assume, that the new enlarged editions of their favourite Cowper may appear in such a manner as to honour both the bard and his beloved kinsman? But come! I will forget and forgive all your manifold literary sins;—so pack up all your papers, and hasten to the cell of your affectionate old Hermit. I will afford you any assistance in my power, and with industry and spirit you may, in the course of a few days, under this roof, execute all you have to do, in a manner to

satisfy yourself and your friends. I am fortunately at leisure to devote myself entirely to you at present, but in the Easter week I expect some company, so let me exhort you to lose no time. I would advise you, in passing through London, to call on that worthy veteran of literature, John Nichols, who publishes the Gentleman's Magazine, and try if he cannot furnish you with some useful information concerning those early productions of our dear bard, that he used to send *incognito* to Nichols' Magazine. He is a truly honest benevolent man, and will readily assist you to the utmost of his power. Tell him I say so.

I have a million of things to say to you, but must reserve them all till we meet, as I trust we shall very soon. So accept and distribute my love and benediction to all around you, and believe me, on all occasions,

Your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

" You bid me write to amuse the tedious hours
" And save from withering my poetic powers."

I take to be a translation of the following,

" Scribis ut oblectem studio lacrymabile tempus
" Ne pereant turpi pectora nostra situ."

Trist. Lib. v. Elegia xii.

May 15, 1814.

I rejoice that you and your good Maria are so delighted with the letter of Lord S., with whom, I trust, we shall contrive to render you personally and agreeably familiar. His letter is, indeed, all you could wish; and believe me, you owe it more to your own merits as an honest man of God, than to any thing else; for I am persuaded he employed part of the interval, before he sent you his reply, in making some enquiries concerning you. Before the volume is published, it will, I think, be proper for you to request permission to wait on him with the presentation copy. You will be charmed with a sight of his library, and I wish it may inspire you with the ambition to make some pleasing additions to it, from the produce of your own encouraged and properly active pen.

I was just in the middle of the last sentence yesterday, (the 15th), when your fresh letter arrived; and, as our village postman does not wait, I was obliged to postpone my reply to your new questions. But it shall hasten to you by the very next post. As a caution to you, my dear young editor, let me begin by quoting to you an admirable hint for all editors.

" La réputation d'un écrivain pendant sa vie, ne nuit que " trop souvent à sa mémoire par l'empressement qu'on a de pub- " lier après sa mort ses œuvres inédites. Rien n'échappe à " l'œil scrutateur de ses éditeurs, qui se hâtent à vider le sac. " De-là cette quantité d'écrits, condamnés à l'oubli par leurs " propres auteurs, qui n'ont cessé de paroître, au mépris quel- " quefois de leur dernière volonté."

These very judicious remarks are prefixed to some posthumous Works of Barthelemy, the celebrated author of 'Le Voyage du jeune Anacharsis.' I now proceed to speak of your wishes. I will not oppose your printing the unprinted remaining stanzas on Grandison, if, on mature consideration, you judge them worthy of our dear bard; but I recollect my chief reason for omitting them was an idea that they were not perfectly worthy of their author and his subject. Before I seal this, I will try to find them, and give you my fresh opinion upon them. First, let me speak on a point perfectly clear without farther examination! The attractive composition "WILLIAM WAS ONCE," could not be printed without a violation of my word of honour, in which I am confident your Maria would not wish to involve me; for when the kind T—— sent them to me, I promised that I would keep them as secret and sacred as was wished, and never print them, unless I happened to be the survivor.

I am glad you mean to enter heroically on your Preface, on your return to Sarrat. I can inform you for your comfort, the press need not receive it, till the Poems are all printed. So now I will look for the stanzas on Grandison.

Monday Noon.

After a long hunt through masses of manuscripts, I cannot find the stanzas on Grandison, though I am confident, I must have them somewhere, in Lady Hesketh's hand-writing. But I will continue my researches at more leisure. I have found,

however, what you shall have in due time, the Italian verses of Count Gravina. They are followed by the four elegant lines, in the hand of our beloved bard,

" My rose, Gravina, blooms anew,
" And, steep'd not now in rain,
" But in Castalian dews by you,
" Shall never fade again."

Adio.

A PATRIOTIC SONG FOR THE AMICABLE CLUB OF FELPHAM, MAY 31, 1814.

I.

" YE shores of blest England! Heaven's favorite isle!
" On the face of Old Ocean continue to smile!
" For in this happy scene every Briton may boast,
" Now glory's pure sunshine illumines our coast.
" A time we have known when an insolent sound
" Of threaten'd invasion re-echoed around;
" But fearless Britannia her standard unfurl'd,
" And a lesson of fortitude gave to the world.

II.

" She deign'd not to count the wide host of her foes,
" For her spirit encreas'd, as their multitude rose:
" In mind, like her Henry, this maxim she bore;
" 'The fewer our numbers our honour the more!'
" By her breath foreign valour rekindled its flame!
" Injur'd nations soon blest her magnanimous aim:
" And while boldly she cheer'd them, in Friendship's gay robe,
" Her inspiring example enlighten'd the globe.

III.

" Even France, who, for ages, no feelings could know,
" But hostility's rage to this Isle, as her foe,
" Now exclaims: ' Over earth you bid enmity cease
" By dictates of honour, and dictates of peace.
" Brave Britain! kind Heaven allotted to you,
" By courage to save, and by kindness subdue:
" Health and love to the land for beneficence known!
" Where Liberty shines the support of her throne!"

June 23d, 1814.

Behold a Song, which I send to rouse you from your astonishing silence.

Do you recollect on what little gift to Lady Austen, the following lines were written by our dear Cowper?

" Dear Anne, two Coxcombs wait at your commands,
" And what is strange, both dress'd by Nature's hands:
" Like other Fops, they dread a sudden shower,
" And beg a refuge in your closest bower:
" Showy like them, like them they yield no fruit,
" But then to make amends, they are both mute."

I find them at the end of a paper containing,—

" Dear Anna, between friend and friend," &c. *

and a ludicrous Song, on a Visit to Clifton, and sticking in the Mud.

Adio, in great haste.

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* Vide Cowper's Poems, vol. III. page 59.

Sunday, January 22, 1815.

My very dear Friend,

As you have happily such excellent loco-motive powers, I think, for our mutual satisfaction, you had much better follow my advice, and revise yourself by the side of your faithful Hermit, than trust to remote and solitary criticism in letters; as one hour of conference is, for such purposes, worth more than a hundred letters. But be it as you may judge most eligible; at all events I will do the best for you that I can.

Now for your present embarrassment, concerning Mrs. Greville. You dear self-puzzling critics! you make a difficulty where there is really none. Depend on it, the only blunder is in Mr. Madan's title. The title assuredly ought to be, as you happily fixed it, "*To Miss* ——, *on reading the Prayer for* "*Indifference.*" The aim of the poem is most evident, viz. to persuade a tender virgin not to be induced by elegant verse to form a prayer so unsuitable to her nature. I am most firmly convinced our dear graceful Cowper could never intend to address his exquisite stanzas to the *Authoress of the Ode.* In that point of view, the stanzas are not only ungraceful, but rude: witness the following two lines:

"Far be the thought, and far the strain,
"Which breathes *the low desire!*"

Could the delicate Cowper so insult the poetess? For, if addressed to *her*, his expression is *insult;* and would discover

Sunday Afternoon, June 4th, 1815.

God bless the King!

I will send you a scrawl as hasty as your own, not to trouble you with any commission, but because I think it will be soothing to your agitated nerves to be assured, that my trusty James shall meet you at Lavant, on Thursday afternoon. So *Buono Viaggio, Signor Editore!*

Pray remember me kindly and respectfully to your noble patron, and tell him it would gratify me much to have an opportunity of shewing him the few very interesting portraits that decorate my cell, particularly *Gibbon* and *Cowper*.

Let me remind you that I believe it may gratify the angelic spirit of our dear sainted bard, if you send your new volume to his admired Hannah More, from whom I have a recent very kind letter, that you shall see when you arrive.

I conjure you to contrive so well, that your visit here may be as long as possible. I hope to introduce you to my friend Mr. Dallaway, the present Secretary and Chaplain of the Earl Marshal.

Remember me kindly to my old acquaintance, your publisher, Hatchard. And now I must close, wishing all prosperity to you and your new volume. *Adio.*

Thursday, March 7, 1816.

My very dear friend,

I bless God for his goodness in restoring to you the deeply endangered lives of your very dear, and highly promising children. May his gracious Providence make their extreme sensibility (which renders them peculiarly amiable) a source to them both of goodness and felicity! I trust it will, as I am confident you will take no common care to impress the purest sense of religion on their young hearts. This idea leads me to recommend to your perusal the recent publication of our excellent Amelia of Norwich, 'Valentine's Eve!' which, in the form of a Novel, most happily recommends to every-day practice the cordial lessons of simple, genuine Christianity. But I revert to the second interesting topic of your letter. * * *

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I have been thus open in talking to you confidentially on my own troubles, my dear man of God! from a friendly wish to impress on your mind, a lively and a happy sense of the rare felicity, that Heaven has graciously allotted to *you*, which forms so striking a contrast to those very singular troubles.

> " I still think Providence all good and wise
> " Alike in what it gives and what denies!"

and trust, that felicity gratefully enjoyed, and trouble cheerfully and devoutly supported, may be equally the probation of a

Christian temper, and equally lead the pure in heart to behold their God in Heaven's appointed time. With this blessed hope, I bid you cheerfully adieu!—wishing with all my heart, a long continuance of your rare felicity. So accept for yourself, your *excellent Maria*, and your tender infants, the fervent benediction of

Your ever faithful and affectionate

HERMIT.

August 28, 1816.

Dear Kinsman of our divine Bard,

I sympathize with you in the blessed restoration of your amiable father-in-law; and thank you heartily for your account of a most interesting series of domestic scenes. I have perfectly beheld, and enjoyed the revival of the benevolent patriarch, the tumult of overpowering delights in the bosom of your Maria, and the gambols of your dear sportive children.

May Heaven grant you long to enjoy your "hive of hoarded sweets!" I can perfectly sympathize in all your connubial delights, although my own destiny, in the most important lottery of life, has proved so deplorable a contrast to yours; but Heaven most graciously provided me with a native cheerfulness and fortitude of mind, that enable me to derive singular gratifications from triumphing over the marvellous disadvantages of my lot. * * * * * *

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But let us turn our thoughts to one of the most admirable men of God, whom I had ever the happiness of knowing! You kindly ask me for his recent epitaph, and here it is for you.

ON BISHOP WATSON.

" LONG dignified on earth with just renown,
" Ascend, bless'd prelate to thy heavenly crown!
" My heart must feel, while to thy tomb I bend,
" Thou, graceful Watson! wast, through life, my friend;
" Ever by various excellence endear'd,
" Thee, whom my youth admired, my age revered:
" Nature in thy athletic form combined
" Benignity of heart, and strength of mind.
" All charms, that sense and piety can give,
" Shone in thy life, and in thy writings live.
" How few like thee thy sacred path have trod!
" So liberal to man, so true to God!
" Ascend to plaudits from thy Christian train,
" Who welcome thee to bliss they learn'd from thee to gain."

As a companion to this epitaph, I will transcribe for you another; a tribute of the heart to one of my most lovely female friends, Caroline, the sister of Meyer, whose affliction for the loss of this universally beloved mortal, I endeavoured to soothe, by sending him the following very faithful description of her endearing qualities.

" SWEET Cara! form'd, at every age, to please
" By social gaiety, and sportive ease!
" With comic pleasantry, in childhood, bless'd,
" Of every charm, in womanhood, possess'd,
" Rare as a nymph!—a matron yet more rare
" For pure instructive love and tender care!
" Bless'd in thy wedded lot! enriching earth
" With many a filial sharer of thy worth!
" Thy temper heavenly through each scene of life,
" Whether it show'd the daughter or the wife!
" All, who have loved thee with a love divine,
" Ought not to grieve that heaven is early thine;
" Yet those, who here no more thy like can see,
" Feel earth impoverish'd in losing thee."

I have since had to lament a lovely female relation of my own, the eldest daughter of one of the most exemplary fathers I ever knew, Captain Godfrey of Purfleet! Her epitaph you shall see on some future day. I will hasten to close with a kind wish to you, and your Maria, that you may never feel the anguish of heart, that arises from the loss of young darlings. May Heaven long preserve to you both, all the rare blessings you are both so worthy to enjoy! *Adio.*

Ever your affectionate
HERMIT.

October 9, 1816.

On first seeing a frank of my noble cousin, Lord Albemarle, I supposed it to contain a letter from some of his and my relations

of the Miller family; but to my agreeable surprise, it presented to me my dear Johnny of Norfolk, giving me a cheerful interesting account of his recent travels, and a pleasing sonnet from his poetical cousin Castres Donne.

I am truly glad that this summer of incessant showers has proved a season of joy to you, although it has been so much the reverse with your old friend of the Turret, that I seem to have been continually engaged in writing a series of epitaphs. I am gratified in hearing your friends were all pleased with my little tribute to the virtues of your highly deserving and long suffering Margaret Perowne. We may observe, that the best of mortals are frequently destined to pass through a long avenue of excruciating sufferings, to their celestial beatitude. How delightful must be the meeting of dear Cowper and *this*, perhaps the most meritorious of his many mortal nurses, in the regions of inexhaustible bliss!

How proceed you in your superintendance of the press, my dear editor of our divine bard? In what state of preparation are the projected volumes of Mr. Sharp? You have not said a syllable of late concerning this interesting subject. I am glad you met Amelia at Eartham, as I imagine she entertained you highly with a lively description of the honour justly paid to her in Scotland.

Adieu, my dear friend! Continue to give me enlivening accounts of your pleasures, and your studies; and believe me ever

Your sincere and affectionate

HERMIT.

December 1, 1816.

Dear afflicted Father,

I am obliged to some very sensible and kind friend of yours for a very affecting letter:—it will gratify me much, if the recent anguish of heart, which you and your lovely Maria are now suffering, may be soothed, in *any degree*, by the following instantaneous tribute to the beloved little one.

EPITAPH

ON GERTRUDE JOHNSON.

"WHEN parents see a darling infant die,
"Their bursting heartstrings seem from earth to fly:
"Thou tender Gertrude! source of sweet delight!
"Angels have borne thee from thy parents' sight,
"To be thyself an angel:—If of those
"Who kindly minister to mortal woes,
"Be thine an office to such angels dear,
"To guide thy parents to thy heavenly sphere!"

Accept and distribute, my very dear friend, my fervent benedictions to all the sufferers so deservedly dear to you, in your house of mourning.

Ever your sincerely sympathetic
And affectionate
W. H.

May 29, 1817.

I salute you with a recent song of our village festival, on Whit Tuesday, and a recent hymn, for your little musical cherubs.

I hope to hear you are prosperous in your plan of pupils, and as happy in all points as you are ever wished to be

By your old faithful
And affectionate
HERMIT.

SONG

FOR THE AMICABLE FRATERNITY OF FELPHAM, 1817.

" WITH the pleasures, that Providence loves to bestow,
" There wisely is blended some portion of woe;
" For bounty would injure, if always profuse:
" Sweet (as Shakspeare has said) is adversity's use.

" That adversity, mortals would eagerly shun,
" Is a vapour, that softens too scorching a sun:
" And distress, so much dreaded, is ill understood,
" Since it frequently turns to a permanent good.

" 'Tis a foil, that of virtue irradiates the gem;
" 'Tis a source of exertion; of talents a stem;
" 'Tis a flood, that impregnates the soil it o'erflows;
" 'Tis a briar that bears the Jerusalem rose.

" Ye daughters of Britain! this island for you
" Was form'd, as a paradise, sweet to the view;
" And your charms, when display'd in their own native worth,
" Are the darlings of nature, the pride of the earth!

" While your graces domestic with honour declare,
" Love and modesty shine in the true British fair;
" While to catch foreign follies ye wish not to roam,
" Duties, made your delight, will endear your bless'd home.

" Whatever afflictions may flow o'er this land,
" They flow, but to bid her quick virtues expand;
" And to prove to the world, while her fame she maintains,
" As the lord of her bosom, beneficence reigns.

" So she speaks to her sons, with that powerful voice,
" In which she has taught their warm hearts to rejoice,
" When she says with a force, that no perils can smother,
" 'Tis the glory of Britons to succour each other.

" With the love of the soul may thy dignified race,
" Brave Britain! their parent for ever embrace;
" In their age may they bless thee, as bless'd by their youth,
" Thou dear land of delight! thou fair temple of truth!"

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR,

1817.

TO THE AIR OF THE "MORNING HYMN."

"LORD! who, in mercy's tender tone,
"Invitest every child of dust
"To seek protection from thy throne,
"And in thy guardian grace to trust!

"To thy true votary impart
"Hope from all doubt, all terror free!
"Make every movement of my heart
"A glow of gratitude to Thee!"

October 13, 1817.

My very dear Johnny,

I hope soon to hear, that after your delightful excursion you are again enjoying all the still more delightful comforts of home. Yet I can hardly digest your being in Sussex, without contriving at least to peep into the cell of your affectionate old Hermit.

I may however thank Heaven for having enjoyed much very kind, and delectable society this summer; particularly a social visit of several weeks from our admirable Amelia Opie, who, after having kindly devoted some pleasant months to various friends in her excursion, is just settling herself at home again, with a mind well prepared to exert its powers in several projected works, that will, I trust, in due time afford a copious supply of pleasure and instruction to the literary world.

Remember me kindly to your Maria, and her amiable mother! I hope you all continue to cultivate music, for the sake of your little singing cherubini. I will transcribe for you a recent song, that my friend at your elbow may honour by joining to it some well-chosen music.

" Of all the gifts the heavens dispense,
" Or nature can impart,
" Be ours that charm to every sense,
" True gaiety of heart!

" Ever a cheerful hope maintain,
" Be fortune kind or coy!
" For hope alleviates every pain,
" And heightens every joy."

Adieu! *mes bons Amis!* I will now bid you farewell with some recent devotional rhymes, that will not prove, I trust, unwelcome to you

From your ever affectionate
Hermit.

" Lord! whose eyes every heart in existence survey!
" Who canst regulate all with thy merciful sway!
" From mine may thy grace, as a guardian, discard
" Whatever might render it selfish, and hard!

" O keep it from evil propensities free!
" Ever mild to mankind! ever grateful to Thee!
" This heart ever feels, with thy image impress'd,
" The more it is Christian, the more it is bless'd."

" *December* 7, 1817.

" I will here transcribe for you a little recent hymn.

" To thee, my God! to thee I owe
" Much more than mortal words can shew,
" A debt, which, pious truth may say,
" Eternity alone can pay!

" Bless'd, that I hold, with hallow'd glee,
" Cheerful, exalted thoughts of Thee;
" And, what the thankless heart foregoes,
" In thy sure guard feel sweet repose.

" *Adio.*"

" *Monday, August* 30, 1819.

" My dear Johnny,

" I rejoice to hear you are so near me as Worthing. Let me " exhort you to advance to *Bognor*, whence you may most easily " visit your faithful old Hermit, who is eager to make you an ac- " ceptable present instead of leaving it to you as a legacy. I " mean my portrait of our dear old departed Lady * given to " me by her daughter.

" Come and take charge of this friendly offering from

" Your ever faithful and affectionate

" HERMIT.

" P.S. My blessing ever attends you, your excellent Maria, " and all your dear cherubimical little ones. *Adio!*"

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* Mrs. Unwin.

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.—LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HAYLEY.—HIS CHARACTER, ETC.

THE autobiographical part of this Memoir, and the letters illustrative of it having been thus brought to a close, the remaining duty incumbent on the Editor, is to furnish an exhibition of the concluding scenes of the Author's life, and a slight sketch of his personal and mental characteristics.

In resuming the narrative at the period of its discontinuance by Hayley, namely, on his second marriage, in the year 1809, it is to be feared, that, if the preceding pages of it have been perused with an interest proportioned either to the expectation of the writer, or to the hopes of him who has conducted them through the press, the short space allotted for the remaining eleven years of the poet's life, will be viewed by the reader with feelings of disappointment. The narrow limits, however, of this part of the work, are the unavoidable consequence of the Editor's want of the Diary of Hayley, which does not appear to have embraced that period; and of the interruption of his personal intercourse with him. Owing to the domestic engagements of his own life, the condition of which, like that of the author, had been recently changed, his opportunities of visiting his friend of the Turret, during this portion of his life, were comparatively few. Through the kindness, however, of his highly

respected co-adjutors, Mrs. Poole of Lavant, Mrs. Opie, Captain Godfrey, Mr. Guy of Chichester, and especially of Mr. Sargent and his son, all intimate friends of the deceased poet, he has been enabled to supply the conclusion of this biographical work, if not with equal interest, in point of detail, yet with a statement of facts by no means unimportant, and of one, at least, which the reader who is anxious to be informed of the religious state of the author, in his declining years, will peruse with peculiar satisfaction.

The latter years of the life of Hayley do not appear to have been distinguished by any literary production, either in prose or verse. It is certain, at least, that he published nothing after the Milton, and the volume of tragedies, which he has noticed in the close of his Memoir. But the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Poole to the Editor, will throw the most light upon this subject, which can now, perhaps, be obtained. "As to any publication during the latter years of his life, I "am not aware of there being any, except now and then, by "way of employing Mason's press, little addresses to his "friends, &c. The only notice I received, during that time, "of any intention of the kind, was in 1816, which I will here "transcribe.

"'I have begun a new historical, curious, and extensive "work, concerning our beloved bard,* not to be printed till "about *fifty years after my departure;* which I think will in- "terest and please you, for I intend that *you* should be allowed

* Cowper.

" *a peep at it*, as soon as you can reach my cell; although I " mean it chiefly as *future treasure* to the children of our " beloved Captain.'

" Now, what this alludes to, I cannot tell; as it happened, " from various circumstances, that I never did get this promised " peep."

A similar testimony as to the comparative inactivity of the pen of Hayley, is furnished by Mr. Sargent, in reply to a similar application of the Editor; as appears by the following extract of his letter. " To your enquiry as to what he did in the last " seven or eight years, I can only say, that a painful nephritic " disease, in addition to a series of interruptions connected with " his domestic disunion, coming on, he wrote little or nothing; " a few *vers de société* for friends occasionally, and some epi- " taphs. Of the latter he wrote many; some for persons with " whom he was connected, and some for his neighbours in hum- " ble life, for whom he entertained a regard."

The following farewell to his muse, though it has already appeared in print, may find an appropriate insertion here.

A VETERAN'S ADIEU TO HIS HARP. 1818.

I.

" SYMPATHETICAL friend of my earliest years
" My gay partner in joy! my sweet soother in tears!
" Dear plaything! though little indebted to art!
" My Harp! whose quick verse is the voice of the heart;
" To you and your master, let reason suggest
" A lesson, of lessons the wisest and best!
" When old Time clearly says, 'learn in silence to rest.'

II.

" From inditing too late pensive age should abstain,
" Lest he satiate the world with the dregs of his brain;
" Truth kindly has taught us, in prose and in song,
" The danger of singing and preaching too long.
" E'en a popular preacher, for talents caress'd,
" May by years be deprived of the charm he possess'd,
" And may learn for his credit in silence to rest.

III.

" Of years what a number has now pass'd away,
" Since my country was kind to my juvenile lay!
" Ever dear native land! in my rhimes thou wilt see
" Zeal to honour thy sons, who have most honour'd thee!
" Of nations I hail thee as bravest and best,
" And to thee thus my last earthly wish is address'd,
" In thy bosom, O! fold me to sanctified rest!"

When the Memoirs of the poet and of his son were composed, the Editor has not been able to ascertain; but he distinctly remembers to have read the early parts of them to the author, when he was on a visit at Felpham, in the summer of 1815. Hence he obtained that acquaintance with the nature of those compositions, which, induced him to wish for the important office of preparing them for the public eye.

The comparative relinquishment of composition, that has been just noticed, was not the only change which had taken place in the habits of Hayley. The circle of his acquaintance had been considerably enlarged. From his first settlement at

Felpham, in the year 1800, till his second marriage, in 1809, he was quite as inaccessible to the neighbouring families, and to all strangers, as he had ever been at Eartham*; nor did his matrimonial connexion at all alter this determined plan of seclusion, during the three years that it subsisted. But on the separation which took place between him and Mrs. Hayley, in the summer

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* The Editor had a humorous proof of this, in one of his arrivals at the Turret, during the period alluded to. The servant who, in his preceding visit, occupied the gardener's lodge, at the entrance of the fairy-grounds of that marine villa, having been recently removed by death, a new porter had succeeded him in the cottage. This porter's wife, having no knowledge of the visitor, opened the gate, indeed, but not with an intention of letting him in. On the contrary, she extended her arms to stop him, presenting him, at the same time, with this uncourtly salutation, "*Sir*, "*Mr. Hayley sees no strangers.*" Having never encountered such a reception before, and being conscious that he did not deserve it then, he paid no regard whatever to the protruded arms of the female gate-keeper, but without returning a single word, or even deigning to look at her, he was thrusting himself forward, in the direction of the well-known Turret, when he was suddenly pulled back by the flap of his coat. He now faced about to explain. But the Hermit having, contrary to his usual precaution, forgotten to apprise the keeper of his cell, that at such an hour, and of such a name, there would arrive a friend, in a Chichester chaise, she was disposed to be as incredulous, as she actually was obstructive. This occasioned a parley—asseveration on one side, and protestation on the other. When this would have ended, the visitor could not tell; but in the mean time the Hermit, who was reclining on a sofa when the lodge-bell rang, and who expected that, according to custom, his friend would have flown up stairs, and presented himself at the door of the library, in less than two minutes, could not possibly imagine what had befallen him. With a hurried step, therefore, and a mind full of enquiry, he made his way to the window, and thrusting his eyes and nose through the Venetian blind, which on account of the weakness of the former, was, with all its companions, let down all day long, he perceived how it was in a moment; the four hands at the gate speaking as plain a language as those of harlequin and columbine in a pantomime, though in a different style. Immediately, therefore, he thundered down stairs, and issuing from the porch of the Turret, levelled a shout at both parties—"*Johnny—Johnny*"—"*Let him in—Let him in.*" This ended the strife in an instant; returned the female Cerberus to the lodge, and sent the male visitor to the Turret.

of 1812, there was a perceptible change in this respect. From that period, till his decease in 1820, "he was much pleased," (Mr. Sargent observes,) "to see his neighbours; and all the "best families frequently called upon him. He was intimate "with Lord Arran, Mr. Smith, Lord Mayo, and several others, "who shewed him great attention. Few strangers of rank and "distinction came to Bognor without paying him a visit. He "was greatly pleased with Sir John Malcolm, and equally de- "lighted with his gallantry as a soldier, and his talents as a "literary man. Mrs. Opie generally paid him a visit in the "summer, and I always passed some time with him, in the "autumn. In the winter, he was cheered with the society of "one of the Miss Godfreys, his relations; and sometimes of "two of them."

"The introductions to him of the families of rank and dis- "tinction that visited Bognor," Mrs. Poole observes, "were "either through Lord and Lady Arran, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, "or Mrs. Opie. Among these were the Prince and Princess "of Saxe-Coburg; the Princess Elizabeth also, who, after she "became Princess of Hesse Homberg, sent a recipe out of "Germany, recommended as beneficial in his complaint. Upon "his first attack in 1819, supposed to have been something of "a fit, and considered as more immediately dangerous than it "afterwards proved, the anxiety expressed at Bognor, and the "enquiries at Binsted's library were so earnest, that, by desire, "a bulletin was sent thither every morning. As to myself, "from the circumstances of my fall, which rendered me help- "less, I saw in comparison, little of our friend, for the last four

"years of his life, though I went every summer to Bognor, that "I might be with him as often as possible."

Should the reader wish to see a sketch of the manner in which the poet spent his day, the following detailed account of it, for which the Editor is indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Opie, cannot fail to interest him. The description corresponds, in its leading features, with what he uniformly experienced himself, in all his visits to the Turret.

"In consequence of a previous correspondence with Mr. "Hayley," Mrs. Opie observes, "the result of his flattering "mention of me in the twelfth edition of the 'Triumphs of "Temper,' I went to his house on a visit, in the year 1814. "Nothing could exceed the regularity and temperance of Mr. "Hayley's habits. We did not breakfast till a little before "eight, out of compliment to me, I believe; but, as he always "rose at six*, he breakfasted at half-past seven when he was "alone; and as soon as he returned from his usual walk in the "garden. You remember how rapidly he walked, spite of his "lameness, bearing on his stick on one side, and his umbrella "on the other.† During breakfast, at which he drank cocoa

* In a similar sketch from the pen of the Rev. Samuel Greatheed, referring to an earlier period, it is stated that "he usually rose and took a dish of coffee, at 4 A. M.;" and that, "while dressing, he most frequently composed a few Stanzas of a devo- "tional turn."—This practice of early rising he continued many years after the Editor became acquainted with him; walking in his garden, even in winter, and when the ground was covered with snow, with a lantern in his hand, some hours before daylight; and repeatedly throwing up the sash of his friend's sleeping-room, on the ground floor, to give him the benefit of the morning air.

† To the best of his recollection, the Editor never saw him abroad without an umbrella; which in fine weather he used as a parasol, to preserve his eyes. He

" only, he always read; and while I was with him, he read aloud " to me. We then adjourned to his sitting-room, the upper " library, and he read to me, or I to him, till coffee was served " in the dining-room, which was, I think, at eleven o'clock. " That repast over, we walked in the garden, and then returned " to our books; or I sung to him till it was time for us to dress " for dinner; with him a very temperate meal. He drank water " only at dinner, and took coffee instead of wine after it. The " coffee was served up with cream and fruit, in the upper " library.

" After dinner, I read to him, or he read to me, till it was " near tea-time; when we again walked in the garden, and on

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even rode with it on horseback; a very awkward operation, considering the high-spirited animals that composed his stud, and the constitutional malady in his hip-joint, which, in addition to his weight (for he was a remarkably strong-built man), and his never riding without military spurs, reduced his danger of falling almost to a certainty, when he opened his umbrella without due precaution. But he was a stranger to fear, in equestrian matters, and always mounted his horse again, as soon as he could be caught. The Editor was once riding gently by his side, on the stony beach of Bognor, when the wind suddenly reversing his umbrella, as he unfolded it, his horse, with a single but desperate plunge, pitched him on his head in an instant. Providentially he received no hurt, and some fishermen being at hand, the plunging steed was stopped at a gate, and being once more subjected to his rider, took him home in safety. On another occasion, in the same visit of the Editor, he was tost into the air on the Downs, at the precise moment when an interesting friend, whom they had just left, being apprehensive of what would happen, was anxiously viewing him from her window, through a telescope.

These anecdotes may serve to illustrate that *determined* feature of his character, which has been already noticed, and which impelled him, contrary to the advice of his friends, to persevere in a favourite, though perilous exercise, even at the manifest hazard of his life. At length, however, they prevailed; and for some years before he died, he gave up riding on horseback altogether.

" our return to the house, cocoa was served for him, and tea " for me. After tea, I read aloud or sung to him, till nine " o'clock, when the servants came in to prayers, which were " manuscript compositions, or compilations of his own; and " which, as you well know, he read in a very impressive man- " ner. He then conversed for half an hour, or I sung one or " two of Handel's songs to him, or a hymn of his own; and " then we retired for the night.* I think he had for some years " been in the habit of waking at five o'clock, and composing a " hymn; but I do not remember to have heard him mention " having been so employed, while I was his guest.

" With the single exception of a drive to Chichester, and " to Lavant, where we spent a day with Mrs. Poole, and of " having one or two friends to tea three times, there was no " *variety* in the life which I have above described, during the " whole month I passed with Mr. Hayley; and I believe the " years that followed, to the time of his death, were as little " varied as the days I have detailed. The Honourable Miss " Moncktons, and their sister, Mrs. Milnes, drank tea with " us once, as they were very ambitious of being presented to " Mr. Hayley, and their conversation and great musical powers " were justly appreciated by him.

" The next year, I repeated my visit to Felpham, and found " the Moncktons at Bognor, with their brother and sister, " Viscount and Viscountess Galway. The latter were eager to

* When he rose at four, he retired to rest at nine

" make Mr. Hayley's acquaintance, and I easily obtained leave " to introduce them. At the same time, the Countess of " Mayo, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith, requested of me a " similar introduction, and this application drew from our " friend the following remark; 'I think, my dear, you had " better *shew* me, at a shilling a head.' Leave was granted me " to present these new visitants; and they afterwards, I found, " introduced Lord Mayo. That year Mr. Hayley was unable " to bear the motion of a carriage, from the increased pain in " his hip-joint; and from that time he scarcely ever left his own " precincts.

" The next year I went to Scotland, and did not see Felp- " ham till the year 1817. I found Mr. Hayley was become fond " of seeing occasional visitors, and that Earl and Countess " Paulett, Lady Mary Paulett, as well as Lord and Lady " Mayo, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Smith, were frequent callers on " him, that year. The Miss Godfreys were also his guests, " and with them I occasionally paid visits; but for the most " part, our life was as unvaried as it was in 1814 and 1815.

" In 1818, I was unable to visit Felpham; but in 1819, I " went down to Bognor in considerable alarm, on hearing of our " poor friend's illness; and I was not certain that I should not " arrive too late to see him. But I found him out of danger; " and had the happiness of returning to London at the end of " the week, leaving him recovering. But I saw him no more. " He died in November of the following year.

" You will wish to know what we read aloud. Chiefly ma-

" nuscript poems and plays of Mr. Hayley's, and modern pub-
" lications. One of the former was a sensible, just, and as he
" read it, an apparently *well-written* epistle to a Socinian friend
" on the errors of his belief. You know, I suppose, that our
" friend always read the Bible and Testament before he left
" his chamber in a morning."

With respect to the nature of the disorder, under which the Author laboured, Mr. Guy writes, " The complaint which " terminated the valuable life of our dear departed friend, " arose from a stone in the bladder, which, from its constant " irritation, produced ulceration, and a train of symptoms and " sufferings usually attendant on such a disease. He was fully " aware both of the nature and fatal termination of his disorder, " to which he was perfectly resigned."

To the same effect, Mr. Sargent; " Under all his sufferings, " he was *never heard to express a querulous word;* and if I had " not seen it, I could not have thought it possible for so much " constant patience and resignation to have been exhibited " under so many years of grievous pain. Of his severe disease " he spoke with great calmness; and when there seemed to be " some doubt among his medical friends, as to the existence " of a stone in the bladder, he said to me, in a gentle tone, ' I " can settle the controversy between them; I am sure there is, " for I distinctly feel it.' A very large stone was found, after " his decease. An accidental fall, from the slipping of his foot, " displaced the stone, and brought on his last illness and death. " When I came to him, the day before he died, he mentioned

" this circumstance, and expressed a strong hope that God was, " in mercy, about to put a period to his sufferings. He had re- " ceived the Sacrament about a fortnight before, from the " Rev. Mr. Hardy, a minister in the neighbourhood, towards " whom he always expressed a most friendly regard."

The united kindness of the same valuable correspondent, and his highly esteemed son, the Rev. John Sargent (to whom the world is indebted for the interesting Memoir of the pious and indefatigable Henry Martyn), has enabled the Editor, in completing the Life of his lamented friend, to furnish a faithful, and, as he trusts it will be found, an edifying view of its closing scenes. This pleasing, though melancholy task, involving, as it does, the religious character of the author, (that most important feature of human existence, in its aspect both on time and eternity), must be preceded by a few observations on the traces of it discernible in his creed and conduct antecedent to the period of his last illness.

With respect to the *Creed* of Hayley, a notion had gone generally abroad, or at least had prevailed in his native county, that his intimacy with the Historian of " The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and his enthusiastic admiration of that seducing writer, were unequivocal proofs of a similarity of scepticism in the two friends, as to a sufficiency of evidence in support of Revelation. It is with unspeakable satisfaction that the Editor is enabled to correct this mistake, not only on the authority of an opposite avowal made by the subject of this Memoir to himself, but by the testimony of Mr. Sargent

to a similar confession made to *him*. Such, at least, is the inference drawn by the Editor, from a letter of Mr. Sargent's now before him. Alluding to the idea entertained in Sussex, that his friend "had a leaning to infidel opinions," Mr. Sargent says, "Such a notion I know in fact to be false and "groundless. Our friend did not always follow, as you know, "a strict line of morality in *all* his conduct; but he had a very "strong sense of the truth of Christianity, and of the worth "and the beauty of the Bible. At no period of his life, though "he loved the society, and valued the friendship of Gibbon, did "he favour his principles. The passage from Bernardo Tasso "was written in the larger English Bible, which was in con-"stant use.* It was his usual habit, as soon as he rose in "a morning, to read a chapter in one of the Gospels, in "the Greek Testament, which lay upon his chimney-piece,†

* This alludes to the following remark, which the Editor had informed Mr. Sargent, that he had seen, in a brief account of "William Hayley, Esq." in the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1820. "In a Bible which he had diligently used for near sixty years, he had transcribed the following beautiful lines of Bernardo Tasso, as expressive of his sincerity and faith:—

'Da cui s'impara
'La via di gir al ben perfetto e vero!
'Fuggir l'ira di tempo e della morte.
'Felice lui, che con si fide scorte,
'Mandando al ciel il suo gentil pensiero
'Vive la sua vita soave e chiara.'"

† In addition to this pleasing anecdote, the Editor is happy to state, that soon after the death of his friend Cowper, or rather, while he was writing his Life of that poet, the author observed to him, that on the occurrence of interrupted sleep in

" and in the blank leaf of which he had written the line of " Menander,

Ψυχῆς γὰρ ἔτος μόνος ἔχει ἰάματα.

" If you can decypher my Greek, you will collect from it " that our friend had no doubt of the atonement and of the satis- " faction which was made for sin. Indeed he always spoke of " our Saviour, and of all that he did and taught, in the most " fervent language of adoration and love. This led him, I sup- " pose, to be peculiarly partial to Archbishop Newcome's Book " upon our Lord's conduct, &c., which he read over and over " again, with repeated satisfaction, and in a blank leaf of which " he had written the following memorandum.—

" ' I bequeath this Book to my worthy Domestic, Margaret Beeke, as a simple and pure account of our holy religion, and wishing her to make it her study and delight, in her evening of life, as I have made it in mine.'

' W. H.' "

' July 2d, 1816.'

Such having been the author's *creed* (if the term may be used in so undefined a sense) his religious *conduct* comes next to be noticed. The most prominent feature of this, and one that cannot be viewed by the considerate reader without feelings of unmingled regret, was his totally abstaining from public worship. If a partial defence, at least, could not be set up for him on this subject, the Editor is aware that the most consis-

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the night, it was his constant practice to read a chapter in one of St. Paul's Epistles, in his Greek Testament, by lighting a wax taper, which was placed, for that purpose, by his bedside.

tent measure he could adopt, not only in reference to the character of Hayley, but out of regard to his own, as a minister of the sanctuary, would be to bury his creed in silence. The following extract, however, from the before-mentioned article in the Gentleman's Magazine, may be adduced as in some measure accounting for this striking disagreement between his faith and practice. But after allowing the alleged impediment its full force, in excusing a few, or even many deviations of the kind alluded to, the reader, who is furnished with religious principle, must be contented to sigh over the rest. The writer of the article, himself, who is evidently actuated by a tender and amiable regard for the reputation of Hayley, will coincide with the Editor in this view of the case. He introduces the subject with a laudable and successful attempt to exculpate the author from a share in the infidelity of Gibbon. "He was also much connected with Mr. Gibbon, to "whom he addressed his 'Epistle on History.' His friendship, "indeed, for the celebrated Historian, subjected Mr. Hayley to "the imputation of favouring the same free notions on religious "subjects, which were imputed to that author; but the fact "was undoubtedly the reverse, as was known most satisfactorily "to his intimate friends. The suspicion seemed to be confirmed "by Mr. Hayley's continued absence from public worship; but "this was owing to the infirmity of his health, and to a com-"plaint in his eyes, which was always aggravated by the small-"est damp or vapour. But Mr. Hayley every Sunday read the "service of the church to such of his domestics as were de-

" tained at home, and seldom passed a day without a perusal of " some portion of the Scriptures. Indeed, he considered them, " as he expressed it in the concluding lines of his epitaph upon " Collins, as the most precious of all compositions; and he " grounded his hope of justification and forgiveness, on the " death and resurrection of his Saviour."

In allusion to the above statement, Mr. Sargent says, " I am " glad that the cause of his never attending his parish church " has been explained; and I really believe the true cause has " been assigned. I never staid in his house that I did not hear " him read prayers to the family in the evening, or was desired " by him to officiate, when his eyes were peculiarly weak and " painful.* He was very fond of some of the French divines, " Fenelon, Bossuet, Massillon, and Bourdaloue. I rather won- " dered at his partiality for the last, whose sermons, when re- " cited by him, I doubt not, had a powerful effect, as we are " told, but which always appeared to me dry and heavy. He " was not much versed in our English authors of that sort; nor " was he sensible how greatly superior the English divines are, " in powerful reasoning, and often in real eloquence, to those " of every other nation. I brought him acquainted with some " of them, but he had no collection of them, as he bought few " books during the latter period of his life. I recollect that I " made known to him ' Hall's Sermon on the Death of the

* A practice which the Editor, though a frequent guest in his house, never remembers to have been omitted.

" ' Princess Charlotte.' He appreciated it as it deserved, and " allowed it to *equal*, and even to *excel*, in that species of elo- " quence, all his favourite models of French oratory."

This brief account of the creed and conduct of the author, may be closed in the words of a lamented friend, lately deceased*, to whom, as an intimate acquaintance of the author, he had addressed a letter, whilst preparing these supplementary pages for the press, in the hope of his contributing some material information, as to the peculiar features of the character of Hayley—a letter destined to be opened, not by himself, but by his afflicted friends, who were engaged, on its delivery, in the melancholy preparation for his funeral. A composition, in his own hand-writing, entitled " A brief Sketch of the Character of the late William Hayley, Esq." having been found among his papers, a few weeks after, it was kindly forwarded to the Editor, by his surviving partner, and, fortunately for the completion of this memorial, just in time for the insertion of such of its contents as had not been anticipated by these concluding pages, under their respective heads. The following extract from this valuable relic of an affectionate, friendly, and judicious pen, will be particularly acceptable to the reader. " Hayley did not attend " public worship at Felpham; but the reason which he assigned " for it was, the damage that he had sustained and apprehended " from the coldness of the church; which also deterred me from " repeating my attendance in it. We usually, when I was with " him, read the Liturgy jointly with his servants.

* The Rev. Samuel Greatheed, of Bishop's Hull, near Taunton.

"To religious feelings," (continues Mr. Greatheed) "Hayley "was no stranger. They were promoted by his friendship with "Cowper, and were carried by his only son's illness and decease, "at the same juncture with Cowper's, to a higher degree than "before or after. He cordially esteemed religious people, so "far as he knew and understood their principles; but of these "he never had adequate ideas*; and it would have been strange "if he had not imbibed, from fashionable literature, a tendency "to impute fanaticism and enthusiasm to religious parties. "His views both of civil and religious liberty, were perfectly "liberal."

Having perused this brief account of the religious views and practice of the author, antecedent to the closing scene of his life, the reader is now prepared for the contemplation of the character of Hayley, in that solemn period, when, generally speaking, the truth or defect of religious principle, being touched, as it were, by the wand of the last messenger, appear in their appropriate colours. And here, a lesson of charity will be afforded to the reader. If he has studied divinity as a system, or has collected it merely from the formularies of the church, he may have weighed the author in "the balance of the sanctuary," and found "him wanting." When he shall see in him, therefore, so far as human judgment can penetrate, the

* These remarks of Mr. Greatheed must be confined to the period of his acquaintance with the author; viz. from the year 1792, when Hayley first visited Cowper, in whose neighbourhood Mr. Greatheed then resided, to the year or two preceding his separation from his second wife; when their intercourse entirely ceased.

undoubted marks of a renunciation of self, in the grand article of salvation, and of a cleaving to Him, who alone can furnish it; especially when he shall see them in the hour of death, when no earthly benefit could accrue from deception, let him confess, that under the apparent deficiencies of his former creed, there must have lurked a principle of vitality, undetected by him, but seen, and at length exhibited by the Searcher of hearts. Let him take the wisdom thus taught him as the nurse of charity; and while he holds out to others the light of a pure creed, in an unblemished life, let him view the supposed defects of theirs through that divine principle, which "hopeth all things."

The communication of the Rev. John Sargent to the Editor, to which allusion is made in the foregoing remark, is conveyed in the following words:

"I take up my pen according to your desire, to state what "I recollect concerning the last moments of our dear departed "friend, for dear he was to those who had any intimate access "to him, and had a power of appreciating his many fine and "amiable qualities.

"More perfect patience than Hayley manifested under his "excruciating tortures, it never was my lot to witness. His "was not only submission, but cheerfulness. So far could he "abstract himself from his intense sufferings, as to be solicitous, "in a way that affected me tenderly, respecting my comfort "and accommodation as his guest; a circumstance that might "appear trivial to many, but which, to my mind, was illustrative "of that disinterestedness and affection which were so habi- "tual to him in life, as not to desert him in death.

"That his patience emanated from principles far superior "to those of manly and philosophical fortitude, I feel a com- "fortable and confirmed persuasion, not merely from the sen- "timents he expressed, when his end was approaching, but "from the more satisfactory testimony of his declarations to "his confidential servant in the season of comparative health. "*Again*, and *again*, before his last seizure, did he read over a "little book I had given him, '*Corbett's self-examination in* "*secret*,' and repeatedly did he make his servant read to him "that most valuable little work, of which, surely, no proud "and insincere man can cordially approve; and to her did he "avow, when recommending it for private perusal, 'In the "principles of that book I wish to die.' He also mentioned "to her, at the same time, his approbation of the Reverend "Daniel Wilson's Sermons, which had been kindly sent to him. "He permitted me frequently to pray with him, as a friend "and minister; and when I used the confessional in the com- "munion service of our church, and some of the verses of the "fifty-first Psalm, he appeared to unite devoutly in those acts "of penitence, and afterwards added 'I thank you heartily!'

"With emphasis did I hear him utter the memorable words, "'I know that my Redeemer liveth, &c.,' and on my reminding "him that Job exclaimed also, 'Behold I am vile,' he assented "to the excellence of that language of repentance and humi- "lity. Indeed I well remember his heartily agreeing with me "in an observation I made some months before, 'That a pro- "gress in religion was to be discerned by a progressive know-

"ledge of our own misery and sinfulness.' The last words "almost I heard fall from him, contained a sentiment I should "wish, living and dying, to be my own.—'Christ have mercy "upon me! O my Saviour, look down upon me, forsake me "not!'"

The Editor has now only to add, that on the twelfth of November, 1820, his spirit, as his friends affectionately trust, winged its way to a happier region; in merciful accordance with a poetic prayer, composed by himself, on seeing the swallows, in autumn, congregate on his turret, for the purpose of taking their departure.

"YE gentle birds, that perch aloof,
"And smooth your pinions on my roof,
"Preparing for departure hence,
"Ere winter's angry threats commence;
"Like you, my soul would smooth her plume
"For longer flights beyond the tomb.

"May God, by whom is seen and heard
"Departing man and wandering bird,
"In mercy mark us for his own,
"And guide us to the land unknown."

His remains were deposited, on the twenty-first of the same month, in the vault of his friend Mr. Steele in the Parish Church of his favourite village of Felpham.

Such having been the life and death of the Author, a few words on his personal and mental characteristics, as enjoined by himself on his future memorialist, and undertaken by the Editor with an unaffected sense of his incompetency to the task, will bring this work to a close.

With respect to his characteristics *strictly personal*, whether they were comprehended by the author of the Memoir in *his* use of the term or not, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to be told, that he was considerably above the middle stature, had a countenance remarkably expressive of intellect and feeling, and a commanding air and deportment, that reminded the beholder rather of a military officer than of the character he assumes in the close of his epistolary addresses. The deplorable infirmity, however, of his early years, of which the reader is already informed by the Memoir, had left a perceptible lameness, which attended him through life, and induced a necessity of adventitious aid, towards procuring him the advantage of a tolerably even walk.

As to his personal qualities, of a higher order, these were cheerfulness and sympathy, in a very eminent degree; so eminent, indeed, that as no afflictions of his own could divest him of the former, so neither could the afflictions of others find him destitute of the latter. His temper also was singularly sweet and amiable, being not only free from ebullitions of

anger, but from all those minor defects which it is needless to enumerate, and to which social peace and harmony are so repeatedly sacrificed. It was the most even, in its exercise, that the writer of this brief account of him ever witnessed. Whether this regular flow of good humour was owing to the native cheerfulness of his mind—to the habit which he had contracted of viewing every adverse circumstance on its bright side—to a course of self-discipline, which he did not avow to others, or to the joint operation of all these, it is not possible to say; but certain it is, that it was one of his most striking peculiarities.

In all these respects, there can be no doubt that the character of Hayley is worthy of imitation; and the Editor feels that he should be deficient in a becoming attention to the expressed wish of the author, in the close of his Memoir, if he did not briefly advert to the importance, both to individual and social happiness, of endeavouring to cultivate to the utmost those eminent ingredients of a beneficial life—cheerfulness, sympathy, and good temper.

Closely connected with these, was a rich assemblage of amiable qualities, which the Editor cannot do better than display in the following extract from the before-mentioned sketch by the Rev. Samuel Greatheed.

" Hayley retained, I believe, throughout his life, a high sense " of honour, inflexible integrity, a warmth of friendship, and " overflowing benevolence. The last was especially exerted for " the introduction of meritorious young persons into useful and

" respectable situations; and it was usually efficient, as it never " relaxed while they justified his patronage. He did not, indeed, " scruple, while it was in his power, to entrust them with large " sums, where there appeared a prospect of their future ability " for repayment; but as this prospect not seldom failed, either " through death or unavoidable impediments, his property was " greatly reduced by such beneficence."

Another distinctive mark of the character of Hayley, which few possess by nature, and still fewer attain to by art, was an eminently great conversational ability. It was scarcely possible for any one to be in his company an hour, how distinguished soever his own gifts or acquirements might be, in the possession and exercise of colloquial powers, without being conscious of his superiority in this respect. It has been a subject of repeated astonishment to the Editor, that in a soil so unfavourable to the growth of this faculty, as seclusion must necessarily be, it should yet have arrived at such a pitch of exuberance, in the case of the retired subject of this Memoir, as only an interchange of the best-informed minds, and that continually exercised, could be supposed capable of producing. He can only attempt to account for it from the opportunities which the author enjoyed, through the advantage of one of the finest private libraries in the kingdom, of conversing, at all hours, and in all conceivable frames of mind, with the illustrious dead of every age and nation. But the solution of the difficulty is still incomplete, for although these literary

" Pleiades" could furnish, as it were, " the sweet influences of rain and sunshine, to foster his native talent; yet, breath being denied them, its improvement is more than his friend Cowper could have accounted for, without violating his poetical axiom, that

" Ev'n the oak
" Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm."*

As to the defects of the character of Hayley, perhaps the most prominent feature was a pertinacity of determination with regard to his modes of action, which has been seldom exemplified to the same extent in the case of others. When in the contemplation of supposed advantage, whether to himself or his friends, he had once matured his purpose, it was an attempt of no ordinary difficulty to divert him from the pursuit of it. To this may perhaps be attributed the perpetual disappointments with which his life was chequered. Certain it is, that his matrimonial infelicities may be traced to this source. His first adventure of the kind alluded to, had the warning voice of his surviving parent against it, and, it may naturally be supposed, the dissuasive arguments of all his thinking and judicious friends. And as to the similar connexion he formed in the decline of life, he must have overcome obstacles both numerous and weighty, with respect to his own situation and habits, in accomplishing that object of his wishes. Instead of entering

* Cowper's Poems, Vol. 2. Book 1.

into a detail of these, however, it will be more profitable to secure the good effect that may arise from the contemplation of the former part of his character, from the danger of being neutralised by the present exhibition of it. This may, perhaps, be accomplished by reminding the reader of that principle of our lapsed nature, which inclines us, too often, to confound evil with good. The good, in Hayley's case, appears to have been the viewing, through his native cheerfulness, every *dispensation of Providence* on its bright side; and the evil, his applying this rule to what might be not improperly designated *the dispensations of his own will.* There can be no doubt, that his example in the first instance, and his mistake in the last, are equally to be followed and avoided.

Another failing observable in the character of Hayley, was the little attention he paid to public opinion, in regard to his modes and habits of life. During his long residence in his paternal seat of Eartham, though he occasionally received friends from a distance, and especially the votaries of literature and the fine arts, yet to the families in his vicinity he was not easily accessible. He seems, indeed, to have been almost an insulated mortal amongst them; and one who, discharging himself from the obligation of what is commonly called *etiquette*, made it impossible to maintain with him the reciprocities of intercourse. In this, again, he affords an unfavourable precedent. The talent which every one possesses, in a greater or less degree, of being useful to those amongst whom he resides, not only by an

interchange of what are usually termed good offices, but by a mutual display of the furniture of mind, should be as current as the coin of the realm; at all events it should circulate, like the useful representatives of that commodity, in his own immediate neighbourhood. It is true, indeed, that the attention of the possessor of Eartham was considerably engrossed by meditation and study; but this encreased, rather than lessened his adaptation to society, and made the effect of his seclusion the more to be lamented.

With respect to the characteristics of Hayley, as an *Author*, these were, doubtless, a laudable ambition to excel;—an uncommon degree of industry, as a candidate for public applause;—and a courage most undaunted under the failure of success. To these may be added, a candour rarely witnessed in acknowledging his defects, a readiness to avail himself of suggested emendation, and a perception most alive to the superiority of others. The reader may object to the bad taste of this double climax; but if he admits that it has conducted the author to an honourable elevation, it will have returned the Editor by a not ungraceful descent.

In so summary an account of the poet of Eartham, as this professes to be, and from a pen so unqualified to delineate the characteristics of his genius, as that of the writer of it most assuredly is, the less that is offered upon this subject the better; especially since the public opinion, as to the merits and defects of his various compositions, both in prose and verse, has

been so long and so firmly established. It may suffice, therefore, to say, that an easy flow of versification, great sweetness of numbers, and an engaging playfulness of fancy have been generally conceded to the poetry of Hayley. As a prose-writer, also, he has been allowed to exhibit a peculiar facility of style, and at the same time, a gracefulness of expression that has placed him high in the list of authors; while as an annotator, especially, it would not perhaps be easy to find any writer, to whom the friends of literature have confessed themselves more indebted, both for copious and varied information, and for a fund of entertainment, co-extensive with the treasures of an exquisite library.

It must, however, be confessed, that the writings of Hayley, distinguished as they are by ease and gracefulness, are yet occasionally characterized by feebleness of diction. But this defect may be traced to an amiable source—to that exuberance of feeling, which, at the expense of his better judgment, impelled him to invest with endearing epithets, every person and every thing, of which he had occasion to speak—an impulse very creditable to his heart, no doubt, though prejudicial to the developement of his conceptions as an author.

In concluding these imperfect remarks on the literary character of the Author of this Memoir, whose extensive compositions, and especially his " Triumphs of Temper," are so honourable to the school in which he formed his taste, the Editor cannot help expressing his conviction, that had the studies of the Poet been

directed to happier models, or had his genius, like that of his friend Cowper, drunk deeply into the sublime simplicity of Scripture, elevated as he confessedly was above the far greater part of his contemporaries, he would have attained to a much prouder eminence, on the scale of poetic merit, and travelled down to posterity with a transcendent lustre.*

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* The daily perusal of the holy Scriptures by the author, already mentioned, was many years subsequent to the publication of his poetry.

MEMOIRS

OF

THOMAS ALPHONSO HAYLEY,

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

ὃς χερσὶν ἐπίστατο δαίδαλα πάντα
Τεύχειν· ἕξοχα γάρ μιν ἐφίλατο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη·

HOMER Iliad v. ver. 60.

Hic mortis duræ casum, tuaque optima facta,
Non equidem, nec te, juvenis memorande, silebo.

VIRGIL.

Dead ere his prime
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

MILTON.

MEMOIRS

OF

THOMAS ALPHONSO HAYLEY,

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

PART THE FIRST.

EXTENDING TO THE FIFTH OF OCTOBER, 1793.

Hic pudor ingenuæ mentis, tranquillaque morum
Temperies, teneroque animus maturior ævo.

THE mild and elegant Pliny, who regarded his imperial friend Trajan as a model of justice and benevolence, seems to have been particularly delighted by the generous care of that benevolent Emperor to raise statues of honour to different examples of juvenile merit, calamitously cut off in a promising career of excellence.

Perhaps biography may be rendered still more pleasing and more profitable than it has hitherto been to youth, in bestowing a due portion of praise on those young votaries

of renown, who, after an early display of highly promising talents and virtues, have been soon exalted to a superior existence.

This idea, and the merit of the individual who forms the subject of these pages, induce me to compose a circumstantial account of his life. Having the advantage of continual access to many manuscripts, which he had arranged himself in the nicest order, and to those of his father, I am enabled to execute the office of a very faithful biographer to an interesting character, who discovered, even in his childhood, a strong inclination to follow in the most laudable manner, the lively moral advice of Prior,

" And in life's visit leave his name."

Being the son of a fervent votary of the Muses, he may be allowed to begin his career as under their immediate influence, by presenting, on the completion of the first year of his infancy, to the mistress of the lovely scenes of Eartham, (which were afterwards to inspire him with more sublime conceptions),

A LITTLE HERO'S ODE ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,

OCTOBER 5, 1781.

" 'T is a year,
" Lady dear,
" Since this earth
" Saw my birth,
" Who desire
" Nothing higher
" Than to be
" Page to thee,

" Gentlest queen
" Ever seen !
" And I will,
" Well or ill,
" Cropt or curl'd,
" Bless the world,
" Where I find
" Hearts so kind,
" As my queen
" Still has been.
" Every year
" Will grow dear,
" As I rise
" In her eyes ;
" And no sound
" Can be found,
" That will touch
" Me so much,
" As her praise,
" When she says,
" ' Bless the morn
" Thou wast born !'
" Royal fair,
" Sing this air,
" Long repeat
" Notes so sweet ;
" For thy song
" Will prolong
" Life to him,
" Gaily prim,
" Who would live
" But to give,
" By his glee
" Joy to thee."

Trifling as the above verses must appear, they notwithstanding proved so gratifying, that these occasional offerings from the infant were continued for some years, on the anniversary of his birth ; nor do they seem unworthy of a place in the Life of Alphonso, as they contain (trifles as they are) a circumstantial history of his childhood.

OCTOBER 5, 1782.

" To-day I 'm told
" I 'm two years old,
" So swiftly time will trip ;
" This twelvemonth past,
" I 've learnt so fast,
" I now can talk and skip.

" If in your eyes
" I thus may rise,
" Improving at each end,
" I hope each year
" To grow more dear,
" And find you more my friend.

" Though not complete
" In head, or feet,
" I 'm perfect in one part,
" By loving you,
" I 'll prove it true :
" Time can't improve my heart."

Before the third birth-day of Alphonso, he had the honour of engaging the affectionate notice of more than one great artist, who executed admirable resemblances of his early form, without being conscious that they were painting a little personage who was destined, himself, to prove a young Marcellus of art.

It happened that Meyer (the most exquisite painter in miniature that our age has produced, and endeared by long

friendship to the poet of Eartham) escorted his eldest son to Portsmouth in 1783, for the purpose of seeing that highly promising youth embark for the East Indies. The ship was not ready to sail, and, instead of returning home, they kindly resolved to wait, during the detention of the vessel, under the roof of their friends at Eartham.

Meyer, too full of genius, and of benevolence, to be ever idle, was charmed with the little Alphonso, and rapidly executed, *con amore*, a portrait of him in miniature, which has all the force and felicity of the children painted by Rubens and Vandyke. The child, young as he was, appeared infinitely gratified by the friendly artist's attention to him, and sat for his portrait with a docility, and steadiness of position, not usually found in a sprightly boy of his age. Meyer, ever attentive to the mental character of his sitters, in every season of life, was delighted by the early dawn of intellect in Alphonso, and one day, in the course of the sitting, exclaimed, " What an advantage it is to an infant, to be under the perpetual care of adults attentive to his mind. I have children twice the age of this charming little fellow, who have not yet displayed a tenth part of his understanding."

These expressions were uttered, not as a compliment to his friend; but they were in truth a burst of genuine and natural admiration, excited by a very simple and modest display of infantine abilities. How far the little alert Alphonso had improved himself, in the course of his third year, his

poetical offering, on his next birthday, may now serve to shew.

OCTOBER 5, 1783.

" SINCE, dear Mamma, I 'm told
" To-day I 'm three years old,
" I think it may become
" Your little dear Tom Thumb,
" In verses of three feet,
" His dear Mamma to greet;
" To whisper in your ear
" What I have learnt this year,
" And all that has been done
" By your ambitious son.
" You 've tutored me so well,
" That I can read, and spell.
" In language I 'm so stout,
" That I can boldly spout,
" A speech concerning death,
" From Hamlet or Macbeth;
" Or with Mercutio blab
" The secrets of Queen Mab.
" You, dear Mamma, shall be
" A fairy queen to me,
" And like Pigwiggin, I
" At your command will fly;
" So may you long delight
" In me, your faithful sprite,

" Who with affection skip,
" To seal upon your lip
" My vows of love and truth,
" In days of artless youth.
" But lest it prove too long,
" I here shall end my song,
" And trust you kindly hear
" This tale of my third year.
" Blame not a lack of wit
" In me, a three years' chit;
" And I may shew you more
" The day that makes me four.
" So, free from care and spleen,
" God save my fairy Queen;
" And blest, beneath her eyes,
" May her Pigwiggin rise."

Few children acquire so early the useful habit of reciting passages from the poets of their country; but to Alphonso we may justly apply what Cornelius Nepos has elegantly said in describing the infancy of Atticus; " Patre usus est diligenter " indulgente, imprimisque studioso literarum. Hic, prout ipse " amabat literas, omnibus doctrinis, quibus pueriles ætas im- " pertiri debet, filium erudivit. Erat autem in puero, præter " docilitatem ingenii, summa suavitas oris ac vocis, ut non " solum celeriter arriperet quæ tradebantur, sed etiam excel- " lenter pronuntiaret."

Indeed, the docility of Alphonso appeared to increase in

perfect proportion to the parental tenderness with which his faculties were cultivated; and, fortunately for the happiness of his early life, it was the favourite maxim of his father (although his own temper was imperious) to govern only by love. It delighted him to observe that the mind of Alphonso acknowledged no other principle of government, and would not be influenced by the servile motives of interest, or fear; a discovery that he made from a domestic incident, while the boy was in petticoats. A friend, on a visit in the house, happened to be a most rigid disciplinarian in his ideas of managing children. He held it right to compel an infant, who had not perfectly acquired distinct and graceful elocution, to utter every word that he chose, for a trial of pronunciation; and he wished to make Alphonso repeat a sentence, which the boy was conscious he could not deliver with propriety. The disciplinarian desired the father of the child to proceed to absolute compulsion. The father replied, "It is a rule with me to compel him to nothing. He is so open to tender and rational persuasion, that I must be a barbarian indeed, to use force with him myself; but for once, to shew you the mistake in your principles of education, and display to you the inflexible fortitude of that infant's mind, I give you full power over him for the residue of the day, and I would venture my life on the persuasion I feel, that, although you have many hours for your experiment, you will find it impossible to compel that mild and gentle little creature to attempt doing what he has, for a good reason, determined not to do." The advocate

for compulsion derided the idea that compulsion would fail with a creature so young: he began to try its influence; he uttered severe threats; he put his threats in execution; he imprisoned the child for hours; but at last was obliged to confess, that the spirit of the infant was superior to terror. The father, who felt not a little, in exposing a child so tender to such a trial from tyrannical power, exulted in perceiving that Alphonso, who had been compared to the little Atticus, for the suavity of his countenance, and his voice, might be said to resemble the youthful Cato, in the firmness and fortitude of his spirit. This petty incident of his early childhood afforded, in truth, a very just presage of his future character, which proved, indeed, a consummate model of mild magnanimity.

But it is time for his biographer to resume the series of his infantine verses.

AN IRREGULAR LILIPUTIAN ODE, BY TOM TIT,
ON HIS FOURTH BIRTHDAY, OCT. 5, 1784.

I.

" The venal bard,
" Whose fate is hard,
" The birthday sings
" Of flatter'd kings:
" In happier tone,
" I sing my own;
" And in my infantine Pindaric measure,
" Recount my little sum of life, and pleasure.

II.

" To-day
" They say
" My years are four,
" And I
" Shall try
" To reach fourscore.
" As now my days elapse so fast,
" I hold it right,
" By memory's light,
" To look upon the months just past.

III.

" Then be it known,
" The year just flown
" Has brought me gifts from nature, and from art,
" For I aspire
" Some inches higher;
" I now am able
" To read a fable,
" And spout a hero's, or a monarch's part.

IV.

" Although for Majesty my voice is small,
" To thee, O sun, I boldly call,
" To tell thee how I hate thy beams;
" And in the rage of slighted Lear,
" I bid the Duke, and his wife appear,
" And threaten with a drum to finish Cornwall's dreams.

V.

" Nor think with Tragedy my talent closes,
" A little odd fish I can rise,
" To entertain your ears, and eyes,
" With comic whimsies, that Papa composes.

VI.

" Since of my faculties you 've heard,
" Allow me now to speak a word
" Of my affections and my feelings.
" Life sits on me as easy as a glove,
" My little heart 's so full of joy, and love.
" And I 'm so frank in all my dealings,
" That I for nothing more can pray,
" But that my friends may all be gay;
" For while in rich content they thrive,
" I am the merriest elf alive.
" However long my days may last,
" Should I e'en live to eighty-seven,
" I can but ask of gracious Heaven,
" To make my future years as happy as the past."

The happiness of this sprightly child was no poetical fiction; on the contrary, it was so substantial, and so striking, that in the considerable period of his settled residence at Eartham, his father used frequently to say, " Well! were it the will of Heaven to take the life of this boy to-morrow, I ought still to be thankful that he has enjoyed several years of the rarest felicity."

The sweetness of his temper, the lively yet thoughtful cast of his mind, and his affectionate docility, conspired to make the season of his childhood a season of ever-varying delight. His father, who, from his own experience, had learned to entertain such sentiments of public schools, as his friend Cowper had most eloquently displayed in the poem entitled Tirocinium, had very early resolved to preserve the little Alphonso from all the evils so forcibly delineated by Cowper, and to make himself both the preceptor, and the play-fellow of his child; a resolution in which he was confirmed by a judicious remark of his pleasant friend Dr. Warton, the master of Winchester, who passing some days at Eartham, while Alphonso was still in petticoats, and playing with him in the library, exclaimed, "I perceive that this boy, rolling about among your noble heap of books, and taking to them as his play-things, will prove a better scholar than I can make in my school." The father very cheerfully replied, "To tell you the truth, Doctor, I am perfectly of your opinion." Assuredly he made it the prime object of his own life to realize a sportive prophecy so pleasing. If my memory does not deceive me, I have heard him say, that he began, himself, to teach Latin to Alphonso, on the first day after the celebration of his fourth birth-day. Irksome as the office of a preceptor is generally thought, it never appeared so to the father of this active and intelligent child, nor did Hayley ever allow the feverish headaches which forced him frequently to relax in his own studies, to make him fail in his most regular attention

to his beloved disciple. The little scholar made a rapid progress in Latin, although the health of the preceptor happened to be severely impaired, in a very few months after he began to instruct his son in that language. On the 18th of March, 1785, he was ordered by his kind medical friend, William Guy, of Chichester, to remain for several weeks in bed, in consequence of injury sustained in the hip joint, from the fall of a horse, with pains that he had neglected, as a trivial rheumatic complaint. I mention the circumstance, to introduce a remarkable repartee of the little Alphonso, and to shew with what admirable pleasantry a boy not five years' old was able to quote a verse of Shakspeare.

The invalid, condemned to such long imprisonment in bed, had chosen his large library for the scene of his captivity, where he continued to amuse himself with his books. As he sometimes admitted a few friendly visitors, it had been thought proper to adorn his head with an elegant night-cap, which attracted the notice of Alphonso. One day, when the tender disciple approached the bed, with his usual inquiry, " Well, dear papa, how do you find yourself?" The invalid happened to say, " Not in violent pain, I thank you, my dear; but rather restless, and particularly in the head." " Ah, dear papa," replied the urchin, with an arch solemnity of countenance and voice, " I am not surprised at that; pray remember what Shakspeare says:—

' Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' "

Considering the age of the child, the pleasantry of his jest on his father's fine night-cap will afford, to those who delight in little incidents that display mental character, an amusing insight into a young mind peculiarly powerful and attractive.

His father has often regretted, and especially since he lost this highly promising youth, that he omitted to form in his childhood a collection of remarkable circumstances and sayings, to illustrate the very early display of his intellectual powers. One circumstance of this nature was so very striking, that Gibbon, the historian, said to his friend of Eartham, he ought to have recorded the day and the hour of an incident so singular: more extraordinary, as a proof of mental power in childhood, than any thing recorded by Klefekerus in his Bibliotheca Eruditorum Præcocium, or any history of infantine scholars.

The circumstance that appeared to the great historian so worthy of preservation must have happened in the summer of 1785, although the father of Alphonso could not recollect in what month it occurred. The fact is simply this: The little scholar, who was then learning the Epistles of Ovid, used frequently to repeat his lesson to his father in the garden, and one morning, after having recited a few Latin verses, he began, to the utter astonishment of his preceptor, to repeat an ode of Pindar. "How," exclaimed the amazed and delighted father, "how can this be possible! You little urchin, where did you get any knowledge of Greek, for I have not yet taught you the letters?" The lively boy enjoyed in the

highest degree the amazement of his father, and triumphantly continued to recite the Invocation to the Graces, in the fourteenth of the Olympic Odes. For some little time he delighted himself in making a mystery of his new acquisition, but at last he ingenuously explained how he had learned by ear what he did not understand. It happened that his father, not sufficiently recovered from a late illness to remain long upon his legs, generally rested in a reed seat of his garden, while his little pupil got his Ovid by heart, in a close walk near the seat. It chanced, that on these occasions, the poet had frequently read aloud one of his favourite odes in Pindar, and the little Latin scholar, charmed with the sound of Greek, had listened to it unperceived, and actually treasured in his own memory half the short ode I have mentioned: undoubtedly a singular mental exploit for a child who had not yet completed his fifth year, though not so very wonderful as it appeared to be, before his mode of acquiring the sound of the new language was explained. The incident, perhaps, gave rise to his strong predilection for Greek, which he greatly preferred to all the languages that he afterwards acquired. Yet from the following verses, on his fifth birthday, we may conjecture that his father, at that period, had not begun to teach him the Greek alphabet.

October 5, 1785.

" THANKS to kind Heaven by whom we thrive,
" My years to-day amount to five;
" And thus with annual lay
" I hail my natal day;
" A Poet Laureate to my royal self,
" More fond of praises than of sack, or pelf.

" Thus in irregular ode,
" For benefits bestow'd,
" First let me pay my thanks, and pay them both
" To friends on earth, and guardians in the skies,
" By whose united aid I rise
" A little tender twig of gentle growth.

" 'Tis true I am a tiny chit,
" Yet not a very dwarf in wit;
" Though small in stature, yet my limbs are pliant,
" And, ladies, I in learning am a giant,
" The scholar of my age may fairly say so,
" Who construes Horace, and Ovidius Naso.

" Yes, ladies, it is really so!
" Young as I am, I know
" How Horace had a short debate with Lyddy;
" How in their anger both grew giddy,
" And how they swore
" They 'd never love each other more;
" Then in a fit of Cupid's April weather,
" They kiss'd again, and vow'd they'd live and die together.

" From Ovid too, I can unfold,
" How men once knew an age of gold!
" Ah, ladies! as the poets sing,
" That age of gold was a delightful thing:
" No mortal then was forced to hammer
" On that hârd anvil call'd a grammar,
" Invented by some brains of brass;
" Then in discourse they kept a due connexion,
" By some inchanting interjection!
" And all their Syntax was, *amo, amas.*
" Yet since, thank Heaven! I've learn'd so fast,
" That now the grammar's toils are almost past;
" When I have got my Ovid well, I hold
" My little life is like the age of gold,
" For all I wish, I quickly find.
" No anxious cares molest my active mind,
" But all my thoughts are innocent and kind.
" Thus blessing all who hold me dear,
" I greet them all with gratitude sincere,
" And tell them all I learn in every passing year."

Although happiness was so singularly the lot of this interesting child, and although Mrs. Hayley was truly delighted by his rapid and cheerful acquisition of every accomplishment that could become a child, the restless infirmity of her mind prevented her being happy in the sweet but sequestered scenery of Eartham, and her inquietude preyed so dangerously on the peace and health of her husband, that by the advice of his

friends he was induced to form a plan for her removal, upon principles of affection.

With this view he accompanied her to London, on her way, as he expected, to Derby, the proposed scene of her future residence; returning, himself, to his favourite retirement of Eartham, after an abode of three weeks in the metropolis. The learning of his beloved disciple had not suffered from his absence; for an amiable Divine in the neighbouring village of Slindon, had most kindly attended to the regular lessons of the little scholar. But the affectionate child displayed the most endearing sense of delight, on the return of his original preceptor; and the contrast which the poet felt between the painful scenes that he had recently sustained in London, and the delightful serenity of his own library, made him often declare that the eleven days passed at Eartham immediately after his excursion, were the most soothing days he had ever experienced.

But his destiny soon exposed him to fresh trials of his fortitude; before he had enjoyed a fortnight of his new tranquillity, a letter from his friend, Dr. Beridge, of Derby, overturned the plan projected for his future quiet. On receipt of this distressing letter, (the purport of which has been already stated in the Memoirs of Hayley*) he posted to London on the 9th of March, and on the 19th brought home again that interesting unhappy companion for whose welfare he would most willingly have sacrificed his existence. The feeling heart of poor Eliza,

* Vol. I. p. 342.

though she could ill support the solitude of a village, seems to have felt some considerable gratification in rejoining her little pupil; for, in her Memorandum-book of this year, the following words appear to have been written on the 24th of March, "Tom delightful!" It was indeed the constant aim of this angelic child to render her irregular spirits as cheerful as possible. On the arrival of his next birth-day, he presented to her the following verses:—

OCTOBER 5, 1786.

"GOOD friends, for whom
"I wish myself the happy doom
"To write with spirit, and with health to live
"To this returning day, your wishes give,
"And, as my years increase, still kindly fix
"The eye of kindness on a youth of six;
"It is our custom, as they fly so fast,
"To hail the coming, and review the past.
"In that just fled
"How have I sped?
"Making you first my annual bow,
"I will proceed to tell you how.
"With Pindar, I have learn'd to court
"The Graces in their native tongue,
"And though a chit, rehearse in sport
"What Grecian bards sublimely sung.
"Homer with transport I repeat,
"To me his verses are as sweet,

" As to young nymphs a ball or a ridotto,
" And ἀἰεν ἀριστέυειν is my motto.
" Forgive me, ladies, that I speak
" A word or two of Greek;
" And, as you love a peep behind the scenes,
" I 'll honestly inform you what it means;
" My motto's sense is, ' ever to excel,'
" Now say, good folks, have I not chosen well?
" Nor is my active tongue and mind
" To Greek alone confined;
" To French I have applied
" When lovely Georgiana 's by my side,*
" I can accost her with a *Je vous prie*,
" And if she 's kind,
" I can conclude with, *Je vous remercie!*
" Language enough for any mortal pranks,
" Since, when we woo,
" All that we dapper fellows have to do,
" Is to petition first, and then give thanks.
" But think not Greece and France have made me vain,
" To pure Old England let me turn again.
" O! Lady dear,
" Who, in my earlier year,
" Taught'st me, at first my native tongue to read,
" Beneath your favour let me still proceed,
" And still, I hope, by me
" With gratitude and glee,

---

* Georgiana Nicholas, now Mrs. Gell, of Derbyshire.

" Your sprightly lessons will be understood;
" Then, though I early reach
" Such books as pedants teach,
" I still shall learn from you to be polite and good."

The reader will perceive that the main scope of these annual addresses was to endear the child to Mrs. Hayley's volatile fancy, and make him contribute, as much as possible, to her occupation and amusement, in that sequestered life, which often appeared oppressive to her spirits, although the best suited, in truth, both to her health and fortune.

She took great delight in cultivating his talents, and cheerfully assumed the task of teaching him French. His father had hitherto been his only writing-master, but towards the end of this year, 1787, the beloved disciple had the advantage of receiving a few lessons in penmanship from a young man better qualified to teach it, who called occasionally at Eartham.

Docility was an eminent characteristic of Alphonso, and particularly in every thing where the hand is to execute the purpose of the mind. No mortal could more truly deserve the undignified but very desirable epithet, *handy*, for the formation of his fingers was like that of an Indian, and gave him a manual dexterity, useful and pleasing in the highest degree. Though it is a trifling instance of such dexterity, I cannot forbear remarking, that when he was a very little boy,

he used to bridle a horse with more rapidity and neatness than any groom I ever saw. He soon acquired the accomplishment of writing a clear manly hand. The six copies of annual verses which he presented to Mrs. Hayley, and which have already found their place in this work, have been transcribed from copies in the hand of his father; the next, and the last of the series, I am now to transcribe from that of the little scholar himself.

OCTOBER 5, 1787.

" THANKS to the guardian care of Heaven !
" To-day I reach the age of seven ;
" Smile, then, good friends, upon my growing span,
" Since I am now the third part of a man.
" On my revolving natal day,
" To strike a sportive chime,
" My custom hitherto has been to play
" The prating elf,
" In Liliputian or Pindaric rhyme,
" Telling long stories of my little self.
" With some pretence from nature, and from art,
" I might in comic vein
" Still merrily sustain
" This pert, and puny braggadocio part ;
" And now inform you in heroic verse
" How I can parry quarte, and parry tierce.
" Henceforth, as I to manhood rise,
" 'Tis time to grow more delicate, and wise ;

" To nobler heights my young ambition tends,
" I 'll boast myself no more, but cultivate my friends:
" Here, then, my birth-day composition ends.
" And you, my lady dear,
" For whom with lyric glee,
" I have saluted thus the circling year,
" As you have smiled upon my infant lays,
" My modest silence you will praise,
" Lest we should see
" Our Gresset's maxim verified in me
" '*Que trop de vers entrainent trop d'ennui* *.'"

The boast of a little skill in fencing contained in these verses was not a poetical fiction. The father of Alphonso, who made a point of sharing in the exercises and pastimes, no less than in the studies of his disciple, had brought him from London a light pair of foils made expressly for him, and taught him the rudiments of that graceful and manly art, in which, in his early life, he had himself been a considerable proficient.

These sportive records in rhyme of Alphonso's acquisitions, as a child, were not intended to excite in him a passion for writing verse, nor did they seem to produce that effect. Once, indeed, and very early, he had a fit of poetical inspiration, but it was occasioned by the delight he received from a pro-

* A verse from the Vertvert of Gresset, a delightful poem, which Eliza and her little French scholar were reading together.

duction of Romney's pencil, the head of his Cassandra, which that exquisite artist had just brought as a present to his friend of Eartham. Alphonso, who, in seeing Romney every autumn since his birth, had learned to love and admire him, was so enchanted with this new, and supremely beautiful production of his pencil, that he spontaneously composed upon it a few verses; not very graceful or sublime verses, indeed, yet such that few persons would believe them to be the real production of the child, although they truly were so without the slightest assistance. If the memory of his father did not deceive him, the verses alluded to were written when their author was only six years old. I believe there is no copy of them existing, and the only line which the father of Alphonso, in mentioning the anecdote, could recollect, was, as he declared, the last, and unluckily the most prosaic line of this curious infantine composition. As it contains, however, a truth that does honour to the heart of its little author, here it is:

"I love thee, Romney, for thy painting well."

Let me add what does honour also to the painter, that he contemplated and encouraged the early talents and industry of the young Alphonso, with a tenderness and delight almost equal to those of his father, of whose singular attachment to this child, I have now to introduce another record in rhyme, an epistle to the dear disciple, whom the poet, though reluctantly, was sometimes obliged to leave. A sanguine, but unsuccessful hope of improving his scanty fortune

by the production of some prosperous dramas, had induced the father of Alphonso to devote a little time to London. In 1787 he dispatched the following epistle to Alphonso, on the evening of his arrival in town, from the apartments he had hired, immediately over those inhabited by his friend Dr. Warner.

BARNARD'S INN, *Feb.* 12, 1787.

" Dear scholar, whose talents have taught me to feel
" All that parents can know of affectionate zeal,
" You have chanced, let me tell you, in this idle verse,
" My ambition at once both to raise, and disperse.
" Such promise I 've seen your quick countenance shew,
" That, wishing around you more lustre to throw,
" I was eager with proud, but affectionate aim,
" To ascend in the sphere of good fortune and fame.
" While my head entertain'd an ambitious surmise,
" Sudden languor o'erspread your intelligent eyes;
" The murmur of sickness was heard on your tongue,
" And while, like a snowdrop, your little head hung,
" Away flew my passion for honour and wealth,—
" The sole wish of my heart is your ease and your health;
" And, thanks to kind Nature, that wish I obtain,
" Rosy life soon illumines your visage again.
" Instructed, I learn from this transient distress,
" More justly to rate the true wealth I possess,
" Your talents, your temper, are treasures to me
" Above the bright pearls in Ambition's rich sea;

" And then your affection, in my estimation
" That's a fortune itself which surmounts computation.
" Adieu! now you know where my opulence lies,
" Instead of decreasing, I trust it will rise.
" Let cash, as it may, either come or depart,
" The riches we 'll hoard shall be those of the heart.

" P. S. Though I know you 're a very keen critic of rhyme,
" I expect your indulgence at least for this time;
" As you 're certain these lines were composed in a chaise,
" While the poet was jumbled through very rough ways.
" But though absent, by rhyme he still seems to caress you,
" And therefore concludes with a rhyming
" God bless you."

Alphonso's father was not the only man of letters induced, by the attractive qualities of this infantine scholar, to salute him with poetical epistles.

The learned, lively, and zealous Dr. Warner, who in his visits to Eartham had been enchanted with the character of this literary child, addressed to him a sportive billet from London, with the following superscription:

" To the boy without compeer,
" Whatever title please his ear."

Praise, indeed, which he delighted to deserve, was early, and continually bestowed on this laudable being, in every

season of his life; and it may be said with perfect truth, that no mortal so fond of praise, was ever more completely free from every appearance of having his native modesty impaired by a profusion of applause.

The divine, having seen and admired the delightful success of the poet in forming the character of his little friend, determined to devote himself, in a similar manner, to the private education of a very promising boy, who engaged, and rewarded by his talents and his temper, the incessant attention of an indefatigable preceptor. But, unhappily for that interesting pupil, he lost, before he arrived at the age of manhood, a most vigilant, instructive, and affectionate guardian. The recollection of Dr. Warner's unseasonable death (if it can be right to give that appellation to the release of a benevolent spirit from the troubles of earth) has hurried me from my proper subject; I return to the childhood of Alphonso. It passed with a sweet and rare union of pleasure, and improvement, under the tuition of his father, and without any change of scene from their favourite village, Eartham, till the spring of 1789, when the poet was under the necessity of visiting London, and seized the opportunity of entertaining his young disciple with a sight of the metropolis. In a letter from Barnard's Inn, March 27, 1789, to Mrs. H., he said, "My dear "fellow traveller is well, highly pleased, and highly pleasing "in his remarks and questions."

Again, on the 29th, "The little modern Anacharsis has "been much amused in contemplating a scene so perfectly

" new to him, but he has not yet begun the projected history " of his travels."

The travels here alluded to were actually written; but observations on London by a little Anacharsis in his 9th year could hardly be worth preservation, except to his father, as a curiosity from the age of the traveller. The remarks of a boy who was both pensive and sprightly, could not fail to interest a contemplative father, who was particularly anxious to observe the effect of dramatic exhibitions on his young disciple, because Romney had predicted, from the features of the infant, and literally before he could speak, that he would possess talents for comedy.

Prophecies of this nature are very apt to produce their own accomplishment, and it is indeed true, that Alphonso, instigated, probably, by some accidental mention of the prophecy, wrote in his eighth year, a little sportive drama, which his modesty did not allow him to communicate even to his father, although no parent and child could be more truly the bosom friends of each other. The Lilliputian dramatist deliberately intended to destroy the work, which he thought could be amusing only to himself; but accident led his father to rescue from the fire a brief fragment of this curious production. Hence he learned that the drama opened with a man shivering and pretending to see spirits, and that the second scene presented a youth in love, asleep under a tree, and contemplated by his parents. This premature and imperfect attempt was, I believe, the only step taken by Alphonso, to

verify the prediction concerning his talents. As he advanced towards manhood, different studies and pursuits engaged his attention, but he had ever a keen relish for wit and humour; he possessed a considerable portion of both, and his love of comedy will appear even in the dark period of his ruined health. But to return to the blooming child enjoying, for the first time, the playhouse of London. The first spectacle he beheld was the Eidouranion of Walker, the astronomer. He beheld it with great and intelligent delight, yet his pleasure was still greater on his next visit to the theatre, where the farce of "Miss in her Teens" obtained much more of his applause than a tragedy that preceded it. His father, who had been for a few weeks delighted with the animated and placid spirit of his happy little companion, was now to exchange that delight for scenes that required all the fortitude of his resolute mind. The main object of his visit to London was to prepare for the removal of his unhappy Eliza, from Eartham, and her separate establishment at Derby. This painful but necessary measure he accomplished by the kind assistance of Mrs. Beridge (at this time the widow of his lost friend, the physician), as already stated in the Memoirs of the poet.*

The father and son seem to have met again at Eartham early in May; for a letter written by them in conjunction, to Mrs. Hayley, is dated on the 10th of that month, and from their favourite village. They appear to have had thoughts at this time

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* Vol. I. p. 382.

of visiting foreign countries together, for the letter I have mentioned contains the following sentence, in the hand of the father.

" I am beginning to arrange my affairs here upon the most " simple system of exact economy, and in such a manner " that " I may be ready to embark for the continent, or continue some " months in my quiet library, as may be most eligible."

Singularly happy in their attachment to each other, they continued their studies together on their favourite spot, and were enlivened in June, by the accession of a third fellow student, who perfectly sympathized in their passion for books and retirement.

This was the cheerful Dr. Warner, who, delighted with the scenery of Eartham, but aware that the finances of the poet were not suited to the support of a long resident guest, intreated permission to have an apartment to himself, and to live at his own expense; a request granted, in the same frank and friendly manner in which it was made. In a letter written to Derby, in June, Hayley thus expressed the sentiments of his friend concerning his disciple:

" Warner is delighted and amazed at Tom's companionable " manners and extensive scholarship. It is indeed with sin- " gular felicity that the urchin unites regular attention to his " studies, and a lively disposition to engage and excel in every " sportive exercise."

In July, the same year, the preceptor says of his pupil, " The " dear boy is delightfully well, though, as it is usual with us all,

" he is a little more idly disposed in summer than in winter;
" yet, take him for all in all, he is a little miracle both of good-
" ness and gaiety."

Again, in September: " The dear little scholar continues, I
" thank Heaven! in high health and spirits. I endeavour to
" guard him with incessant vigilance from every thing likely to
" hurry his active spirit into sickness, yet allow him a full por-
" tion of air, exercise, and diversion. Yesterday I had a signal
" and touching proof how important it is to have a constant eye
" over such little active creatures. The wind was high, and
" had blown two tiles from the roof of the library. As we re-
" turned from our walk, he was running to take up the tiles from
" the grass; I had just time to turn him from the spot when a
" third fell, which, had I not thus providentially removed him,
" would probably have crushed that dear little head, so excel-
" lently furnished with sense and accomplishments, far beyond
" his age. Heaven be praised, that instead of such a horrid
" calamity, I have only a hair-breadth escape to relate."

Another letter from Eartham, in October, discovers the early dawn of that talent for the pencil, in the young disciple, which became so conspicuous at a future period.

" The dear boy is well; he has discovered of late a dispo-
" sition to draw landscapes. When I can get a frank, I will
" send you one of his performances."

This interesting child, who was continually acquiring much information, and a very manly character, by sharing the studious and cheerful retirement of his father, appeared not to suffer

from the want of maternal superintendance. His father was called repeatedly to London by business and affliction, in the two last months of this year, 1789. The affliction arose from the alarming illness of Mr. Clifford, a man of great sweetness and simplicity of character, whom the poet, from their intimacy at College, had ever regarded as a brother. On the tidings of his extreme danger, Hayley left the party of villagers assembled, as usual, in his house on Christmas-day, and posted to London, but arrived only time enough to receive a kind pressure from the hand of his expiring friend, whose speech and faculties were nearly departed.

The sense and tenderness of the little Alphonso were sweetly conducive to the restoration of his father, when he returned to Eartham, exhausted by the fatigue and anguish of this painful excursion. Indeed, it was ever the study and the delight of this excellent youth to compensate by all the means in his power the various troubles that frequently preyed on the delicate health of his father, but without destroying the native ardour and alacrity of his spirit.

His projects of happiness and fortune were very far from having proved successful; but the genius, the virtues, and the affection of his beloved disciple, appeared to him an inestimable recompense for every disappointment and every vexation.

The opening of the next year, 1790, may illustrate the truth of this observation. The poet, after much ill treatment from different managers, had been solicited by Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, to produce a tragedy.

His "Eudora" had passed through the customary rehearsals towards the end of January, with such high hopes of success, that a critic who attended the last rehearsal, said to the author then in the play-house, "I will ensure your success for a china orange." The play, however, did not succeed. The poet, disgusted by the manner in which the last act was represented, withdrew the tragedy, and returned speedily to his favourite retirement.

No parent and child could derive more pleasure and advantage from the society of each other. The darling scholar, though now only in his tenth year, discovered such taste and discernment, that his father consulted him already as a judge of composition, and actually corrected verses according to his suggestion. A proof of this remarkable anecdote occurs in a letter written by them both, to Derby, April 18th, 1790. The literary urchin says, "My very dear Mamma, the only thing I "can send you, at present, in return for your pretty prints, is "the poor Farmer's Epitaph, which Papa and I have cooked "up together." He then transcribes a recent inscription for the tomb-stone of the benevolent Farmer, John Bailey, whose death in this year, had thrown a gloom over Eartham.*

In June, the retired author was tempted to visit the metropolis, for the sake of returning personal thanks to the friends who had graciously offered him the post of Laureate, a post which he as graciously declined, in a few verses to Mr. Pitt on the occasion.

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* See Vol. I. p. 405.

The father of the young Carwardine, whom Hayley had brought from London, as a play-fellow for his son, visited Eartham in the Autumn, a season when the hermitage of the poet was constantly enlivened by the presence of Romney, who had for several years been regular in his custom of refreshing his overlaboured frame in that salutary scenery, and had never failed to reanimate his spirits and his fancy under the roof of his favourite friend. It has been already stated in the Memoirs of Hayley, that in this year the poet, the painter, and the priest, were tempted to visit Paris together. Their excursion, in which they enjoyed all the interesting sights that Paris had then to shew, would alone be sufficient to form an amusing volume; and, in the posthumous works of Hayley, some account of these memorable travels will probably be found. It is my province, as the biographer of Alphonso, to remark, that his improvement in the French language was a principal object of his father's visit to Paris, although the little scholar was not of the party, but left with his young friend at Eartham. This enigma will be fully explained by my transcribing a passage from a letter, in which the poet, soon after his return, relates the particular motive of his foreign excursion.

EARTHAM, *September* 12, 1790.

" Finding that I could not with comfort, or convenience, " send Tom to any school, and thinking it necessary for him to " have fellow-students and play-fellows near his own time of " life, I resolved to make a trial of educating with him, two

" sons of my pleasing friend Carwardine; and in our expedition " to France, we sought, and found, a sensible French woman, " who undertakes to attend my little group of scholars, and " to teach them the language of her country. I have known " her too short a time to be perfectly acquainted with her " character; but, as far as I can hitherto judge, we have been " fortunate in our choice.

" I think she has a good understanding, and Carwardine " thinks her peculiarly graceful in her manners, which we hold " of infinite importance to the boys.

" She is a widow, and has passed through many calamities, " which may, I trust, render her more fit, than her countrywo- " men generally are, to support a life of uniform retirement and " literary attention. I was particularly interested in her favour, " by the manner in which her two aged parents, a mother and a " father-in-law, recommended her to my protection. At Paris " we saw many persons who were candidates for the office en- " trusted to her, but not one that appeared to us in any degree " comparable to the person we have chosen."

Of his young friends, he says, in a subsequent letter, " The two boys of my pleasant Carwardine, whom I have here " as fellow-students, and play-fellows for Tom, are sweet-tem- " pered, and interesting characters, but subject, I find, both of " them, to such frequent indispositions, as fill me with inqui- " etude. Providence has perhaps sent them to me, because, as " my own childhood was peculiarly afflicted with sickness, I " know perhaps better than most men, how to pity at least, if

" not how to relieve, a sick child. My dear boy speaks for " himself, he grows every day more engaging, and derives, I " think, considerable advantage in every point, from his young " associates."

The ill health of the two amiable brothers appears to have terminated abruptly the pleasing instructive project of the poet. In a letter, dated Cavendish Square, December 13, 1790, he says, " My great solicitude to deliver the poor little sick Henry " into the hands of his parents brought me to London. I have " just had the gratification of receiving a comfortable letter " from the dear little disciple, whom I left at home perfectly " well, and I have made him happy by finding for him a Greek " Gradus, which has become a scarce book, and has long been " a particular object of his ambition, as he has a great desire to " try his literary skill in making Greek verses."

The little Scholar was highly gratified in possessing this book, as it contained the following inscription :—

" To
" THOMAS HAYLEY,
" of Eartham,
" A New Year's Gift.
" 1791.
" Presented to him by his parental preceptor,
" for his having attained
" a proficiency in the Greek Language,
" very rarely acquired
" at his age
" of ten years."

She was passionately fond of books, and wrote a very delicate diminutive hand: though she hardly ever spelt two words together aright in her own language, yet she read extremely well, and particularly tragedy, in which she delighted. Her excellences and her defects are accounted for by her education. Her father-in-law was a respectable old steward to a French family of high rank, and she being naturally lively, and elegant in her figure, was associated in her childhood with the children of nobility. At the age of twelve, she engaged with them in domestic representations of their favourite tragedies, particularly those of Racine and Voltaire. Hayley considered some instances of her conduct, while she resided under his roof, as truly noble; and he was pleased by her applying to him and to herself, very gracefully, the following passage of a French poet:

> " Cet ami me tient lieu de fortune et de père,
> " J'ai recherché l'honneur, et bravé la misère,
> " Tel est mon sort."

She had married early and unhappily. Her husband, ruined by gambling, had perished, and she was left in indigence with a little orphan.

Instead of having that artful rapacity often imputed to governesses of her country, she was generous and charitable to an uncommon degree. A striking proof of her gratitude occurred in her conduct to her host at Eartham; for, as she observed, that from his parental eagerness to adorn his child

"EARTHAM, *February* 20, 1791.

"You apprehend Tom might suffer on the departure of "Harry; but I can assure you, though he was affected, and "gracefully affected, in the hour of his departure, the "urchin's happiness is rather encreased than diminished by "this circumstance, as he has great pride and delight in being "more useful himself, for he now acts as house-steward, in "keeping the weekly book, which he does with an adroitness "and importance that often make me smile."

This Liliputian house-steward, of eleven years, was distinguished by an admirable mixture of economy and generosity in all pecuniary concerns, which he discovered in still earlier childhood, and retained to the end of his existence.

He displayed, also, in very early life, that serene and useful courage, of which his destiny required a portion so extraordinary: I mean, the courage of submitting quietly to pain.

A letter of March 1791, says to Mrs. H.:

"Your little correspondent had some days ago the mis-"chance to scald his leg, from the knee to the ancle; but "he bore the pain with becoming fortitude and philosophy, "and it is now just well. Nothing is more touching to a "considerate parent than to see a child support pain like a "man. To suffer well, is indeed, at all ages, and in all stations, "the most important and useful lesson we can learn."

Mrs. Hayley, in her letters of this season, expressed the greatest delight in a prospect of being gratified by occasional visits from the little scholar, in whose improvement she continued to take the most lively interest. She wrote him a letter on the subject; and there is so much sensibility in his reply, that a part of it seems to claim a place here, as a remarkable specimen of early talents for epistolary writing in a boy between ten and eleven.

"TO MRS. HAYLEY, DERBY.

"EARTHAM, *June* 5, 1791.

"My very dear Mamma,

"You cannot think how eager I am for the happy hour "when I shall have the inexpressible joy of seeing you again. "When I set out from dear Eartham, I shall feel, as you "may conceive, both joy and sorrow; the first, as I shall have "the great delight of seeing you, and the second, as I shall "depart from papa.

"Believe me, ever, your most affectionate

"T. H."

This meeting, so tenderly expected by all parties, could not take place before September. The poet employed the interim in preparing and fortifying the young traveller for such a distant excursion; which, although he cordially promoted it,

absolutely required his favourite remedy —

s circumstance he mentions in a letter written in the early
, of the summer, and adds,

I have seized an opportunity of purchasing a cottage at elpham. Tom and I went to our Liliputian marine villa on riday eve, and, after a second plunge in the sea, returned o Eartham this morning. This system I mean to pursue egularly for some time; and, in the course of it, I hope not only to teach the urchin to swim, but also to wash away all the sensations of oppressive pain and languor, which I have lately felt upon every mental exertion. When we have followed this agreeable regimen between two and three months, I flatter myself, I shall dispatch to you your young expected guest in firm health, and be myself better prepared to bear the absence of my dear little enlivening attendant, than I am at present.

" Towards the end of September, or beginning of October, " the season will be as pleasant, as it will be convenient, for his " long journey to you—a pleasure to which he cheerfully looks " forward," and which I flatter myself will be, to both of you, " not diminished, but heightened by expectation."

A passage in a subsequent letter of this summer, expresses the ideas that the father of Alphonso entertained, at the time, concerning his future professional destination.

" I am much obliged to your amiable young friend, Forester, " for the kind readiness he expresses, to shew favour to the " young traveller. I think it probable he may catch Forester's " passion for chemistry, as he has discovered an early pro- " pensity to inquiries that shew his mind must be highly " gratified, in due time, by the captivating mysteries of that " magnificent science. I may be deceived, however, not only " by my affection, but by my ardent wish to render him " what I consider as the most useful and engaging of pro- " fessional characters, an accomplished physician."

The poet had early instilled into his disciple a particular respect for the medical profession; and for that purpose, transcribed some French prose, and some Latin verses, and inserted them both, as mottoes, within the writing-desk that he gave to the young student. I transcribe them from the leaves of that favourite desk.

" Est-il rien de plus estimable au monde qu'un médecin, qui, " ayant dans sa jeunesse etudié la nature, connu les ressorts " du corps humain, les maux qui le tourmentent, les remèdes " qui peuvent soulager, exerce son art en s'en defiant; " soigne également les pauvres, et les riches; ne reçoit " d'honoraires qu'à regret, et employe ces honoraires à secourir " l'indigent."

VOLTAIRE.

—— " Conferre labanti
" Robur, et afflictis solatia reddere membris,
" Nativos reparare focos, arcessere letho
" Semianimes, querulis hominum succurrere morbis."

JACOBI CATSII *Paradisus, interprete* BARLÆO.

Alphonso had every talent requisite to make a most admirable physician. His visit to Derbyshire happened to suggest a different destination; but I must return to the narrative of incidents connected with his first excursion to the North.

A letter of his father's, in September, thus speaks of that event. " I have just accomplished this arduous business for a " paternal heart, and launched the little traveller on his " destined voyage to you; but I must not talk of him too " much this morning, lest I should blot my paper with foolish " tears, and discover more tenderness

" ' Than may become a man.' "

The next letter, in September, is also full of strong paternal feelings. In speaking of the little visitant in the North, his father says—

" I was indeed anxious concerning him, to such a de- " gree of painful inquietude, that I could hardly force my " mind into any sort of amusement, or occupation, so inces- " santly did his image present itself to my thoughts, and " awaken apprehensions of his suffering, from the extreme heat

" of the weather, in the bustle and fatigue of his travelling " adventures. The assurance of his being safely arrived under " your care, has set my heart in a great measure at rest. I am " glad to find you can speak as you do concerning the im- " proved elegance of his manners, a point which I have " much at heart, and for which I had (in spite of much " raillery and still more malevolent censure) imported the " governess, whom I have the greatest reason to commend " for the incessant and successful attention she has bestowed " upon him. Her pupil has not only acquired her language, " but, I hope, obtained such a relish for easy and graceful " deportment, as will prevent his sinking into that awkward " shyness, which is often produced by a domestic education, " and which I was particularly anxious, for his sake, to prevent. " I hope you will find him a pleasing little companion, but if " he begins to grow burthensome to you in any degree, I beg " you will not scruple to hasten the time of his return."

Mrs. Hayley continued to cherish, amuse, and improve the young traveller till near the end of November, highly pleased with the progress he had made in various accomplishments, under her attentive protection. The father and son met in London, to their mutual delight, and, after enjoying together some of the spectacles of the metropolis, they returned at the end of the year to their favourite retirement. Before they left London, they had the pleasure of announcing to Mrs. Hayley a substitute for the little visitor, who had

amused her so agreeably, his portrait in the character of a Fairy, from the pencil of Romney: an admirable portrait, and perfectly like this interesting youth, when he had just completed the age of eleven. Among the letters most carefully preserved by Mrs. Hayley, there is one from her young correspondent relating to this picture; and, as the letter is itself a pleasing representative of his juvenile spirit, it shall immediately appear.

"EARTHAM, *February* 19, 1792.

"My dear Mamma,

"I cannot deny to myself the pleasure of expressing to "you, by the first post, how agreeably I am flattered by your "very kind reception of my picture. Allow me to repeat to "you on the occasion, some words of an accomplished noble-"man, which, papa tells me, you used to admire.

"'If the picture is like me, it will always smile upon you.'

"We are much diverted with the observation of the lady who "took the clouds in the picture for a muff. The fairy is repre-"sented as flying triumphantly through the air, having executed "the commission of his King Oberon to fetch

"'A little western flower,
"Before milk white, now purple with Love's wound.'

"Our dear painter was in doubt, when he left London, whe-"ther he should introduce this purple flower in the hand, or

" tied as a little garland round the head of the flying fairy. " Perhaps he forgot to introduce it, and this omission might " have occasioned your not immediately comprehending the " design of the picture, which I hope this account may lead you " to consider with additional pleasure."

The opening of the year 1792 was chequered with joy and sorrow to the young Alphonso. The letters of his father describe him, first, as enlivened by the ball, and displaying one of his new accomplishments, in dancing with a Countess; secondly, as requesting leave to attend his father on a mournful visit to the corpse of that affectionate and poetical old nurse, who had herself requested an epitaph in verse from the poet she had reared, a tribute to which she was perfectly entitled: it was paid with the dispatch of true affection, and Alphonso had much gratification in transcribing the epitaph for the purpose of sending it to Derby.

This epitaph has already been given*, from a paper at the back of a portrait, in water colours, of this excellent woman. The portrait is an exact and spirited copy, made by Thomas Hayley, in 1799, from the original picture, executed also in water colours, by Romney, at Eartham.

Towards the spring of this year, the poet appears to have entertained serious ideas of denying to himself, for a considerable time, the society of his darling disciple. In a letter to Mrs. Hayley, dated March 25th, 1792, he says:

* Vol. I. p. 424.

" Tom was highly pleased to find that half the last letter " which arrived from the North, is his property, and he is agree- " ably flattered by the kind remembrance of Dewhurst. It is " with singular satisfaction I observe his warm and lively friend- " ship for two youths so very ingenuous and amiable as you " represent the two Bilsboroughs.

" I consider early friendships as the most important incident " in human life; and perhaps they are more worthy of atten- " tion than any other kind of culture that the young heart and " mind can receive. This idea, with the pleasing recollection " of your delight in your little visitor, has led me to think of " sending him again to the North, not as a fugitive guest for a " week or two, but as a settled student, if we can manage such " a plan in a way that I thoroughly approve. I have, you know, " a strong, and I think a well grounded dislike to schools in " general; yet I think it is useful, at the age the dear urchin " has now attained, to mix a little with youths whose situations " and views in life may be similar to his own. What I should " most like, would be for Tom to sleep under your roof (if that " may be convenient to you), and to consider himself, in the " day-time, as a boarder with Mr. ———, if that good-natured " man, as Tom calls him, would like, upon moderate terms, to " receive such a charge.

" You will easily believe, that I must sacrifice no small por- " tion of my own enjoyment of life, to such a plan; yet the more " I have of late revolved it in my thoughts, the more I am per-

" suaded I ought to do so; for although the dear little fellow is
" extremely good, and very happy with me, yet as my infirmities
" may probably increase, to render me less and less of a play-
" fellow and agreeable companion to him, it becomes, I think,
" more and more incumbent on me to prefer his advantage, and
" the delight he will naturally have (and which he certainly
" ought to have) in cultivating younger friendships, to my se-
" questered gratification in seeing him the constant associate of
" my solitude.

" I had once an idea of taking him abroad in the next Au-
" tumn; but upon deliberate reflection I am persuaded it will
" be better for us both to employ two or three years more in
" steady application in our own country, before we set forth on
" our travels; particularly as extreme ill luck has attended me
" in various dramatic expectations, and, after sacrificing much
" time and trouble in vain, I have at length discreetly resolved
" to waste no more on visions of the stage."

Parts of Mrs. Hayley's reply to this suggestion are so admirable, that justice to the memory of that fair sufferer seems to require their insertion here.

" Derby, *March* 28, 1792.

" I cannot express how truly I am flattered by your idea of
" making me the guardian of a charge so valuable, though our
" kind Mrs. Beridge, with whom I had a long conversation this
" morning upon the subject of our dear boy, affirms that I have

" some claim to such a compliment. I am also gratified by the " little man's inclination to visit me again. There is a clergyman " of whom you have before heard me speak, Mr. Ward, who " takes only twelve, under whose care I should greatly wish " him, were you out of the kingdom. I would then readily do " all that a mother ought to do; but in the present circum- " stances, I should very reluctantly undertake such a charge at " a distance from you; and I cannot help taking the liberty of " reminding you, what your feelings were, when he was only " absent from you a few weeks, and what they would probably " be when you had parted with him for months: how often " would you say with the Prince in the Winter's Tale,

' —— If at home,
' He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
' He makes a July's day short as December.'

" I should dread the effect his absence would have upon your " imagination, though I can suppose you sometimes find his " company inconvenient to you, and it may perhaps altogether " be more for his advantage to associate with companions of " his own age, unless you could afford more leisure to converse " with him, and then, I must own, I should consider his situ- " ation with you as preferable to any you could choose for him. " Mr. F., to whom I applied for the terms of Mr. Ward, (as his " son M. was with Mr. W. previous to his going to College), " says, were he in your situation, he would place Tom at the " new academy at Hackney, as he is of opinion that the sci-

" ences are better taught by the Dissenters than in our schools. " You perceive I have been active in my enquiries to furnish " you with all the intelligence possible. I shall rejoice to hear " that you have determined, in this anxious business, to your " satisfaction."

The poet seems to have been environed by troubles at the time, from the failure of literary projects, and the variations of his own tender health. Part of his reply to Mrs. Hayley's letter will forcibly shew his anxiety concerning his disciple.

" EARTHAM, *April* 8, 1792.

" There is great weight as well as kindness in what you say, " concerning both the pleasure to me, and the advantage to " himself, that the dear little urchin's continued residence with " me may afford; and I fancy I shall revolve a thousand pro- " jects for him in my thoughts, before I bring myself to accom- " plish our separation even for a year, which I yet think might, " in some points of view, prove very profitable to both, though " few experiments for juvenile improvement produce all the " advantages they at first seem to promise."

Variety of vexation had much impaired the health of Hayley, and his mind appears to have been very painfully agitated, at this time, by an inclination that this restless correspondent at Derby expressed to visit the coast of Sussex. His letters conjure her, with great vehemence of entreaty, to relinquish a project so likely to be a source of pain to both, and particularly to

interrupt the tranquillity of his studies. The pitiable lady sacrificed her intention to the severe, yet affectionate remonstrance of her husband.

The year 1792 is memorable in the life of Alphonso for having introduced to him two new friends, of different ages, for whom he soon felt a very just and lively regard, especially for the elder, no less a personage than Cowper the poet. The father of Alphonso had been induced to visit the bard of Weston, by incidents which he has related in his Life of Cowper. During his short excursion for that purpose, he had stationed his disciple, as a visitor, where he was ever most welcome, in the house of his highly esteemed medical friend, William Guy, of Chichester. On his return, he brought to Alphonso, in one and the same person, a fellow-student, a pupil, and a preceptor. This riddle will be explained by the following extract from his letter to Derby.

"EARTHAM, *October* 21, 1792.

"I thought I had long ago related to you the manner in "which I was induced to bring home from the village where "Cowper resides, an interesting youth, who, like myself, had "been afflicted with great illness in his childhood. It hap-"pened that in my search for an electrical machine, to try its "medical powers on Mrs. Unwin, I became acquainted with a "good woman and her son, who had an electrical apparatus. "The youth brought this, for our service, to Cowper's, and "daily acted there, as my electrical assistant. His father,

" whom Cowper described to me as a very worthy, intelligent,
" but unfortunate man, of the gentlest manners, was then en-
" gaged in a distant excursion of unsuccessful business. The
" lad asked me, if I could recommend him to any situation as a
" clerk in London, as he writes a very good hand, is deep in
" arithmetic, and nobly wished to be no longer an expensive
" burthen to his parents. It struck me, that he might be very
" useful in teaching Tom what he had himself learned so well,
" and by a literary commerce, might acquire more Latin and
" some Greek from his disciple.

" I consulted Cowper on my idea: he thought it a happy one
" for both the lads, and speaks so much in favour of Tom the
" elder, and his parents, that I brought him hither, both as a
" preceptor and a pupil to the younger Tom; and I think the
" project seems to answer my expectation, as the boys are very
" good friends, and contribute, I trust, to each other's im-
" provement. Tom the elder is, with some singularities, a very
" good lad; his age is between fourteen and fifteen."

It was in the early part of the summer, that Hayley returned with this young student from Weston. In the autumn, Cowper and his aged infirm companion, Mrs. Unwin, had great delight in finding that the project of social study for these two interesting boys was happily realized to general satisfaction. They both endeared themselves to the great poet, by the tender incessant attention they paid to the infirmities of his good old lady, who pleasantly called them her pair of young

griffins, as it was their daily exercise and delight to draw this venerable cripple round the hill of Eartham, in a commodious garden chair, on four wheels. Cowper was singularly pleased with the surprising scholarship, and early display of mental powers, in the little Alphonso, and conceived an affection for him parentally tender, which the juvenile scholar, young as he was, very justly valued, and as cordially returned. On the morning when the bard of Weston departed from Eartham, Alphonso, in spite of bad weather, attended him to the distance of a mile from the village. Their parting was peculiarly tender, and not without a shower of mutual tears.

The year 1793 opened with a severe affliction, in which the young Alphonso sympathized with his affectionate father, who describes the loss they both sustained in the following letter

TO MRS. HAYLEY.

"EARTHAM, *June* 27, 1793.

"You have probably seen in the newspaper, the death of "the very amiable friend and physician, whose destiny has, "since I wrote to you, filled my heart and soul with solicitude "and sorrow. Dr. Austin was the man to whose very liberal "kindness I was indebted for the salutary present of that "domestic bath, of which, I believe, I gave you some account "in one of my late letters. The circumstance of having my "own health so recently benefited by his kind and generous "attention to me, has made me feel his sickness, and his death

" with a poignancy of affection, that no words can fully express. " Ordinary vexations are hardly felt, when we labour under " the heavier affliction of losing such a friend as I have just " lost :—a loss that I doubly feel, and on Tom's account " more than my own; as I had flattered myself with a prospect " of introducing him into the profession in which I wish him " to be distinguished, under the kind auspices of a man, whom " I regarded as an ornament to that most liberal profession.

" Austin has left some young children, and a wife soon " expecting the birth of a sixth. I fear he died in consequence " of neglecting himself too long, in his tender solicitude for " his patients. Poor Tom shed tears with me on our mutual " loss. He, thank Heaven! as youth should not feel affliction " too deeply, is revived in spirits. It will be some time before " I can recover from the depressing effect of a loss so bitter, " and so unexpected."

Many circumstances had conspired to render the death of this highly accomplished, and amiable man, singularly affecting to Alphonso and his father. When they were in London together, Hayley had introduced his disciple to his friend, and imparted to him the project he then cherished of making the youth a physician. Dr. Austin, who had a rigid eye for reading human characters, was charmed with his new friend, and when he took leave of him in Cecil Street, at his own door, he said to the boy, in the kindest manner imaginable, " Well, when you begin to practise, age will render it

proper for me to retire; and, remember, that I absolutely depend upon you as my successor in this house."

How little, when these kind words were uttered, did the person, in whose presence they passed, imagine what a different destiny would attend both the flourishing physician and the blooming scholar, whom he so cordially wished to succeed him.

The calamitous fate of this accomplished and justly-valued friend, had probably great influence in leading Hayley to relinquish his favourite plan of making his son a physician. Alphonso might have proved, like Austin, a signal ornament to a profession abounding in graceful and liberal characters. He would have resembled him very much in mild penetration, in magnanimous industry, in delicate and fascinating manners; and he might probably have lost his life, had he been a physician, as the excellent Austin did, by neglecting the care of his own health, when very interesting patients engrossed his attention. Alphonso was destined to another line of life, and the seeds of the striking talent, which fixed him in it, began to attract the notice of his father, in the year of which I am now giving an account, 1793.

Alphonso, who had enjoyed the pleasure of seeing Romney painting or drawing at Eartham, in every autumn since his birth, had long admired his genius; he now began to draw a little himself, in a childish manner, and chiefly landscape, a propensity increased by the society and commendation of that very amiable, but unfortunate artist, Hodges, who passed

a week at Eartham in the early part of this year; and being very fond of children, and struck with the various accomplishments of the little Alphonso, encouraged him to exercise his infantine pencil. That encouragement was considerably enforced by similar kindnesses from another friend of his father, an artist also of admirable talents, and a most friendly spirit, the sequestered, yet industrious Wright, of Derby. But it is time to relate the incidents which led Alphonso to an acquaintance with that very amiable man, who had no little share in giving that important impulse to the mind of his young friend which made him also an artist.

Mrs. Hayley, who took great pleasure in cultivating a juvenile and laudable ambition in Alphonso, had written to him an account of some young students, in the academy of her friend and neighbour, in the North, the Rev. Mr. Ward. Alphonso wrote the following reply:

"EARTHAM, *July* 14, 1793.

"I feel myself infinitely obliged to you for your kind letter, "in which you give me so agreeable an account of the youth-"ful oratory by which you have been so highly entertained. "I wish very much that I had been there, either as a spectator "or an orator, although I think I should have been much "more at my ease in the former character; for I should "be afraid lest I should not act the part of an orator with "*éclat.*"

Another extract from a letter of Alphonso's father to Mrs.

Hayley, of the same date, will shew the influence of these petty circumstances on the minds of both.

" Apropos of Eloquence! your kind history of the young " orators seems, I think, by the letter that Tom has just " shewn me (which is every syllable his own) to have made " a desirable impression on his fancy, and if your friend, Mr. " Ward, would allow my young disciple to visit him for a " month or two, and permit me to pay according to the rate " of what he receives annually from his settled scholars, I " should be inclined to let Tom pay his respects to you in " the North, this autumn, on this plan, which you might find " less troublesome than the receiving him under your own " roof for the whole time of his excursion.

" I am the more disposed to wish such a measure for him, " as we have lately neglected elocution, as I mentioned in " my last, and I think he should have some intercourse with " various young persons of elegant manners; I shall therefore " change my system a little, very soon. I intend, if I can any " way afford such an expedition, to carry my Life of Milton " to Cowper's, in the autumn, and if so, I shall certainly take " Tom with me, not only for the sake of gratifying him with " a few days under the wing of my kind brother bard, but " as the most agreeable and commodious manner of conveying " him through the greatest part of his journey to the North; " if you and Mr. Ward are as well inclined to see him there, " as I am to wish that he may receive the advantages which I " think he would derive from such an agreeable project."

Many circumstances conspired to favour this project, particularly, the very kind manner in which Cowper had pressed his young admirer, both personally and by letter, to visit him at Weston. They had corresponded this year, and although one of the boy's two letters to his illustrious friend has been admitted into Cowper's Life, they are both entitled to a place in this work, which is intended only for such readers as may be inclined to take particular interest in the early productions of a child, whose talents and virtues being cultivated with an uncommon portion of paternal care, and rewarding, in the highest degree, that delightful cultivation, may, by means of this minute and faithful narrative, induce other parents to engage in the domestic instruction of their children, and thus, to apply an apposite verse, translated by Cowper, from Milton,

" Improve the fathers of a distant age."

The tender and sublime poet of Weston considered the two following letters, written to him by his young friend of Eartham, at so early an age (between twelve and thirteen) as striking proofs of his own favourite doctrine in favour of domestic education. He had himself requested the Liliputian scholar to criticise his Homer, and send his remarks on it to Weston.

TO WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

"EARTHAM, *March* 4, 1793.

"Honoured King of Bards,

"Since you deign to demand the observations of an humble "and inexperienced servant of yours, on a work of one who "is so much his superior (as he is ever ready to serve you "with all his might) behold what you demand! but let me "desire you not to censure me for my unskilful, and perhaps "(as they will undoubtedly appear to you) ridiculous obser- "vations, but be so kind as to receive them as a mark of "respect and affection from

"Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS HAYLEY."

BOOK.	LINE.	
i.	184, 195, 196	I cannot reconcile myself to these expressions, viz. "Ass clothed with impudence, &c. shameless wolf, and face of flint."
i.	508	"Dishonoured foul," is, in my opinion, an uncleanly expression.
i.	651	"Reel'd," I think, makes it appear as if Olympus was drunk.
i.	749	"Kindler of the fires in Heaven," I think, makes Jupiter too much like a lamplighter.
ii.	317 to 319	These lines are, in my opinion, below the elevated genius of Mr. Cowper.
ii.	300 to 304	This appears to me rather Irish, since in line 300, you say "No one sat," and in 304 "Polydorus rose."

TO THE SAME.

" Eartham, *April* 26, 1793.

" Great King of Bards,

" Since you have honoured me with the name of your best " critic, which so highly flattered me, I am become still more " ambitious of gaining your attention, and as you said in your " last kind letter to papa, that you were writing notes on " Homer, I took it into my little head that a thin Latin and " Greek book, printed in 1745, and intitled 'Incerti Scriptoris " fabulæ aliquot Homericæ de Ulixis erroribus,' would be of " use to you. I should be much obliged to you to tell me if " you have such a book; if not, and you wish to see it, I will " send it you. Pray present my respects to Mrs. Unwin, and " tell her that her little steeds would be happy to draw her " again round Eartham Hill. I rejoice to hear you are well " enough to be so busy about Homer; pray accept my sincere " wishes for your health, and believe me ever,

" Your obliged humble servant,

" T. Hayley."

The very great affectionate veneration which the young scholar had conceived for Cowper, made him delight in the prospect of visiting Weston on his road to Derby.

In writing to his correspondent there, in September, Hayley said, " It pleases me to hear that your worthy friend Mr. Ward " was pleased with my reply to his obliging letter. I sympathize " with you in the hope and persuasion that the dear fairy may

" profit much by an occasional connexion with so amiable an in-
" structor; and I flatter myself that when you see your young
" visitor in October, you will think him pleasantly advanced
" towards the acquisition of a becoming manly character."

In another letter, he says,

" You are very kind in all you say concerning my idea of
" Tom's passing a little time with your friend, Mr. Ward, which
" perhaps I may not be able to manage to the extent you seem
" to think I designed. I find by a letter just received from my
" dear tender-hearted Cowper, (who really delights in the com-
" panionable qūalities of Tom) that he appears to promise him-
" self high gratification from having Tom's society during my
" stay with him. You will be the less surprised at this, when I
" add, that he calls Tom ' the very best of his critics;' and for
" the credit of the urchin, I must say, he made a few excellent
" remarks on the dear bard's Homer, which he (the bard) is
" now correcting for a new edition. It was my intention to let
" Tom remain with me, only two or three days, at Weston, as I
" conceived his presence might be troublesome; but if Cowper
" really wishes him to make a literary trio with us, you will pro-
" bably think, that the urchin may derive more improvement,
" and more mental energy, from such an indulgence, than he
" can gain even by a few months residence in any juvenile aca-
" demy. At all events, he shall pay his respects to you for
" some little time. My chief reason for thinking of introducing
" him under the roof of Mr. Ward, was to make his visit to you
" (if I found it expedient for him to remain some weeks in the

"North) not burthensome to you in any shape; and I meant, if "Mr. Ward would have the goodness to receive him in so irre- "gular a manner, it should be merely as a visitor, and not as a "settled disciple; though I wished to pay the proper pecuniary "compliment for the advantage he would gain by such a visit, "and to give Mr. Ward as much authority over his guest, for "the purposes of instruction or conduct, as any preceptor can "wish. Whenever you see your friend, you may mention my "idea, as a proof of my esteem for his preceptorial character, "whether time and chance may allow me to realize it or not.

"I am confident Mr. Ward has sensibility enough to pardon "even excessive and troublesome inquietude, in a person whose "preceptorial attention has been so long devoted to a darling "object, whom he cannot confide to the care of any one, even "for a short time, without singular anxiety. I am resolved, "however, to grow as philosophical as possible on this point, "and if, on a little experiment, you find Tom is likely to de- "rive considerable advantage from a longer residence in the "academy of your friend, I may possibly give a striking proof "of my resolution, by relinquishing the comfort and delight of "my little fellow student's society for a whole *quarter of a year*. "There's an heroic suggestion for you! but, to confess the truth, "I almost tremble at the boldness of this idea; yet the ten- "derest of hearts are the most resolute on great occasions, and "I flatter myself I shall never fail to do whatever I am clearly "convinced may be most beneficial for the object of my care; "but what *that* may really be, it is impossible to decide, with-

" out brief experiments. I have the pleasure to assure you, the " dear little fellow, of whom I have been talking so long, is " perfectly well at present, and joins me in every kind wish " to you."

The future pages of this work will abundantly prove that both the father and the son possessed in no common degree that mild fortitude which consists in sacrificing selfish feelings to the interest and honour of those we love.

I may now properly close the first part of this memorial, with an event that forms a striking epoch in the brief, yet busy, and not inglorious life of the young Alphonso; I mean, his setting forth from the scene of his early education, under an affectionate father, to mix a little with a juvenile world, hitherto unknown to him.

The travellers had appointed October, for their journey; they did not set forth till after the birthday of the beloved disciple, and on the eve of that memorable day he received from his father the following poem.

A LITTLE ODE

INSCRIBED TO A LITTLE MAN,

(Sufficiently great in the eye of the Author.)

Written on the eve of his attaining the age of thirteen.

OCTOBER, 1793.

" DEAR boy, endow'd with early sense,
" To-morrow let thy childhood end,
" Let manhood's dearest rights commence,
" And choose me for thy bosom friend.

" For thee, my pupil, since thy birth,
" Of years now adding six to seven,
" I 've lived a hermit's life on earth,
" And much for thee frequented Heaven.

" To-day, with hopes unchill'd by tears,
" The fond preceptor prays in rhyme,
" That Heaven may make thy riper years
" Most worthy of thy vernal prime.

" Bless'd, if thy virtues, as they shoot,
" Exemplify a moral truth,
" And shew felicity the fruit
" Of duly cultivated youth.

" To make the future like the past,
" May be a vain parental vow,
" For that such halcyon days will last,
" Mortality can scarce allow.

" Dark ills, to thee not known by name,
" On thy advancing life may fall,
" But take, for thy dear dauntless frame,
" A shield, of proof against them all.

" O learn from me, o'er grief and harm
" Religion's empire to maintain;
" Her mild endurance can disarm
" The fierce hostility of pain.

" A charm that livelier zeal awakes
" By this bright guardian is possess'd;
" From sorrow's cup the gall she takes,
" And gives to joys a richer zest.

" So may'st thou prove her bounteous worth,
" Dear spotless votary at her shrine,
" So relish the prime sweets of earth,
" Endear'd to thee as gifts divine.

" Thou to thyself these precepts suit!
" Armour to grace thee, or defend!
" And when thy poet's lyre is mute,
" Find in his verse a bosom friend!"

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART THE SECOND.

At tibi Pieriæ tenero sub pectore curæ,
Et pudor, et docti legem sibi dicere mores;
Tunc hilaris probitas, et frons tranquilla, nitorque
Luxuriæ confine timens, pietasque per omnes
Dispensata modos.

STATIUS, Sylv. Lib. v.

To visit a poet so illustrious as Cowper, and to reside a few months in a northern academy, appeared great events to the young sprightly scholar of Eartham, and prevented his feeling any melancholy sensation in bidding adieu to that favourite spot, especially as he quitted it in the society of his father. It was their felicity and their pride to prove, in all seasons, most agreeable companions to each other.

A letter to Mrs. Hayley at Derby, dated October 21, 1793, gives the following account of their arrival at Weston:

"I hasten to inform you that we reached the dear bard of "Weston last night, and found him as well as a very feeling "mortal can be, who is watching with affectionate care a life "inexpressibly valuable to him, and suspended by a thread so "singularly worn, that its duration is wonderful.

"We are tolerably well after our journey, and the dear "little traveller has supported his fatigue better than I ex- "pected, for, unfortunately, he was somewhat of an invalid "just before we began to prepare for our excursion, and his "indisposition afflicted me the more, as I was chiefly the cause "of it. In my zeal to blend for him as much pleasure and "improvement as I could, before he departed from the South, "I suffered him to attend some lectures of Walker, the "respectable philosopher, at Chichester, and also to bathe "at Felpham. His spirit carried him beyond his strength, "in daily exercise, and for a few days he alarmed me much "with symptoms of fever, and a severe headache, but season- "able care has (I thank Heaven) so far restored him, that "he suffered but little from one fatiguing day in London, "and, I trust, about a week's rest here will make him as "stout as we can wish. He is at present perfectly free "from pain, and indeed from all appearance of illness, "except a degree of languor and internal chilliness, which "is not usual with him, and which I attribute, partly to "his late disorder, and partly to those sensations of the "heart, which naturally belong to a youth, on the point "of removing, for the first time, to a considerable dis- "tance from the nest in which he has been reared. We "are too manly, however, to allow any undue influence to "those sensations."

A subsequent letter to the same lady describes the young traveller's recovery, and employment at Weston.

" He has been very well (I thank Heaven) since he got some " comfortable rest, in this quiet, and friendly retreat. He has " also been honoured with the occupation of transcribing cor- " rections of the English Homer, for our dear bard of Weston, " and I hope we shall dispatch him to you, quite himself, the " beginning of next week. He is bold, and economical enough " to wish that I would save a few shillings, in letting him pro- " ceed alone, by some chance carriage, to Northampton, where " he must sleep, and be ready for the mail-coach, between five " and six in the morning; but as he has been so lately an invalid, " I shall send him, I believe, with an attendant in a chaise. I " flatter myself, he may find the little academy of Mr. Ward so " pleasing and so advantageous a situation, that I shall, per- " haps, be contented to let him remain there for three, or " possibly for six months; and, as his primary object, in " travelling to the North, is to pay his tender respects to you, " I decidedly wish him to visit you exactly as you yourself may " think most for your pleasure and convenience; and to pay " such attention to his books, as you, I am confident, will " kindly recommend to him."

The father of Alphonso, perfectly conscious of the extreme solicitude with which Mrs. Hayley had cultivated his early childhood, and of her affectionate desire to see him rendered, by the most careful education, an accomplished character, was anxious to indulge her in her wish. In doing so, he was obliged to combat his own tenderness, for, satisfied as he was in regard to the intelligent care that he knew she would

take of her young visitor, his own delight in the daily society of this engaging disciple was so great, that to part with him for months, was, in truth, an effort of painful resolution.

That it was so, appears forcibly in the following close of the letter last quoted. That letter had been kept open for the arrival of the post from Derby, and, in his instant reply, Hayley said,—

"As your kind letter expresses a desire to see your little "visitant so soon, and as my parting from him is something like "a chirurgical operation, and the sooner it is over the better, "we have decided to dispatch him this very day. I will write "again very soon, when I hope to have more tranquillity of "head and heart than I possess in this moment, of bidding my "dear disciple adieu." In his next letter to the same correspondent, the father says,—

"I dispatched my dear disciple so speedily on your kind "summons, that I had neither time nor tranquillity enough to "thank you, as I ought, for the considerate kindness of all "your plan to render his arrival and settlement in a new sys-"tem both pleasant and profitable. You will easily believe, "that I felt his departure like the amputation of a limb. "It was painful enough to both, and indeed, as the feeling "Cowper observed, 'It would have done our hearts no credit "to have bid adieu to each other, without a pang of tenderness "and regret.'"

Several incidents conspired to make this parting peculiarly

tender, and one in which Homer himself appears to give new poignancy to all the sensations it produced. On sending Alphonso in a chaise to Northampton, his father rode with him a little way to avoid the visible pain of parting at Cowper's door. In walking back to the house of his friend, after receiving the last embrace of his child, he endeavoured to tranquillize his agitated heart, and return with a serene countenance, but as he chanced to pass through the garden, in his way to the house, the Greek verse, inscribed, at his own suggestion, under the bust of Homer,—

Ὡς τε πατὴρ φ παιδὶ καὶ ἔποτε λήσομαι αὐτῶν.

caught his eye, and struck so forcibly on his heart, by seeming to re-echo all its present sensations, that he instantly burst into tears, and has often said that he never wept more profusely than from the sudden occasional influence of this very sweet and simple verse. It appears that he had given Alphonso an account of the incident, in writing to him from Weston, by the following letter of the young traveller.

" *Tuesday Morn, October* 29, 1793.

" My very dear Papa,

" I write to thank you both for my own and Mamma's letter, " and to tell you that I am perfectly well and free from cold, " for I know you are no less anxious than I am about your " distant friends. Pray give my love to Mr. Cowper, and " tell him that I have not half the pleasure in dancing minuets,

" as I had when at work for him. I can conceive what were " your feelings on reading the Greek verse, upon Homer's " pedestal, by my own on reading it in your letter. Be assured " that among all my sprightly and young associates, you are " not forgotten

" By your most affectionate

" T. H."

Mrs. Hayley was extremely anxious to make the visit of the young travelling scholar to her conduce, as much as possible, to his various improvement. For this purpose, she wished him to reside chiefly in the rural academy of her highly esteemed friend, Mr. Ward, in the village of Mickleover, and to walk to Derby, occasionally, every week, for the advantage of learning to dance, and of studying Italian with her. His father was solicitous to hear how he liked a scene so new to him, as an academy, and requested an account of his literary associates.

His answer to this request affords a lively proof of his early discernment, and early powers of describing what he observed. I will only transcribe from it his brief, but impressive character of Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, an amiable youth of fifteen, whom Alphonso regarded as the flower of the flock, and of whom he said, speaking of him according to his position in the academy, " The third is good-nature itself, but has bad health; " he is a very good Grecian, and is my favourite."

It was a gratification to Alphonso's father to find, that by

sacrificing his own pleasure in the society of his darling disciple, he highly gratified the wishes of Mrs. Hayley, in making her a witness, and a promoter of the young traveller's improvement. He had also the satisfaction of thinking that this long excursion would be both amusing and instructive to his disciple, without diminishing that very tender and truly filial attachment which he never ceased to shew towards his parental preceptor. The following letter displays the vivacity and the force of that invaluable attachment.

"DERBY, *November* 29, 1793.

"My very dear Papa,

"You will be glad to hear that Mamma was well enough "to come to our dancing-master's ball, which went off plea- "santly. Next week I shall begin to study, and continue to "do so till the holidays.

"I have now a question to ask you, which is, whether you "will give me leave to go hunting with Mr. Pole and Mr. "Mundy French, who says he will lend me a safe pony, and "take great care of me, at my leisure hours, if I stay in this "country, though I had much rather be by your side, and "leaping over trees in our north wood.

"I do not study so hard at Mr. Ward's as I do at dear "Eartham, for I cannot attend so much to my own lesson as "I should do, when surrounded by other boys, who are some- "times playing, or laughing, or talking. My business is this; "we rise at seven, and work till eight, in which time I get by

" heart a repetition from Virgil, about ten lines; then we " breakfast, and work till half-past eleven. In that time, " I get a dozen lines of Xenophon perfectly to construe and " parse. We here construe Greek, first into Latin, and then " into English, till two, when we dine, we run about, or do " any thing, so as we do but exercise ourselves, which Mr. " Ward wishes us to do above all things: after dinner I get " about thirty or forty lines of Sallust to construe, and I have " all the other part of the evening to myself, which I generally " spend in getting my next day's lesson, and in learning to " play upon the fife. Fitzherbert will now soon go away, " to my great sorrow; he departs before the holidays.

" Believe me ever

" Your most affectionate

" T. H.

" ' For distance only cannot change the heart.' "

Few books admit the letters of so young a writer, but even the hasty billets of this little student discover so much heart and soul, that if a reader has any heart himself, he can hardly fail to take an interest in them, and I shall therefore insert in this Memoir a few more of the letters that he wrote, during his long visit to the North.

MICKLEOVER, *Dec.* 1793.

" My very dear Papa,

" I am very *very* glad to hear that you are safely arrived at the " sweet peaceful Eartham, and that you found all well, which, " I am sorry to say, I am not quite myself. I long to have a " ride with you on my favourite little Bruno, in the quiet woods " about Eartham.

" I rejoice to find that you approve so much of your name- " sake, William Meyer. I should rather have his company " in the holidays, as we could then both study together, and " Mr. Ward could attend to us more. I think I shall have " completed the errand (if I may use such an expression) in " these last weeks before the holidays, on which you sent me " to Mr. Ward's; at least, if I understand what your inten- " tions were in sending me hither, as I think I do.

" As M. G. of Derby says, that he can, at his leisure hours, " give me a few lessons in drawing, and then I may go to his " house and see him paint, whenever I like, I think a good deal " of my holiday time might be spent in that way, which would " be both pleasing and improving to me. Some also, in visit- " ing with Mamma, to attain politeness, and some, in studying " Italian with her, who is as desirous of knowing that language " as myself; not forgetting to spend some also with my young " friends; and then, not very long after, I hope I shall spend " some with my old bosom-friend,

" Believe me ever

" Your most affectionate

" T. H."

The young traveller had been seriously indisposed with a stomachic complaint, that molested him for some time after his arrival in the North. In a letter of his father to Mrs. Hayley, his paternal feelings on the occasion are thus expressed:

"*Dec.* 22, 1793.

"Till the last account of him arrived, I was most wretchedly "anxious indeed. I *felt*, but I *bore* his absence very well, on "my first re-settlement with my solitary books. When I found "that in his new situation, his health and his spirits were for-"saking him, I endured inexpressible depression myself; but, "thanks to Heaven, with your kind attention he is revived, and "his revival gives me also new life. I greatly approve of your "plan for the holidays."

Nothing could be more affectionate than the incessant attention that Mrs. Hayley exerted to promote the health, pleasure, and improvement of her beloved little visitor, in every becoming acquisition: and on his recovery he applied himself with new energy to every thing that could attract the spirit of a youth,

"Who means to be of note."

His father had acquainted him with the singular incident, concerning a version of the beautiful paternal prayer, that Homer has assigned to his Trojan favourite in the sixth book of the Iliad. After telling him that Cowper, Lord Thurlow, and himself had vainly tried to execute a translation of this exquisite prayer, to their general satisfaction, he requested his dear

young disciple to try his juvenile powers in a new version of it, and to send him also a copy of those translations in blank verse, from the Epistles of Horace, which Alphonso had written at Eartham, and carried with him to the North.

To this request the young Scholar replied as follows:

"*January* 2, 1794.

" This being Christmas, we are engaged every day, so that I " have hardly any time to myself; but I will find some time " very soon, to try to translate the prayer, though it appears " very formidable, since three such great men have preceded " me. I have begun transcribing my translations of Horace's " Epistles, and will send you one as soon as I have done it."

" *January* 6, 1794.

" My very dear Papa,

" As I have not yet returned to Mickleover, (though I go on " Tuesday), I have obtained a frank of our friend Mr. Parker " Coke, and send you the first Epistle according to your desire. " I will finish the rest at Mickleover, and send them. I have " done my best to translate the prayer, and I hope it will meet " with your approbation: here it is.

" Jove, and ye, Gods, grant also he may prove
" My son, like me, most powerful in Troy.
" May he rule Ilium with his mighty sway,
" And let them say 'much better than his sire.'
" Returning from the fight, may he bear off
" The sanglant spoils of all his enemies,
" And may his mother in her heart rejoice.

" Your letter to Mr. Wright I delivered to his daughter, who " happened to be with us when it arrived, and he has since been " so good as to give me a few instructions in drawing."

A cordial friendship had long existed between Wright, the admirable painter, of Derby, and the father of Alphonso; but the latter in writing to his friend, had only requested him to gratify the little traveller with the permission of sometimes passing a leisure hour in his painting-room, and with the indulgence of seeing him exercise his pencil. The amiable artist, with that warm benevolence which formed a striking part of his character, went beyond the request of his old friend; and being more and more pleased with the intelligence, spirit, and docility of his little visitor, spontaneously bestowed on him such repeated instructions as perfectly awakened in him a passion and a genius for Art, which being afterwards inspirited by the affectionate encouragement of his father, of Romney, and of Flaxman, ultimately changed his very early professional destination, from medicine to sculpture.

Of such a change in his projected line of life, his father had as yet no idea; for in writing to Mrs. Hayley, on the 22d January 1794, he says, in reply to a letter of hers, in which she had cheerfully said of her young scholar, that he expected great amusement from the speeches of counsel on the approaching assizes, at Derby, and that he was himself a special pleader in acuteness of argument:

" I rejoice, afflicted as I am by the recent death of Gibbon, " in your kind and good tidings of Tom, who, ingenious as I

" allow him to be in an argument, will not, I trust, attach him-
" self to Themis, by deserting a goddess of graces less severe,
" and in whose honourable service he is more likely to be pros-
" perous and happy. Heaven grant he may be a constant
" votary, and a powerful prime minister of Hygeia!"

In the next month, however, the new vision of future professional prosperity for this highly promising youth, began to unfold itself to the fancy of his anxious and sanguine father. Writing to Mrs. Hayley, in February 1794, he says,

" I am infinitely pleased with the first fruits of the little man's
" northern pencil, and charmed with the kindness of my friend
" Wright, in condescending to instruct such an urchin.

" Tom indeed seems to have the fine arts inclined to smile
" upon him in a very endearing manner; for that excellent artist
" Flaxman, who has greatly distinguished himself by his ta-
" lents at Rome, expressed himself in these very engaging words
" in his last letter concerning our dear little student:

' If, as you say, you have not quite determined to make him
' a physician, and if you think he has talents for the fine arts,
' shew yourself my friend indeed, and accept my offer as frankly
' as I make it. Send him to me! I will instruct him in all the
' little I know, and it shall not cost you a farthing. You shall
' provide his board and lodging in the manner most agreeable
' to yourselves. The education he should have under me,
' would be a theory and practice of art and science, to make
' him profound in his profession, and not a drudge for the
' interest of his master. In your absence, I will be his father,

'and my dear Nancy promises to look to his morals. Think 'seriously of this, and remember, as soon as I arrive in England, 'I am ready to make my offer good: this, with the permission 'of Providence, will be in a very few months.'

"I am so delighted with the kindness of this friendly "sculptor, that although I still think of making the dear boy a "physician, if I can contrive to support the heavy expenses "of medical education; yet Tom shall occasionally visit, and "draw anatomical figures with him. You wish to know what "time I meditate for my dear disciple's departure from the "North. If I should be able to pass a few days in London, "at the end of May, for the sake of seeing the Flaxmans on "their return, I may wish him to meet me there at that "time."

In March, a letter to the same correspondent, continues to say, "I am pleased with Tom's progress in drawing, and "think he really will have talents to make a great artist, if "he chooses to be a sculptor, instead of a physician; but "of this, perhaps, time and chance, which happen to all men, "must decide."

The father, who found it required no trifling effort of resolution to inflict upon himself the pains of a very long absence from a child of a character so singularly endearing, and to whom his own life had for several years been incessantly devoted, now began to grow impatient for the delight of having his disciple and fellow student once more by his side; especially as circumstances arose under which he hoped to

find in this engaging youth a very useful assistant towards soothing the dejected spirits of their favourite friend, the incomparable Cowper. The exhortation of Cowper's neighbour, Mr. Greatheed, had induced the father of Alphonso to pay a sudden visit to that most interesting sufferer; an event of which the following letter to Mrs. Hayley gives a particular account.

"*Wednesday, April* 16, 1794.

"My dear Eliza,

"A sudden and very unexpected call to Weston, from "some afflicted friends of the dear unhappy Cowper, has "hurried me into Buckinghamshire.

"I arrived at Weston about three hours ago, and had the "grief to find my invaluable friend in such a state of extreme "mental dejection, that even my arrival did not appear to "afford him a particle of immediate comfort; but, as I ven-"tured to tell him, he will find the advantage of my arrival, "not instantaneous, but slow and gradual, yet certain. Heaven "grant I may speak truth in this bold and friendly assertion! "At all events, I must endeavour to cheer him, and my "presence here, for a week or two, will certainly afford some "little relief to the excellent Lady Hesketh. Nothing could "be more unseasonable to myself, in point of personal con-"venience; as, in the first place, I was forced to borrow money "for the expenses of my journey; and secondly, to bring Jenny "as my attendant, having been recently obliged to send poor

" Mary to London, because she had fallen into a state of mind " little superior to that of the dear unhappy Cowper, to whom, " indeed, she has often compared herself, for constitutional " melancholy.

" Thus loaded with afflictions of different kinds, I derive a " ray of enlivening comfort from the idea that I shall delight " Tom with the prospect of receiving him here again, on the " spot where we parted, and have the satisfaction of escorting " him home under my own wing.

" If it is possible for any human being to amuse the dear " depressed Cowper, I believe that office is reserved for Tom, " and therefore he shall pass some days with me here before I " return, but I will write again, when my own severely agitated " head and heart are a little recovered; in the mean time, be so " kind as to write, and direct to me at Weston, and let me " know what coach you think the best for Tom to travel in " from Derby to Newport Pagnell, where he has a friend in " Mr. Greatheed, at whose house I can most conveniently meet " him, as it is only six miles from Weston.

" I will write to Mr. Ward, in a post or two, to explain the " reason of my wishing to remove the dear student speedily, " and I will address a line to Tom at Mickleover, by the post of " to-day.

" I slept last night at Mr. Greatheed's, because he and I " were of opinion, that it was better to try the effect of my " sudden appearance here in the morning. Indeed I was so " fatigued and harassed by this affecting journey, that had I " attempted the interview last night, Lady Hesketh, as I tell

" her, might have had two distracted poets, instead of one, " under her care; and one is almost too much for mortal powers, " with a heart so feeling as hers. Poor Mrs. Unwin is grown " too helpless herself to help others. I am sorry to sadden " your tender spirit with so deplorable a narrative. Let us " hope, however, that I may gradually relieve the dejected " Cowper. Adieu !"

Mrs. Hayley and her little visitor wrote a joint reply to this letter, and with a kindness that does honour to both.

" DERBY, *April* 18, 1794.

" My dear H.

" I was indeed surprised, and not a little hurried, at the " receipt of your letter yesterday, to think that I may so soon " lose my dear little companion: but he is naturally happy in " the thought of seeing you again so soon. A long letter of " mine (which I conclude will follow you) would tell you it was " my intention to spend Sunday at Mickleover, and bring Tom " back with me, but I could not rest so long. I therefore " exchanged Easter-day for Good-Friday, and we are just " returned together, after such a pleasing day, in all respects, " as has calmed my agitated spirits. Tom is to return again on " Monday evening, if we hear nothing from you that alters " our plan; but I wish to know, as soon as you fix the " time for his departure, that I may enjoy the last days of his " society here. I now resign my pen to him, with every kind " wish to your excellent friend. I am, &c. &c."

"My very dear Papa,

"The unexpected arrival of your letter gave me both "pleasure and pain in the highest degree; pleasure, in the idea "of seeing you so soon again, (which I have wished for long), "and pain to hear such a bad account of Mr. Cowper; but I "hope your presence and conversation will have the same "effect on him as they always have upon me, when any thing "afflicts me. I think the mail is much the best and swiftest "conveyance: it arrives in Newport about nine or ten at night; "but whatever day you fix, you must not be surprised if I do "not come, as I cannot be sure of a place. My heart was so "full, when I received your letter, that I cried with joy, and I "shall do nothing for this last week with the thoughts of "meeting so soon, and on the spot where we parted, the dear "bosom friend,

"Of your ever most affectionate

"T. HAYLEY."

There is yet another billet of this young letter-writer to his father, that seems, from its filial spirit, to claim a place in this work, before I proceed to give an account of their meeting:

"DERBY, *April* 22, 1794.

"My very dear Papa,

"I have bid adieu to Mickleover, and am now ready to "obey your summons; pleasant it will be beyond measure, "though I shall feel some little regret in leaving my friends at

" Derby. I continue to draw, and, you will be glad to hear, " with the approbation of my great master. I shall have a " great collection of performances to shew you, when we meet, " and I hope it will not be long before that happy moment " arrives. I hope to hear soon a better account of our dear " bard of Weston.

" Ever your most affectionate
" T. H."

While the young traveller was preparing to bid adieu to his kind hostess in Derby, his father wrote to that lady the following interesting account of affairs at Weston, to soften her regret in parting with a visitor so endearing.

" Weston, *April* 25, 1794.

" My Dear Eliza,

" Accept the best and most cheerful thanks that a guest " in a house of signal affliction can express for all your infi- " nitely kind attentions. I hope to receive your dear little " student as a comforter, and in some degree a medical as- " sistant, in this most affecting scene. My beloved Cowper, " though frequently rejecting both medicine and food, will " take things from my hand, that he will hardly receive from " any other; and perhaps to his dear little favourite Tom, " he may be still more complying. At all events, I am de- " sirous of seeing the effect Tom's presence will have on our " dear sufferer, who has already, I flatter myself, derived con-

" siderable good from my painful visit. Lord Thurlow, at my " request, has kindly written to Dr. Willis, and we expect soon " to receive such instructions, for the regular domestic regimen " of our dear patient, as may, I trust, most happily restore him " without the bitter necessity of removal. From this, Lady " Hesketh and I entertain great hopes, embarrassed and " thwarted, as we perpetually are, by the bodily and mental " infirmities of poor Mrs. Unwin, who begins, however, (thank " Heaven!) to shew herself more properly sensible of those " efforts of genuine friendship, by which I am trying to render " the most essential service, both to her poor charge, and to " herself.

" But it is time to direct the journey of your visitor: be so " good as to dispatch him by the mail of next Tuesday. It stops " in Newport, at a public-house called *The Neptune,* where " Mr. Greatheed has assured me his servant shall wait, and " escort the little traveller to his house. The friendly divine " will mount his young guest on a fine old horse, and escort " him hither on the following morning. In this village I shall " procure him a sleeping-room, under the care of a very " amiable lady, who sings in a very enchanting style; and you " will enable the little traveller to make the best return in his " power for the civilities which, I am confident, he will receive " from Cowper's favourite musical friend, Mrs. Courtnay and " her husband, if you will kindly furnish him with two or three " of my songs, music and words together. He will hardly have " time to copy them himself, but he will probably find, in

" Derby, some person who copies music for hire, and I shall " most cheerfully pay the expense. The song I particularly " wish her to have is, ' Stay, O stay,' as I think it would parti- " cularly suit her voice.

" She has been so very obliging as to desire I will call on " her to be refreshed by music, whenever I wish it, as she " knows how trying to my shattered nerves the scene of this " house must be; where she calls now and then, to cheer " Lady Hesketh, but without seeing poor Cowper, whom it is " indeed painful to see, and who flies from every visitor, " except Lady Hesketh and myself. I believe I shall be able to " return to the South in two or three days after Tom arrives " here; but should I find my presence absolutely necessary here " a little longer, the dear boy will have most pleasing sources of " amusement for his younger spirit, in the good nature and kind- " ness of Mr. and Mrs. Courtnay, who are disposed to gratify " me with the most engaging marks of regard. They are both " very pleasing companions, and, as you will easily believe, en- " deared to me by their sincere affection for Cowper.

" I am persuaded you will feel depressed by the departure of " your lively little charge; but I shall hope to cheer you by a " more expeditious account of his happy arrival, and of his " utility here. Heaven bless you both!

" Ever your affectionate

" H."

No two human beings ever panted for their reunion with a purer and more fervent degree of reciprocal affection, than this child and parent. The parental feelings of nature were not a little heightened by the scene appointed for the meeting, a point that the following passage in a letter to Mrs. Hayley will sufficiently explain.

"SUNDAY, *April* 27, 1794.

"I am glad that I have fixed Tuesday, the very day you "mention, for the journey of your dear guest, whom indeed I "am so very eager to see, that I would willingly pay the whole "fare of the coach to London, rather than he should be disap- "pointed of a place in it to Newport, on Tuesday. My eager- "ness to see him is increased by the idea that he will be (under "Heaven) the blessed instrument, in some degree, of Cowper's "restoration to social feelings; for he has spoken twice of Tom "in a manner that seems to indicate a wish to see him, a wish "that he cannot form, at present, towards any other human "creature. You may be assured that some kind friends in "this village will take good care of the little man, if I find it "improper for him to be much here, on any account; and in- "deed, I am under a necessity of returning to the South in a "few days after his arrival. Heaven be praised! we think our "dear Cowper assuredly a little better to day."

The next letter to Derby describes the arrival of the young traveller.

" WESTON, *April* 30, 1794.

" I have but a few moments to save the post, but I cannot let " it depart without giving you the satisfaction of being assured " that your dear little guest is arrived in safety at Weston. I " had taken a long walk to meet him in the morning, returned " disappointed and tired, and was expressing the discomfort of " that condition to the good Lady Hesketh, when Mr. Great- " heed entered the parlour, with the dear boy in his hand. " Cowper has seen him and did not shrink from his young visi- " tor, as he does from every creature of full growth, which " encourages my hope from the presence of this diminutive " Æsculapius.

" I have a plan (but Heaven only knows if I shall be able to " effect it) of conveying my dear suffering friend to see Dr. " Willis for a single day, and restoring him again to the ladies " here, with such a system of domestic regimen as they may " manage when I am forced to depart.

" How I succeed in this arduous idea, you shall hear in a " few days; at present I must bid you adieu in extreme haste " and with a very confused head, but a heart full of gratitude " for all your kindness to the little traveller, whose good looks " inspire me with some portion of that cheerful comfort, which " this severe situation so greatly requires. God bless you!"

The gentle manners and intelligent tenderness of Alphonso had evidently a happier effect on the troubled mind of Cowper, than the society of any other friend; but his mental malady was at this time too severe to admit of any lasting mitigation from

the attention and endearments of a most interesting child, whom he really loved and admired with a parental partiality. The feeling heart of the boy was deeply penetrated with the calamity of his illustrious friend; but he and his father were both soothed under their present sympathetic sufferings by the compassionate and accomplished neighbours of Cowper, his Catherina and her husband, Mr. Courtnay. Their extreme kindness to the poet of Eartham on this occasion, and to his son, who slept under their hospitable roof, was so peculiarly valuable and endearing, that Hayley has repeatedly recorded it in rhyme, and for several years he could hardly speak on the subject without emotions of gratitude that melted him to tears. With all the seasonable relief to his afflicted spirit, that the kindness and the harmony of the Courtnays supplied, the painful scene of Weston almost overwhelmed his long-shaken health, and a variety of reasons obliged him to hasten home. What he endured in bidding adieu to his unhappy friend, the following letter to Mrs. Hayley has feelingly described.

"SATURDAY, *May* 10, 1794.

"My dear Eliza,

"Here we are at last in London; but of all the acts of painful "exertion that I have known (and many have fallen to my lot) "I never experienced a trial more severe than that of forcing "myself from the dear sufferer at Weston, who considered my "departure from him as the darkest part of his very dark cala- "mity. I took all imaginable precaution to render it as little

" painful as possible, both to him and to myself, yet it almost " overwhelmed me; and in the moment of my quitting him, " Lady Hesketh, I believe, thought me almost as much out of " my senses as our beloved invalid. I have the consolation to " think, that my visit to him (severely as I feel it myself, in " my agitated nerves) has been productive of great good; and " I am sanguine enough to hope, that, in a month or two, this " most interesting genius will burst from his present dark " eclipse, in all the lustre of his bright and beneficent mind. I " have yet a farther consolation in the infinite delight I feel " from having been a little instrumental towards correcting the " injustice of fortune to this marvellous being; for the circum- " stance is true, which I am told has found its way into the " newspapers. A pension of 300*l.* is just granted to him for life, " and, when I have a little leisure and tranquillity, I will give " you a history of the many very singular incidents by which " this blessed act of munificence in his favour was accomplished. " He has not, at present, the slightest idea of it, and we hope " no perverse accident or indiscreet friend may impart it to him, " in his present calamitous state, when it would create more " terror than satisfaction in his troubled spirit; but on his re- " vival it will, I trust, produce a very beneficial influence on his " future comfort. Let me now tell you, my dear fellow-tra- " veller is well by my side: he has just purchased a nice German " flute, and seems to have caught such a passion for music, that " it is continually at his lips. We are both fatigued and con- " fused by our late exertions, but I hope we shall both send

" you a better account of ourselves soon after we have had a day " or two of rest and quiet in our favourite retirement. No hermit " was ever more anxious to regain his own peaceful cell than I " am at present. Excuse a very hasty scrawl. Tom will add a " line or two, with our united love and benediction."

The Hermit of Eartham had indeed abundant reason, at this period, to seek the tranquillity of his own retreat; but in his journey to it, he heard some tidings that filled him with painful inquietude, which he expressed in his next letter to Derby.

" Eartham, *May* 15, 1794.

" My dear Eliza,

" You will be glad to hear that the weary travellers (who " had a scene so inexpressibly trying to sustain, at Weston) are " safely restored to the quiet of their own hermitage. We visited " our friends at Kew, in our way; but were far from making " them such a visit as I intended, for I had thought of passing " a week there, as I have found a most obliging friend in the " royal gardener, Mr. Aiton, and imagined it might be pleasant " and advantageous to Tom to acquire some botanical know- " ledge in that magnificent scene of vegetable instruction; but " I found our excellent friend, Mrs. Meyer, so overloaded with " various family cares, that I was most willing to relieve her " from the trouble of flying visitors. She expressed much re- " gret that some peculiar circumstances precluded her from the " gratification of retaining us so long as she wished to do, and " of receiving the visit with which you also (as she informed me) " had hoped to enliven her.

" Mrs. Meyer imparted to me an intention of yours, my dear " Eliza, which has given me, I own, the most serious concern. " I mean your intention of quitting a country in which you have " found so many valuable friends, and that general kindness and " respect which it is very difficult to secure with very slender " finances. As it is utterly impossible for us ever to live toge- " ther again, I confess I have wished that your residence in the " North should be as permanently satisfactory to you, as the " great advantages you possess in our friends of that country " have led us to hope it might prove. Believe me, such ad- " vantages are not to be found in every county; and as I most " cordially wish to promote the peace and comfort of your life, " as well as my own, forgive me for expressing a desire that you " may well weigh all the arguments for and against your present " residence, before you resolve to relinquish it. Believe me, " this suggestion is more from a friendly wish for your real good " than any imperious desire to dictate to you on a subject so " important to us both. In travelling into this county, you " would, I think, excite that spirit of impertinence and malice " which is so active in the world, and which would be very ready, " under the mask of false pity, to pester and plague us both. " I trust you cannot suspect me of wishing to impede your inno- " cent amusements: far from it. If you have set your fancy " upon an excursion to London, I should be happy to render it " most convenient and agreeable to you."

The restless imagination of this most pitiable lady had hurried her, against the advice of several friends, to relinquish the

North, so justly recommended to her, and expose herself to all the inquietudes of a London life, with a slender income. Her husband, who foresaw all the misery likely to arise from her removal, having pleaded against it in vain, endeavoured to promote her tranquillity to the utmost of his power, in a scene so unfavourable to it. With this view, he sent the following salutation to meet her in the metropolis.

" EARTHAM, *June* 5, 1794.

" My dear Eliza,

" The young traveller and I salute you with a kind wish, " that you may find our quiet and airy quarters, in Castle " Street, as pleasing a lodging as we did; and we flatter our- " selves it may enliven you, after the fatigue of a long journey, " to find a letter, on your arrival, expressing our united " good wishes. Whatever plans you form, Heaven grant they " may promote the tranquillity and comfort of your life! The " dear little draftsman, who continues to distinguish himself " by the pencil, joins in this, and every kind wish to you,

" With your affectionate

" H."

The amiable Alphonso, on his return to what was his particular delight, a tranquil, studious, and cheerful residence with his father, applied himself not only to his pencil, but to every thing that paternal ambition could wish him to acquire. His own solicitude to improve himself, is strikingly displayed

in the following letter; perhaps a letter as admirable as ever was written to a parent by a child so young. Hayley had early accustomed his son to unfold his wishes, and all his heart to him, upon every interesting subject; and Alphonso often delighted in dispatching an affectionate billet from his own study into the adjoining library of his father. The following was probably written in June; it happens to have no regular date, and only this superscription in the hand of the person to whom it is addressed: "A pleasing proof of a noble filial "mind, received 1794. W. H."

"My dear Papa,

"I hope you will excuse me, if I do not say my lesson "well, for I assure you it is not through idleness, but I have "passed some time this morning in thinking upon my journey "to Petworth. You wish me (and I wish it as much as you) to "improve myself as much as I can. Do you think I can do so "there? And here is also Mr. Guy, who wishes me to spend "a day or two with him. Can I improve myself in going here "and there? Those who are so kind as to invite me, do not "perhaps think how precious time is to a person of my age. "I know, my dear papa, that it is precious, and therefore I "think it better for me to stay at home, and do what I can; "but if you think it better for me to go, I go, for your word is "my law.

"I hope you will not think this impertinent, for be assured "the meaning of it is merely a hint which came from my heart

" to you, not to sacrifice yourself, and me too, to my (supposed)
" pleasure, as I know my (real) pleasure is yours, and that is
" not to saunter away my time in what gives me no improve-
" ment. Think, I beg you, of this hint, and believe me ever

" Your most sincere and affectionate

" THOMAS HAYLEY."

This billet will appear the more extraordinary, when the reader is informed, that the two invitations which the excellent youth was so willing to decline or to accept, according to the deliberate wish of his father, were invitations to scenes of domestic pleasure, for which he had a particular relish. In the house of his friend William Guy, he had associates of his own age, whom he sincerely regarded; and under that friendly roof he was ever cordially cherished as a child of the house. The same thing may be said of Petworth, the seat of Lord Egremont; for that accomplished nobleman had cultivated some degree of intimacy with the poet of Eartham on a remarkable occasion. Having lost a very fine boy, to whom he had requested the poet to stand godfather, and being desirous to remove himself and the mother of the child from the affecting scene of the funeral, he desired, as Hayley happened to be perfectly free from company, that they might pass a few days with him at Eartham. As he was ever ready to sympathize with the afflicted in every rank of life, he rendered this accidental visit as agreeable to his guests as he could, and the circumstance led him to much subsequent intercourse with the

engaging family of Petworth. Few things had flattered him so highly as a speech of Lord Egremont's; who said, "He never saw a boy educated so completely to his fancy, as the boy of Eartham." That boy possessed, indeed, the rare talent of pleasing universally, by the happiest union of modesty and alertness in his mind and manners. His father, who ever wished him to unite amusement with study, and early to acquire whatever might qualify him for the most desirable society, decided in favour of his accepting both the invitations alluded to in his billet. He passed a little time, both at Petworth and in Chichester. During his visit to the Guys, he was highly entertained by the sight of a ship-launch at Portsmouth, a launch attended by the Royal Family, and a scene that Alphonso described with great gaiety and humour in a letter to Mrs. Hayley. After enjoying these excursions, he pursued his classical studies with great spirit under his father. He resumed his translation of Horace into blank verse. It is remarkable, that the essays of Lord Bacon, and the epistles of Horace, were in his childish years the favourite books of this contemplative boy. His attachment to Horace was so great, that in the course of this summer, as a private and spontaneous work, he began a new Life of that poet, which his different avocations, and early calamity, allowed him no opportunities of completing. His books did not induce him to neglect the pencil after his return from Derby. He made sketches from various works of art at Eartham, and particularly a sketch from Romney's portrait of Gibbon, which he sent to a daughter

of Lord Sheffield, when his father visited that Lord for a few days, in September 1794, to join a little party of friends, and examine the manuscripts of the departed historian.

A letter to the same correspondent on the 9th of November says: "Our fervent wishes are now chiefly directed to the re-"turn of Flaxman from Rome. He has written word that he "hoped to reach London by Lord Mayor's day. I flatter myself "he will have singular delight in his dear little disciple, who "discovers, I think, more and more talent for the enchanting art "in which, I hope, he is destined to excel."

In a few days after the date of this letter, the wishes it expresses were happily gratified by good tidings of the beloved artist so eagerly expected.

Writing from London to Eartham, on the 13th of November, 1794, Flaxman said,

"I have now the unspeakable pleasure of telling you that we "are safe in our dear country, and among our dear friends, "(wanting one); you will naturally suppose that I live in my "father's house, in preference to any other, for the present.

"You, my kind friend, will easily conceive what it is to "return to a beloved father, after so long an absence. All "my friends have been more affectionate, more flattering in "their reception, than we could expect, or almost bear. How "much addition would my joy receive from the presence of ano-"ther friend! Indeed, my dear Sir, I do not know how to "acknowledge my gratitude for your sentiments concerning me.

"I shall give you the earliest news when I have got a house, "that we may enjoy the society of our little friend Tom, to "whom I beg you will present my kindest wishes. Tell him, "as I hear it is your intention that we shall be fellow students, "I shall do all in my power to make our pursuits and our "improvements the same, and to add a tender friendship to the "son, to our veneration and love for the father.

"I am anxious to see you, my dear sir; but at present, I have "pressing concerns, which oblige me to remain here; and "which, if I did not attend to them, might very materially "injure my future fortune. This, and this only, keeps me from "Eartham at present."

It was highly gratifying both to the young Alphonso and his father, to find this accomplished and most friendly artist so cordially disposed to receive his intended disciple; a disposition that he continued to manifest in the most endearing manner, by the following serious and noble expressions on the subject, in a subsequent letter to his friend of Eartham.

"*November* 27, 1794. 420, STRAND.

"You will believe me, when I tell you, that I love your son "as tenderly as you can wish, for his father's sake, and that "nothing would be likely to improve that love, but intimate "acquaintance with his amiable qualities. And now that you "express so serious an intention of placing your little good "boy under me, it is necessary that I should explain my inten- "tions concerning him, when he is under my care. My first

" object will be, to preserve his mind in his duty to God and " his neighbour, which cannot fail to form a good citizen, and " give his mind sufficient strength and resource for happiness, " under the various attacks on his peace, which he must meet " with in this world. With respect to instruction in the arts of " design, I shall only consider his good, and instruct him in " those sound principles which cannot fail of laying the founda- " tion for an excellent practice. If it is agreeable to you, he " shall live with me, and have his own lodging-room. He will " fare as we do, and you shall pay only what I lay out for him " in these particulars, without putting you to the charge of " keeping a floor, and maintaining a housekeeper. If you " prefer his living out of the house, you can accommodate " him on your own plan, and I shall only require his regular " attendance. In this case, you are well aware that I can only " be answerable for him while he is in my sight. When the " muse's child comes to town, we hope that he will receive the " most cordial welcome in the sculptor's dwelling; and the " longer the honoured bard stays under the same roof, the " greater his welcome will be."

It is a matter of great difficulty for a sculptor to find in London a residence well suited to his art. Flaxman was long perplexed in researches for this purpose; his next letter to his friend of Eartham opened with an account of their happy termination.

" *December* 29, 1794.

" I have at last got a temporary residence at No. 6, Buck-
" ingham-street, Fitzroy-square, in the neighbourhood of our
" dear Romney. We are at present exceedingly busy, as
" you will readily believe, in carrying and placing furniture
" for the house, and study, into the dwelling elect. We
" hope on Monday or Tuesday next to carry ourselves also,
" for the commencement of our career, on those premises.
" We hope, my dear Sir, as soon as our house is made a little
" comfortable, that it will be honoured by your presence,
" accompanied by my friend that is, and my pupil that is to
" be. The existing reason, alluded to in my last, was Mrs.
" Hayley, of whose residence in London I was ignorant, until
" some time after our arrival, and now that whole passage of
" my letter will be more intelligible."

Nothing could be more liberal and kind than the whole conduct of the sculptor to his friend the poet, on the delicate business of this interesting pupil. The father, who regarded as a blessing such an instructor for his child, was only anxious to guard his friend from what he most apprehended, annoyance from the active spirit of that pitiable lady, to whom Flaxman had alluded in his letter.

With an admirable understanding, and an excellent heart, Mrs. Hayley had that inquietude of fancy, and that continual tendency to nervous irritation, which rendered her society much to be dreaded, by men whose peculiar studies require

great tranquillity of mind. Both Flaxman and Romney would have rejoiced to render her any essential service, yet to each of them a visit from her was an object of serious apprehension. A consciousness of this painful truth, and a wish to save her from the mortification of discovering it, was one of the many reasons that had led her husband to remonstrate so strongly against her removal from Derby to London. Her imagination was too vehemently engaged by the prospect of that removal to relinquish the project.

Hayley, who foresaw the danger of endless disquietude likely to arise both to himself and to his son, from her residence in London, endeavoured to obviate this danger, in some degree, by a letter, in which he gave her the following explanation of the plan that he intended to adopt for the first establishment of the young student in the metropolis:

"I mean to rent a second floor, either in Flaxman's new "residence, wherever he may fix, or close to it, as an estab- "lishment for his disciple. I shall place an additional bed "in my son's chamber, that I may sleep in his apartment, "whenever I happen to pass a few days in London, and mess "also with him, as it is my constant rule to avoid the long "fashionable dinners of the great city, which are inexpressibly "disagreeable to a hermit. It will not suit my inclination, "my health, or my slender finances, to be often in London; "but whenever business may call me to town, it is my earnest "request to you, my dear Eliza, that we may kindly avoid an "interview. When two persons have failed so entirely in a

"long endeavour to make each other happy in living together, "it is assuredly best for *both parties* to contrive, from motives "of delicacy and tenderness, not to see each other. We shall "meet, I believe and hope, in a happier world, and clearly "perceive why our respective virtues were unable to form "(as we vainly expected) our reciprocal happiness on earth. "A sort of disappointment not uncommon in every human "connexion! Yet in regard to us, not so much the fault "of either, as our mutual misfortune. But enough of this "topic, on which I should not now have said so much, had "I not wished to say every thing at once, and bid a final "adieu to the subject. The dear little artist is preparing "himself to begin his career in a profession, for which nature "and inclination seem to have given him talents, and his "kind stars an invaluable instructor. Heaven having supplied "him with these advantages, will enable him, I trust, to make "himself, both as an artist and a man, eminently good and "happy.—Accept our united kind wishes."

This letter was not received with that generous spirit of kind interpretation which the writer had hoped for. He soon began to find those sources of vexation arise, which he had apprehended from his restless Eliza's removal to London. A set of well-meaning but injudicious friends of her own sex, total strangers to the real character of her husband, awakened and irritated a sexual pride in her bosom, by representing his conduct as an insult and injury to her. Her own noble nature would have induced her rather to applaud than condemn any

measure, however expensive, by which the promising Alphonso might be rendered easy and comfortable in his first settlement at a distance from an idolized father, to begin his career in a laborious profession; but her misguided and misguiding friends so inflamed her mind, that she considered the plan of taking apartments for the young pupil of Flaxman, as an act of unpardonable extravagance in his father. She vehemently solicited an absolute and formal assignment of future income to herself, which, for reasons perfectly satisfactory to his own heart and understanding, and to the judgment of intelligent and impartial friends, her husband deliberately and tenderly refused.

In the commencement of the year 1795, he conducted the young intended artist to London, by a circuitous road, for the sake of passing some days at Sheffield Place, where the second Lady Sheffield (a lady of a domestic character, very tender and graceful,) endeared herself uncommonly to the poet, by her attention and kindness to his little fellow traveller. On the 15th of January, they proceeded on their journey, and happily reached the residence which had been prepared as the home of the young sculptor, at No. 41, Upper Cleveland Street, distant only a few paces from the new abode of his excellent master. It was with infinite delight, that the father settled his child in a line of life, for which nature seemed to have given him every requisite for future excellence, and in which providence appeared to unite for him all the delights of friendship with all the advantages of instruction.

The poet remained a few weeks with the young artist, to

witness the commencement of his professional career, and to enjoy the society of Flaxman, who became every day more and more endeared to his pupil, and to his old friend, who now hoped to advance happily in that poetical essay on Sculpture, which his regard for Flaxman had induced him to begin, while that studious and sublime artist was preparing to return to England, after a seven years' residence abroad. Much as the poet rejoiced in beholding his friend, after a series of useful and honourable travels, settling happily in London, and becoming the affectionate instructor of his highly promising son, his joy on the occasion was deplorably chequered by concern, arising from the agitated and inflamed mind of his misguided Eliza, whose injudicious female counsellors had led her to write a very acrimonious letter to her husband, during his short stay in town, to which he found himself painfully compelled to send the following reply.

" London, *Saturday Morn, January* 17, 1795.

" My grievously irritable Eliza!

" I am more concerned than surprised, that you can so far " forget the respect you owe both to me and to yourself, as " to send me, by the hands of the dear boy, a letter full of " injurious reproaches, and a most artful and malevolent misre- " presentation of my character and conduct. Had such a letter " been sent to a man of an irascible and vindictive spirit, he " would probably punish the writer by abridging the liberal " allowance he had assigned to her, from his own narrow for-

" tune. But such kind of resentment I scorn; and when you " oblige me to act towards you with an appearance of severity " very foreign to my nature, I feel more of sorrow than of " anger.

" As you are pleased to write with such acrimony and insult, " I shall only say that I lament the very wrong point of view in " which you represent me, and I request that all sort of inter- " course may cease, not only between us, but also between you " and the child by whom you dispatched to me a letter so " insulting to me, and so unworthy of yourself. You cannot " irritate my mind, I thank Heaven! by any expressions of " bitter indignation or insolent pity.

" I have never ceased to deserve from you the different senti- " ments and language of esteem and respect. That you do " not retain these sentiments, is more a misfortune to yourself, " than it can be to me, although I sincerely lament it. Had I " not a severe inflammation in the eyes, I should reply to you " *at large*; at present, I can only add, you must excuse your " little visitor's waiting upon you again. My reasons for this " decision I will explain as soon as I am able to write, when I " shall fully answer your letter, and bid you an epistolary adieu " for ever."

To deprive this generous and most pitiable lady of seeing a child whom she tenderly loved, appeared a measure so cruel to the tender feelings of Hayley, that nothing could have led him to resolve upon it, but the danger of having the mind of that

feeling child disquieted by mental misery, which he could not cure, and rendered unfit for the serious labours of his new profession.

Even that danger did not induce the poet to persevere in what struck him as a prudent, yet a barbarous prohibition. He therefore permitted the young sculptor to pay occasional visits to that unhappy object of his pity and of his apprehensions, whose tranquillity he was ever anxious to promote, though a long and painful experience had induced him to believe that it would be impossible for him to live with her again without the sacrifice of life.

He had thought it infinitely best for both, that they should not meet; and perhaps his solicitude to avoid the chance of meeting, induced him to hasten back to his retirement. On the eleventh of February, he left London for Kew; and as he meant to pass a night under the hospitable roof of his old friend Mrs. Meyer, his son attended him so far. The first letter he dispatched to the young sculptor, after they parted at Kew, gives so singular an account of the subsequent journey, that it seems to claim a place in this work.

" *The* LIBRARY *of* EARTHAM,
" *Saturday Morn, February* 14, 1795.

" Φίλτατε Φιλων,

" Here I am, very safely arrived at last, after a day and a " night of such singular adventures as might have frightened an " ordinary mortal; but one of the constitutional blessings which

" Heaven has kindly bestowed upon me, is a cheerful serenity " of spirit in the midst of unexpected mischances.

" To give you a full, though brief history of my long day and " night, I must begin by telling you, that in arriving at Hamp- " ton Court, I found the people so terrified by the rapidity of " the flood, that they would not furnish me with a chaise for " Ripley. I therefore ordered my civil and courageous driver, " to reach Kingston as he could, although we were told it must " be through a sort of torrent hardly passable. The water, in " truth, rose near the lock of my great trunk, and I felt some " anxiety for my books, and the Harmonica. We got safe how- " ever to the Sun, in the Market-place, passing through a street " where boats were plying to assist the poor inhabitants, who " seemed almost afraid of a general deluge. The master of the " inn told me his horses had all been driven by the flood from " his stables, and I was forced to wait near an hour for the ar- " rival of a pair. One of his men said it would be impossible for " me to advance without four horses; but as I was economical, " and the inn-keeper not exacting, I tried to advance with only " two. New sluices of the immoderate and rising flood con- " spired to weary them, and when I reached Ripley, I found " I must play a new farce of the miser turned *magnifico*, in spite " of his frugality, and set forward in a chaise and four. By this " desperate magnificence, I reached the friendly palace of Pet- " worth, not soon enough for the post, but in such good time " that I cheerfully supposed a perseverance in my grand " style of travelling would bring me safe to my own hermitage

" before it grew dark; and this it would have done, had not
" mischance assailed me again in the shape, or rather in the
" shapeless peril of a snowy abyss. In turning the corner from
" Waltham we found the drift had been so enormous in that
" spot, where the wind and the inequality of the ground had con-
" spired to accumulate the snow, that my four horses plunged
" up to their shoulders in the white gulph, the traces broke.
" Poor Joseph of the Swan applied to me to know what he must
" do. I dispatched him on foot to farmer Ide's, telling him to
" bring all the pioneers he could raise, to clear our way forward
" with shovels. He returned not in an hour, and it grew dark;
" at last he arrived with two lanthorns and a party of men and
" boys. The scene was delightfully picturesque, in spite of
" cold and difficulty. I harangued my pioneers, and animated
" them to clear me a passage up the hill for the chaise. They
" attempted to do so with spirit, but soon began to despair. I
" reanimated the little regiment, and we explored different
" passages; but on repeated trials they declared it impossible to
" execute what I suggested, as they found the snow deeper and
" deeper, above a man's middle as they advanced; and not to
" hazard the honest fellows' lives, I acquiesced in the only safe
" expedient of returning with my numerous train to farmer Ide's,
" where I passed the night in my clothes between two good
" blankets, dispatching a man at four in the morning to call
" forth the rustic pioneers of Eartham. They came cheerfully
" at my summons to the number of ten, and I made a trium-
" phal entry into our favourite village this morning, compared

" to which, the triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon was " a poor puppet-show.

" Figure to yourself, my dear boy, the young and the old, " the sick and the healthy, eagerly hastening together to pre- " pare for me a safe passage, which they speedily effected. " Conceive a beautiful view of snow and sunshine,—eight " pioneers marching first, with their shovels, a cart with three " horses to mark a safe track for the wheels of my carriage, and " affording a seat to my honest friend Longerst, eager to work " for me, though unable to bear a long walk; then advanced " the poet in his car, with his royal cargo of plants; all arrived " here in perfect preservation, both men and vegetables: and, " as for myself, I really shed some delicious tears of honest " and tender pride, to observe with what affectionate ardour " these worthy villagers were eager to toil in promoting my " security, and how happy they appeared in being thus in- " strumental to my safe return. I feel no sort of incon- " venience from the difficulties I have surmounted.

" Read to the dear Flaxmans this rapid account of my " adventures, and assure them of my kindest remembrance. " God bless you all!"

The little sculptor returned a speedy and cheerful answer to this singular history.

" *February* 17, 1795.

" My very dear Papa,

" We are all very glad to hear you are got safe to Eartham, " but sorry that you had such a terrific journey, both for " your pocket and your person.

" Your letter is quite like a romantic tale, but I have some " good news to tell you in return.

" I went yesterday to Chancery Lane: when I got to the " door I found the rapper muffled. I concluded that some- " body was ill, and knocked very gently.—Nobody came. I " knocked again and again: at last Thomas came to the door, " and I eagerly asked who is ill? The answer was, ' My " mistress is brought to bed, Sir:' I find that our friends have a " fine boy, and the mother as well as could be expected. My " deafness is better, and quite well enough to hear from you, " whenever you will treat me with a line.

" Your most affectionate

" T. H."

This son and father resembled a pair of youthful lovers in the frequency and tenderness of their correspondence; as the reader will perceive from the opening of the next letter from the parent.

" Eartham, *February* 19, 1795.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Your letters, I find, must be my chief support, for " I feel your absence so acutely, that nothing but the conso-

" lation of having frequent good accounts of you, and the " consciousness of having placed you (by the aid of Providence " and friendship) under the most desirable instruction, can " make me tolerable amends for what I lose in being thus se- " parated from my dear little associate, the *Amiculus omnium* " *horarum.*

" But let us animate each other by our letters, to such mu- " tual, though various exertions, as may render our meetings, " whenever we meet, particularly delightful.

" I have now two most welcome letters to answer, from my " dearest of correspondents, and as Aristotle says, ' Λεγωμεν ἀρξά- " μενοι κατὰ φύσιν πρωτον ἀπὸ των πρωτων.' I was pleased to hear that " our friend William of Kew attended you to town, for so " excellent a purpose as that of supplying himself with classics, " at the shop of the pleasant and courteous Tom Payne. I am " confident that William will prove a distinguished scholar and " an ornament to the Church.

" The Church naturally leads me to our favourite bishop, " my Lord of Llandaff. I am concerned you lost the pleasure " of making yourself known to this admirable and obliging " prelate, and especially by the illness of his lady; but I " trust, you may yet be honoured with his notice in a more " propitious season. I seize the opportunity of dispatching " two books; one, a little Italian and French dictionary, that " may, I think, be of use to you; the other, our little Greek " Testament, as a present to our beloved Flaxman. I at first " was inclined to send him the larger, and more splendid copy,

" that I brought home for my own use; but, on reflection, " I thought the inscription I have inserted in this old little " book might render it more truly valuable to his feeling " heart, than any volume of more sumptuous appearance. " I am preparing such important sacrifices to economy here, " that I hope to accomplish all I wish on this article. My " dearest treasure will be your health, your credit, and your " affection. Heaven grant they may all be long such as I am " inclined to believe they will. I look forward to May with the " same eyes that you do. God bless you, and all with you !"

" *February* 21, 1795.

" It comes ! it comes ! the promised packet comes,
" With plenteous store of gratitude and love;
" As much as mortals can to mortals send.

" There's poetry for you, after a good morning's work upon " your *Adam with the apple.** But to be serious. I am very " glad to hear you have suffered no more from your journey, " for I was afraid you would have suffered a great deal from " your uncomfortable night at Waltham; though it is no " great wonder, since the *lion of God* is invincible to any " mortal and earthly machinations.

" I shall be much obliged to you for the Hesiod, and we " shall profit by your advice concerning the shield. I am

* An antique figure of Hercules, which the poet proposed to new name, and call Adam with the apple.

" invited to dine to-morrow with Miss Wallise, and shall accept
" the invitation. She desires to be very kindly remembered
" to you. I called yesterday on Mr. Romney, who was very
" kind, and desired me to come very often. We go on very
" well, and I like Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman better and better.

" Believe me ever,

" Your most affectionate

" Young Artist."

The poet of Eartham had at this period still more to press upon his heart and spirit, than the affecting separation from his darling associate and disciple. His unhappy Eliza, irritated by the groundless suggestions of injudicious friends, and unnecessarily alarmed for the security of her income, wrote to him on his return from London, to require that the liberal allowance which he had regularly devoted to her from his own narrow fortune, should be immediately confirmed by a formal deed. To this requisition her husband would by no means submit, partly influenced, perhaps, by a degree of indignation natural to a man of high spirit when his probity and his tenderness are questioned, and partly by the just apprehension, that such an independent income might be productive of evils to this pitiable lady which she could not herself foresee. He returned to her solicitation the following reply:

" EARTHAM, *February 25, 1795.*

" Dear Eliza,

" Though you indulged an acrimonious humour in writing " to me a very insulting and injurious letter, to which illness " and occupation prevented my sending so full a reply as I " intended, I heartily wish to promote the tranquillity of " your life, but can never comply with your improper request. " You may, and you ought to confide in my integrity, which " has never failed any human being. We parted for our " mutual quiet, as it is utterly impossible for us to make each " other happy in living together. I assigned you a liberal " income, considering the narrowness of my own fortune. " That income has been for years most regularly paid to you " by a trusty agent, and ever will be so while I live, wherever " I may reside, unless you oblige me to abridge it, by a conduct " more reprehensible towards me than I will think probable. " You are wrong in representing me as a man of ruined for- " tunes, and destitute of respectable friends. I have been " unprosperous, but not dissolute or despicable. My income " is smaller than it ought to be, at my age, considering the very " studious and temperate cast of my life; but I am contriving " by rigid economy to make it sufficient for me in this my fa- " vourite retirement, after allotting from it a becoming allowance " to those who depend upon my care. You are dependent, as " all women in general are, or ought to be, on your husband, " while he lives. Your father, and all your guardians, even the " penetrative Mr. Steele, as you call him, are far from deserving

" your reprehension, or from having placed an improper con-
" fidence in me. I exhort you to cherish a similar confidence,
" which you ought to preserve for your own credit, and for your
" own peace of mind. Let me advise you, with genuine kind-
" ness, and without a particle of resentment, never to revile
" or doubt the justice of the man, who (whatever the misfor-
" tunes or errors of his life may have been) is assuredly entitled
" to your respect, and who, though it is (to our mutual mis-
" fortune) impossible for him ever to live with you, is, I may
" presume to say, with perfect truth,

" The sincerest of your friends,

" W. HAYLEY.

" Postscript. I called on Mr. Coke* in the Temple before
" I left town, to explain my reasons to him at large, for all my
" conduct towards you, and particularly my unalterable reso-
" lution in regard to your income. I am sorry I did not find
" him at home. Whenever I am in London again, I will try
" again to meet him, and beg in the mean time to be free
" from the pain of all fruitless solicitation on the subject. I
" hasten to seize the returning post, that I may not give you
" the unnecessary inquietude of suspense. God bless you!"

As this was the very last letter written by its author to the admirable though hapless lady, whom he had selected as a bosom friend in their early years, and with whom he had incessantly corresponded, first when he regarded her in the light

* Parker Coke, Esq. Member for Nottingham.

of a sister, and afterwards when a series of surprising events made her his wife in 1769, it suggests a natural, but a melancholy reflection on the precariousness of all human attachments; and, on this occasion, we may exclaim, in the forcible words of Johnson,

" Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear."

The Poet of Eartham has been heard to say, in speaking of his own singular destiny, to his confidential friends; " Nature " had given him a frame so feelingly alive to all the delights of " pure and perfect love, with a heart and mind so fashioned for " domestic felicity, that if his stars had united him to a con- " sort completely suited to his own character, his life would " have been too happy for a mortal;" and indeed, although his restless Eliza had not a particle of that peculiar sympathy which may be considered as the cement of conjugal union, yet as her heart was truly attached to him, and her mind had been formed, in a great measure, by the poet himself, to noble, generous sentiments, and to a passion for literature, he enjoyed many gratifications in her society, while his own unbroken health gave him such a perfect command of his mental faculties, that he could counteract her wonderful nervous misery by flashes of gaiety, that had a magical influence on her feelings, by enlivening her fancy.

For she, indeed, as he frequently said of her, in the words of Shakspeare,

" Was of imagination all compact."

And as a very sensible lady, who perfectly knew and sincerely pitied her, observed of her with equal force and felicity of expression, " Her imagination ate up her affections."

Perhaps the full meaning of these remarkable words may be illustrated by the mention of a speech addressed by the unhappy Eliza to her husband, at a time when his health was cruelly shattered. She said to him, with an air of innocent *naïveté* that proved that she spoke only from painful *ennui*, " You were once the most agreeable man in the world, but you really have lost all your talents," to which he mildly replied, " I believe, my dear, you speak something near the truth, according to your own ideas of it; yet it seems rather hard to hear it from you." But of this extraordinary personage we shall have occasion to speak more at large, when the event of her death may properly introduce that considerable portion of pity, and of praise, to which her misfortunes and her merits afford an unquestionable claim. Here it may be sufficient to observe, that for all the pain her husband endured from the contemplation of her constitutional and incurable sufferings, he found the sweetest antidote in the talents and the filial tenderness of his darling Alphonso, who now enlivened the studious solitude of his father, by sending him very frequent accounts of the progress he began to make in his new art of sculpture, under his friendly and excellent master, to whom he was regularly bound as an apprentice, by indentures, dated February 1, 1795. A few extracts from the letters of the young student, in the commencement of his professional career, will

shew his early progress and his growing passion for the art he had chosen.

"*March* 3, 1795.

"The vigour with which I attack the clay (for I have begun "modelling, and made such a performance as Mr. Flaxman "says he did not execute for four years after his first attempt) "makes me eat a great deal, though I do not use much "exercise."

"*March* 10, 1795.

"Mr. Flaxman is very busy at present on Collins's monu- "ment. The model is nearly finished. I sat for the figure. "I did not give you any account of my works in clay, as I had "not time to give you such as I wished. Mr. Flaxman has "a cast from an ancient piece of frieze by Phidias; it is only "an Athenian's head and breast, with that of a horse. The "man's head is imperfect, but with the aid of Mr. Flaxman "I rendered it whole. I have also modelled two masks from "Mr. Marchant's bronzes, larger than the original; which "Mr. Flaxman says are well done. My journals I shall now "begin to keep more exact, and my next letter shall contain "that of next week. I chiefly read history. As to my Greek "and Latin, I read the Greek Testament every morning to "Mr. Flaxman, and we have begun to talk Latin, which we "hope in time to do with some facility. How goes on the "Harmonica? I have learned 'Begone dull care,' and the

" ' Duke of York's march,' (which is a very pleasing piece of " music) on Mrs. Flaxman's piano-forte, and I play them " capitally.

" Think of my negligence; I had almost forgot to tell you " that our good friend, good artist, good man, good every thing " that can be named, Mr. Flaxman, has promised to give me an " ancient medal, for every model I make, until he has given me " a dozen, and I have got three already. I want very much to " shew you my first performance.

" N. B. If T. H., sculptor, of Upper Cleveland-street, in his " letters to W. H., the prophet of Eartham, does not express " love, friendship, gratitude, &c. &c. &c., enough for all who " inhabit the said Eartham, T. H. begs leave to inform W. H. " that he thinks there is no need of expressing it, since W. H. " knows T. H.'s thoughts so well."

Hayley in perusing the manuscripts of his departed friend Gibbon, had been so greatly struck with the advantage which the indefatigable historian derived from keeping an early diary of his studies, that he strongly recommended a similar practice to his young artist; and the next letter from this darling disciple opens with a specimen of his diary.

" Sunday, March 8, 1795.—Went to see Sockett, at Lord Sheffield's, and drank tea with Mr. Flaxman, the elder.

Monday, 9.—Continued a comic mask from Marchant's bronze, larger than the original. Read Greek Testament, and Roman History.

Tuesday, 10.—Continued the model, and wrote to Eartham.

Wednesday, 11.—Finished my model better than the last. Received a number of models from Mr. Flaxman, and read history.

Thursday, 12.—Began another tragic mask, in the same manner. Talked Latin. Received more models. Went to Mr. Romney's.

Friday, 13.—Continued my model. Read Greek Testament. Drank tea with Mr. Flaxman and Mr. Bunce. Very merry.

Saturday, 14.—Continued my model. Went to look at a house with Mr. Flaxman.

Sunday, 15.—Went to Berwick-street Chapel. Got a frank from Lord Sheffield. Drank tea at home. Read the Bible, and Greek Testament.

" There is a week for you! am not I an industrious fellow? " But where is your diary? I will excuse you till your next " letter. To let you into a very important secret, I think I " improve in my models. Mr. Flaxman and his father say that " they do me great credit. O! that you could see them! Mr. " Romney has not yet; I fear he will never leave off portraits, " for he has constantly new sitters. When I go, there is Lord " this, or Lady that, sitting, whereby I cannot catch a sight " of him.

" I have but one piece of news more to tell you, that is good. " Collins's monument is just finished; I mean the model; and " on Wednesday we hope to see it in plaster. This operation " of casting will be new, and delightful to me. The figure is, I " think, very simple, graceful, and every thing it ought to be. " May! monument! me! my model! Flaxman! Eartham! " Fido! Bruno! prophet! Phidias junior! pleasure! gaiety! " love! friendship, &c. &c., all in a huddle!

This diligent scholar says, in sending his next diary, "My "last week has not been quite so industrious as the week "before, partly from my cold, which is much better, and be- "cause Mr. Flaxman and I thought it proper for me to call on "some of my friends. Pray when you ride to Petworth, beg "the noble Lord to give you a pacquet of franks, for Sundays "to come: do not think by what I say that I think your letters "not worth paying for; quite the contrary, they are worth their "weight in gold to me; but when we can save in things of that "sort, so much the better. Now for myself. I go on charm- "ingly. The Flaxmans I like more and more. He is such a "man, he cannot be praised too much for any of his qualities. "Mrs. Flaxman is very good to me, and so is the immortal "painter; he desires that I would choose any of his casts to "model from, that I please. He intends to take lodgings in "Hampstead, to recruit his strength a little, for portrait-paint- "ing knocks him up. He has begun his head of our Saviour in "the wilderness; it is very much the thing, I think; I am "quite in his confidence.

"DIARY.

"Monday, March 23.—Began a model from a faun's head, which I borrowed of Mr. Romney. Drank tea at Mr. Flaxman's. Wrote to Eartham.

Tuesday, 24.—Continued my model. Read Greek Testament. Lord Egremont called. Went to see Calonne's collection of pictures; fine. Read Virgil, and Roman History.

Wednesday, 25.—Continued my model. Read Greek Testament, and Roman History.

Thursday, 26.—Continued my model. Read Greek Testament, and Roman History.

Friday, 27.—Breakfasted with Mr. Flaxman, at Mrs. Shipley's. Continued my model. Drank tea at Mr. Romney's, with Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman, Mr. French, and Miss Nicholas.

Saturday, 28.—Continued my model, and read Greek Testament. Went with Mrs. Flaxman to Dibdin's music, and liked it very much.

Sunday, 29.—Went to Berwick-street Chapel. Dined, drank tea, and supped with a family party at Mr. Flaxman's.

"Many, many thanks for your very kind letter, and as many "more for your information concerning the ancient appel- "lation of masks. Ten times as many for your kind praise of "my little insignificant mask. I did not mean to send it you "as a work of art, but merely as a testimonium MAXIMISSIMÆ "amicitiæ."

I interrupt the course of this filial letter, to remark that the affectionate feelings of this amiable youth to his father were so lively, that the Latin superlative, *maximus*, did not appear to him sufficiently strong to express them, and he therefore, with endearing pleasantry, endeavoured to double the force of that superlative, marking his new-coined expression with a double line beneath it. His letter proceeds thus:—

"I will with great pleasure execute some little model for my "kind friend of the friendly palace, and send it soon. I shall "be very glad to execute for your Lares, the artist and his

" gentle Nancy; as for myself, I have got one of these said " lares already, and I hold it as dear and sacred as possible; I " mean the model of the prophet.*

" I am indeed in great favour with the *Caro Pittore*, whom, " from his legion of blue devils, we call the magnanimous Ad- " miral of the Blues. I have not yet finished his faun's head. " It is a very beautiful thing. He is to give me a little figure " that he painted of you in the character of Jacques, lying " down and leaning on his elbow."

" KEW GREEN, *Sunday, May* 8, 1795.

" My very dear Bard,

" Here I am under the roof of our hospitable friend. I " took a walk hither yesterday evening; arrived about six, and " lo! they were all flown to London: but at half-past eight " Mrs. Meyer and her train returned. I have the pleasure of " informing you they are all well. They had, among their " rambles in town, been to see the exhibition. *Apropos* of the " exhibition:—I have not yet been to view it, as I wanted you " to come to town, that, being in your company, I might relish " it the more; but as you say I am not likely to have that " pleasure, I will go, and send you my catalogue with a descrip- " tion of what I shall see, and the opinions, as you desire, of " Apelles and Praxiteles. I rejoice to hear that the two works " you mentioned circulate so rapidly; I mean Lorenzo de' Me- " dici, and my Lord of Landaff's Apology for the Bible. I

* The name often given by Flaxman and his disciple to Hayley.

" think it is a circumstance that does honour to Old England,
" as it proves there are (however few they may be) some men
" of good taste and feeling."

" *May* 14, 1795.

" Many, many thanks for your two most comfortable letters,
" and for the praise you so kindly bestow upon my little insig-
" nificant model. We rejoice that you reached the lovely
" Hermitage so safe, though so late. I give you joy of the
" pleasing prospect that you have before you of being the
" means of forming our young friend. His parents seem by
" both your accounts to be not only satisfied, but much de-
" lighted with your new scheme. Heaven grant that it may
" be successful in all points! Lord Mansfield is cast in plaster,
" and my faun advances rapidly."

The last letter of the young sculptor alludes to a project his father had mentioned, of taking the son of his noble friend, Lord Egremont, under his care.

The idea had occurred to him on his first acquaintance with that pleasing boy; but the precarious state of his own health, and other reasons, had conspired to preclude him from making a serious proposal of this nature, till he saw the highly promising child almost destroyed by a fever contracted at school.

The remembrance of what he had suffered, himself, as a child, and a benevolent desire to preserve the son of his noble

friend, as he had happily preserved his own, from similar sufferings, induced him to make the offer of taking George Wyndham under his care. The proud spirit of independence, which, through all seasons, was a characteristic of the poet, induced him to make the proposal entirely as an act of friendship, disclaiming all idea of pecuniary reward, and professing that he would receive only the necessary expenses attending the plan. These he could not pretend to defray, as the plan included his young friend, Mr. Sockett, to be stationed under his roof, as an assistant. How pleasing the proposal appeared to the parents of George, we learn from a passage in a letter of the poet to the young sculptor, and the very letter to which the last of Alphonso is a reply.

Perceiving the natural eagerness of Hayley to survey, in person, the progress of his son in the art of sculpture, Lord Egremont had, with great goodnature, conveyed his neighbour of Eartham in his chaise to London, and back again, more than once, in the spring of 1795. In one of those rides the poet had made his offer concerning his little friend of Petworth, and in the letter that gave to the young sculptor an account of his safe return, he said,

"At Petworth, I had the delight of finding all your friends "revived to an astonishing degree, and all pleased with the "medallion of the juvenile sculptor (by Flaxman); its resem- "blance they immediately acknowledged. Your little friend "George is regaining strength very fast; and his affectionate "mother told me in a few minutes' conversation apart, that

" my Lord is, in truth, more cordially gratified by the plan " I have projected, than he is able to express to me in words: " she, for her part, said every thing that I could wish to be said " on the subject, and as she confessed herself eager to know " what time I had proposed in my own mind, for the com- " mencement of the new system, I told her that I could not " detach my assistant secretary from his present post till the " beginning of June, but I promised to ride to Petworth again " in a day or two, and converse at large on this very inte- " resting topic. Such are the particulars of my history, which " I communicate to you with pleasure, as I am confident you " will rejoice to receive them with all possible dispatch."

About this time, the young sculptor, instead of living in a separate lodging, became an inmate in the family of his benevolent master. His first letter from his new residence opens with the gaiety of a contented and a generous spirit.

" *June* 1, 1795.
" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, FITZROY-SQUARE.

" Dearest of Prophets,

" I am now settled in my pleasant apartment, and have " begun my studies afresh, with modelling a foot. Many thanks " to the unimaginable friend, who so kindly thought of my " welfare in the money way, but many more to the prophet " for precluding me from the job. I perfectly agree with you " in thinking that improvement is infinitely more valuable than " filthy lucre."

This amiable youth felt on every proper occasion the noblest contempt of money, yet he blended in perfect union economical prudence with cordial generosity. He had not a particle of that lavish indiscretion in his nature which was too frequently a failing of his father. At this time he gave a very striking proof of his readiness to sacrifice his own personal gratifications for the sake of sparing the purse of the poet. It shews so noble a mind in a youth of fifteen, that trifling as the incident may seem, it would be unjust not to mention it.

His father had informed him that a worthy elderly man expressed a desire to purchase his little horse, his darling Bruno, to whom the lively boy had said, soon after he became master of this favourite animal, " Well, Bruno! if I live, and " prosper, you shall have a comfortable field for the repose " of your old age."

His next letter contains a sentiment still more laudable concerning his horse.

" My very dear Papa,

" I guess the person who wished for Bruno. Let me de- " sire you to take his request into consideration, for I hope " you know that I should ride him with the greatest pain to " myself, if the sale of him would be of the least advantage to " you; and I should suppose that it would be of use to you " at present; therefore let me advise you for my own gratifi- " cation. Consider, it will be only once in a year that I can " have any opportunity of making use of him, and Mr. W. is a

"man who will do no wilful injury to the dear Bruno. Consider "also the present price of provisions necessary both for man "and beast. '*Sapere aude.*'"

The poet was highly pleased by the affectionate magnanimity of this suggestion, and after applauding his son for the idea, he adds, "Our old friend Horace speaks like a man in the "words you quote, '*Sapere aude!*' It requires *resolution* in a "liberal spirit to be wisely economical; but Horace and you, "both received from nature too much sensibility and sense to "advise a poet deliberately to cultivate even economical wis-"dom, by a needless sacrifice of benevolent delight."

The letters of the young sculptor appear so interesting, that they will lead me to swell this history of his life to a greater extent than I thought of; but I do so under the pleasing persuasion that the lively effusions of his filial heart may be attractive to ingenuous youth. By such, I am willing to believe, the extracts that I transcribe from his letters may be read with interest and advantage.

"*June* 23, 1795.

"My very dear Papa,

"Let me now thank you for your very kind letter, and "your good account of the Secretary's arrival at the Prophet's "delightful hermitage. I am glad to hear that his noble late "master (Lord Sheffield) parted with him in a liberal man-"ner. He (the Noble Lord) has not yet made known to me "his *ci-devant* intention of 'doing something better for

" me*', which, in spite of his nobility, I do not believe that " he could; since the more I practise the noble art of sculpture, " the more I feel its attractive powers; and the longer I live in " Buckingham-street, the more I feel the attractive powers of " the dear Praxiteles, and his gentle Titania. Gentle as she " is, she agrees with me in thinking, that I ought to grumble " a little at Hesiod's taking up the half of your letters. Pray " diminish his share of the paper, for I prefer the bard of " Eartham to the bard of Greece. We are all well, and going " on with Collins at a good pace. We all wish that you would " mount your Pegasus, and take a flying leap to see our " progress."

" *June* 30, 1795.

" My dearest of Bards,

" Accept my warmest thanks for your most welcome letter, " and for the great praise that you so liberally bestow on my " talents and virtues, as you please to call them. Be assured " that as much as you praise me, twice as much do I think " myself indebted to you for having sown the seeds of them; " and I hope I shall prove that you have sown them ' not " on stony places where the sun would scorch them up, or " among thorns which would choke them, but on good ground " where they shall bring forth good fruit, some an hundred " fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold.' I shall be happy to

* Alluding to an expression of Lord Sheffield to the Poet, on hearing his project of making his son a sculptor.

" see some of my Sussex acquaintance here, though they may " not be those whom I should most wish to see. Do not " say that I am obliging, in sending you *my books*, as it is, " I think, only what I am in duty bound to do. However, as " you desire it, I will order one *new book* for my young friend. " I am sorry to hear that his weakness has not yet forsaken " him and that his fine head of hair was obliged to be shaved " off. I hope with you, that kind Nature will replace it " for him; and of his receiving internal and more to be valued " ornaments, I have no doubt. Last Tuesday, Praxiteles going " into the city, was so kind as to take me with him, and " we saw almost all the sculpture and curiosities that are " in those magnificent buildings. The first curiosity we saw " was no less a one than Alderman Boydell, who was extremely " gracious, and asked after you *kindly*. He took us to Guild- " hall, where we paid our respects to Gog and Magog,

' Those playthings of the City.'

" Of what we saw I will say more when we meet. Collins " will, I hope, be finished in about a month. Then we shall " enjoy the delightful shades of Eartham."

" *July* 7, 1795.

" Dearest of Bards,

" Yesterday was the birth-day of Praxiteles. In the " evening we went to the Shakspeare Gallery, and drank tea on " the other side of the river. Had I known it in time, I should

" have desired you to send him some verses on the occasion. " Do, in your next letter; I know it will please. I began some " Latin ones, but had not time to finish them. We are " going to drink tea at Mr. Stothard's, who has taken a house " near Hampstead."

The poet could not be silent on such an invitation, and immediately dispatched the following extempore :

" BRAVELY, dear boy, thou dost aspire,
" To celebrate with Latian fire
" The day so justly dear,
" That raised, by giving Flaxman birth,
" A guide for thee of matchless worth,
" In sculpture's noble sphere.

" Nor at thy call will I refuse
" To bid my busy English muse
" Partake thy fond employ;
" To hail, with warm affection's note,
" A day we ever should devote
" To amicable joy.

" But could my voice with power divine
" Like Phœbus order all the Nine
" In every tongue to speak,
" And strive completely to display
" All that endears to us the day,
" The Nine would seem too weak.

" Where then, if language must despair,
" Dear feeling scholar, tell me where

" Can just expression lie?
" No, not in words, whate'er their skill,
" But in the tear that starts to fill
" The grateful, joyous eye.

" That tear the diamond's praise may share,
" In which no settled colours glare,
" Though large the gem, or small;
" None it obtrudes upon the sight,
" Yet, by the aid of friendly light,
" It represents them all."

" There my dear affectionate bardling, there is a song for you " on our dear Praxiteles, and his birth-day, which I hope you " may continue to celebrate for half a century to come. My " cordial offering on this occasion is truly extempore, as you " will perceive.

" Chichester is growing as impatient for the arrival of our " beloved Flaxman, and his monument of her poet Collins, as " Strasburg is described by Tristram Shandy for the return of " the stranger with the wonderful nose; and the conversation " of the fair inhabitants runs in a similar strain of eager cu- " riosity.

" Is the monument coming? When will it come? Where is " it to be seen? Who has seen it? &c.

" As to Eartham, the inhabitants of that dear tranquil village " are images of patience herself, but not of patience smiling at " delay."

The young sculptor and his inestimable master, sent a very kind joint reply, which the latter concluded by saying,

" We are all impatient to see you. Within three weeks " Collins will be finished, and after shewing it for two or three " days to a few friends, we will immediately come to Chichester, " set it up, and enjoy the society of our dear bard. I hope the " subscribers will permit me to assure them that the procras- " tination of this monument is the necessary consequence of " additional labour, as it has never been laid aside, but its " progress has been preferred to every other work in hand. " Thomas is an excellent boy."

" *July* 21, 1795.

" Dearest Bard,

" Many, many thanks for your kind letter, and solicitude " about your careless urchin. I am very glad that William " Meyer arrived at Eartham just at the time when you were " uneasy about me, as he could give you a good account of my " health, as well as that of the *good enchanting creatures* of " Buckingham-street, as you justly call Praxiteles and Titania. " As for me, I endeavour as much as I can to be *good*, but *en-* " *chanting* is one of those words which soar too high for me " even to catch at.

" Our good friend Dr. Warner surprised me yesterday with an " unexpected visit. He was quite delighted with my advance- " ment, both in size, and in sculpture; he means to go to Ear- " tham in about a week. I hope he will stay with you till we

" arrive. All the sculpture of Collins is finished. All commend " my Jupiter; I wish that you could see it. Praxiteles is so " kind as to say that when I have finished it, I shall model a " bust of Minerva, which I shall *carve in marble*, and send to " the prophet. There's for you! However, you must wait with " patience for some time, for my Jupiter is not yet finished. " Then there is to model the Minerva; and, lastly, to carve " it, which is a very long affair. And there is also this to " be considered; viz. if I do it well; for I am determined " you shall not have any work of mine which will not do " credit to Praxiteles and myself. However, we shall have " the pleasure of meeting at Eartham before this project is " undertaken."

The modesty of the young sculptor is pleasingly visible in his disclaiming all title to the epithet *enchanting;* and I cannot help observing, on this occasion, that there never existed a mortal, to whose talents and manners the word enchanting might be applied with greater propriety. This singular youth possessed such a rare union of good-natured simplicity and of intelligent sweetness in his character, that without any appearance of endeavouring to ingratiate himself with the persons around him, he became endeared to them with a sort of magical celerity.

He had indeed many valuable gifts from nature, but, above all, the gift of conciliating affection from people of every class.

With what exquisite sensibility he felt and deserved the affection of his father, his next letter will shew in a very lively manner.

"*July* 29, 1795.

" Dearest Bard,

" Now let me thank you, which I do most sincerely, for " your excessively kind and elegant praise of my Minerva that " is to be; O that it may deserve a poetical compliment, and " then the bard of Eartham will write it; ὦ πόποι! If that expec- " tation will not give me spirit, neither Minerva nor any of " her companions can. Blest be the man that invented poets, " says Tom Phidias, for they are delightful, and enchant- " ing creatures. I am very glad to hear such a good account " of my favourite Serena's success. O that these same bards " could obtain what they deserve!

" I hope that you remembered me kindly to my invaluable " friends William Guy and Co. They will see in about a " fortnight the long wished-for Collins. My Jupiter is nearly " finished; then for the Goddess of Wisdom."

Flaxman said in a postscript to this letter of his disciple:

" Your very affectionate remembrance of Nancy and myself, " makes your letters almost as desirable to us as they are to " Thomas, and us as desirous to see you. We expect to tell " you in the next letter, when we shall pack up Collins for " Chichester, of which Thomas is particularly desirous. The

" chief and almost only themes of his discourse are his dear " bard, his Fido, and all the beloved inhabitants of Eartham. " He is very good, and endears himself the more to us by his " increasing likeness to you."

The poet of Eartham was so singularly blest in the disposition of his son, that he had hardly ever any occasion to speak to him in any tone of reproof. It happened, however, about this time that he thought it right to reprove both the young sculptor, and his associate William Meyer, for an apparent neglect of attention due to their warm-hearted friend Dr. Warner, who had expected a visit from them, which they neglected to pay. The good Doctor's idea of their neglect originated in a mistake. The particulars are too trivial for explanation; but, in justice to the mild and generous spirit of the young Hayley, it seems proper to preserve the opening of his letter in answer to the reproof of his father.

" *August*, 1795.

" Dearest of Reprovers,

" Accept my sincerest thanks for your kind letter: the " least term that I can give it is *kind;* for I know your dis- " position is such, that to reprove any one gives you pain, " and me, I believe, especially; therefore I feel myself much " obliged to you (and I hope I shall always do so), and to " every one, indeed, who will take the trouble to correct me, " when I am wrong."

After this tender exordium, Alphonso proceeded to such a defence of himself and his young friend, as produced the following reply:

" EARTHAM, *August*, 1795.

" Dearest of Advocates,

" You defend yourself and your friend with such admi-
" rable sweetness of temper, and so pure a spirit of justice,
" generosity, and affection, that your letter has abundantly
" and delightfully overpaid me for the past vexation."

I transcribe many scraps from the letters of this son and father, where either filial or paternal tenderness is strikingly displayed, because from their very strong reciprocal affection it seems possible that their language to each other, on these occasions, may not only please but

" improve
" The sons and fathers of a distant age."

Few parents and children begin a correspondence so early, or maintain it so regularly. Indeed, when the poet and his young sculptor were not together, the regularity of their letters seemed as essential to the comfort of each as their supplies of daily food. They now most gladly exchanged the pleasure of hearing from each other, for the superior pleasure of meeting on their favourite spot. In August 1795, the excellent master of the young artist dispatched his admirable

monument of Collins to the Cathedral of Chichester, and, after superintending the position of his work, indulged himself in a few social holidays with his Nancy, and his disciple, in the sweet tranquil scenery of Eartham.

The completion of the monument to the poet of Chichester was a source of general gratification. It was particularly pleasing to the group of friends at Eartham, as the project had been devised and promoted, not only to do honour to Collins, which his genius truly deserved, but to afford also an early field for the talents of Flaxman. The epitaph was the joint composition of two Sussex poets; for the poet of Lavington co-operated on this occasion with his friend of Eartham.

The epitaph has been thought to do them credit, but they have both candidly and justly declared that the poetry of the monument is surpassed by the sculpture.

The active and noble spirit of Flaxman was too eager to press forward in his profession, to allow him many holidays, even at Eartham. On the 27th of August he wrote from his own house, and spoke as follows to the friend he had quitted.

" After the severe task of parting on Sunday evening, we " were received by the hospitable Guys in a manner that " must make us remember and love them as long as we live. " To crown his kindness, at supper-time Mr. Guy presented " me with a draft from the subscribers to the monument; more " than I expected! This additional gift was endeared by the " friendly manner in which it was presented, and the flattering " testimonies of the subscribers. Chichester will ever be dear

" to me. If I was a sovereign, I would grant it privileges. If I " was a rich artist, I would shew my gratitude in some other " way."

The young sculptor remained at Eartham a little longer than his excellent master; and, before he left it, executed a portrait of his young friend, George Wyndham, in a medallion.

He appeared, however, not to have loitered long in the alluring groves of Eartham, as his next letter from London in this year is dated on the 3d of September. It closes with these affectionate expressions.

" Praxiteles and Titania are both well, and desire me to " thank you for your kindness while they were at Eartham, " which I also do sincerely on my part, though I know not " which is the greater, the pleasure I enjoyed while I was with " you, or the pain in parting from you. Adieu."

How truly these tender friends sympathized in their feelings towards each other, we may learn from the poet's reply :—

" EARTHAM, *September* 6, 1795.

" No words can fully express to you how much I miss our " dear little master of the horse in our pleasant and salutary " maritime excursions; but I console myself in a hope that our " kind Romney may propose to you another brief visit to the " South, and that our indulgent Praxiteles will not disapprove " of your passing another week, in the course of this hot month, " where you can have the advantage of the sea, with an affec- " tionate old swimming-master, who delights in teaching you " every thing that may blend for your good the *utile dulci.*

" This the art of swimming does, I think, in a high degree; and " it is an art which I believe you would perfectly acquire with " the practice of another week, although I think you are not " quite so much master of serenity and resolution in the water, " as you are upon land, and those two inestimable qualities are " peculiarly required to make a good swimmer, as they are in- " deed to make a hero in any art or science."

To shew a proper readiness to speak the most exact truth of the interesting young artist in all points, I will here remark that he slowly acquired the little knowledge of swimming that he possessed, and I believe it is the only art to which he applied without advancing rapidly in what he wished to acquire. But bathing, so salutary to his father in all seasons, did not appear friendly to his constitution, except in the very short season of warm weather. Water was not his element, though he would have made an admirable sailor, from his temperate fortitude and mechanical dexterity. In bathing, he was soon chilled, and hence, though he frequented the coast for several years, and often bathed with his father, he was never completely master of the useful art which that anxious father was so willing to teach him. The benevolent Flaxman kindly allowed his young disciple to visit Eartham again in September with Romney, but not without a few strong and friendly hints concerning the necessity of unrelaxed application. The scholar was not idle when distant from his incomparable master. Before he returned with Romney to London, he executed a medallion of the beloved painter, which is justly regarded as an

admirable resemblance of that great artist, with whom, from the very dawn of his own life, he had been affectionately familiar. Romney had delighted to observe the rise and progress of early genius in his little friend, and encouraged it with generosity, that I find recorded by the grateful youth, in a little book, entitled, " Memoranda of my Works in Art from 1793." This little book had escaped my notice in the beginning of this Memoir, but it will enable me to make some additions under former years, and I seize the immediate opportunity of rendering justice to the gratitude with which the amiable and accurate young student has spoken of his kind encourager. After noticing his medallion of the painter mentioned above, as completed at Eartham, in September 1795, he adds, " I had for- " got to mention that in the beginning of this year, I modelled " a small full-face medallion of my father, for which Mr. " Romney did me the honour to give me five guineas."

As I mean to close this second part of the young sculptor's life with the end of the first year in his apprenticeship, I will here transcribe from his *memoranda*, now open before me, the few remaining articles that belong to the year 1795.

" October, London. Finished my model of Minerva. Began " a small model from an antique head of Medusa. December, " finished it."

So terminated the year in regard to art; but as the purpose of this work is to record the affections as well as the ingenuity of the artist, I have yet some particulars to notice in respect to various letters of 1795.

On the 30th of September, he said, in writing to Eartham, "I have the pleasure to tell you that I found all well on my "return, and that the kind Praxiteles approves very much of my "model. My friend Mr. Romney called here to day, and is "well after his journey."

Romney had now been twenty years accustomed to devote a few weeks every autumn to social study and social enjoyments in the pleasing scenery of Eartham. His visit to the South, in 1795, was rendered peculiarly delightful, not only by his having a young fellow student and brother artist in his juvenile friend, who was happy to attend him, but from the additional gratification of his beginning in this autumn, what he long had an ambition to execute, namely, a large family picture, that might remain as an honourable memorial of his talents in the princely mansion of Petworth.

The poet of Eartham had been very anxious to obtain this honour for the pencil of his friend. It was granted in a very obliging manner. The fine children and their mother, who form the group of this admirable picture, indulged the painter so far as to sit to him in his favourite painting-room, an apartment excellently suited to its purpose, and formed in the north end of a long riding-house which Hayley had built on the side of his sea-commanding hill, in a year when frequent inflammations in the eyes had rendered him unable to ride in the open air. Here the family picture was happily begun in September, and the painter proposed, if his tender health would allow such unusual exertion, to return, and proceed in it during the Christmas

holidays. This prospect consoled both the poet and the painter, under the pain of parting before the important work was accomplished: the former spoke of it very feelingly, in the following letter to his son.

"EARTHAM, *October* 4, 1795.

"Let me now rejoice with you on your rapid journey, and "above all in finding our friends well, and pleased with your "portrait of our beloved painter, whose *pictorial* apartment "here, desolate as it looks now ye are all gone, yet affords me "singular delight from the works now visible in it, and the "prospect of many more which will, I hope, arise in future on "the same propitious spot. Pray tell our dear Romney, with "my love to him, that his fair friend of Petworth spoke yester-"day in the most pleasing terms of the family picture, with a "lively solicitude for its being happily finished, and in such a "manner as to suit the convenience, and gratify the feelings of "the artist in every respect.

"The monument of Collins, and this picture, engaged so "much of my attention, that my own less interesting works "have been not a little neglected; but in due time I trust they "will take their turn to advance. This letter will reach you, "my dearest of dear friends, on a day that I shall never cease "to bless with the utmost fervency of my heart and soul, while "you appear to me (in my mind's eye) as I hope you ever will, "industrious, amiable, and happy in no common degree. You "will immediately perceive that I mean your birth-day. En-

" deavour to make such use of life, that the day of your birth
" (as often as it returns) may be justly regarded as a blessing,
" more and more valuable to all who love you, and particularly
" to your most affectionate " H."

" Postscript. Present my love to Praxiteles and Titania,
" and tell the latter I desire her to be my proxy in giving you
" a kiss of parental benediction to-morrow. I will repay her
" twenty-fold.

" God bless you all!"

The reply of the juvenile artist breathes the spirit of filial tenderness:

" *October* 5, 1795.

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, 8 *o'clock in the Evening.*

" The kiss is given, my dearest of admonishers! and the giver
" desires me to tell you that she expects and hopes it will soon
" be repaid with interest. So much for Titania. Now let me
" thank you for your most welcome kind letter. Welcome:
" and doubly welcome to me! not only on account of its
" contents, but on account of the day on which it arrived,
" it being the most agreeable birthday gift I could have
" received, except a kiss from you yourself. But what will
" Titania say to that? 'Thou ungrateful sprite! have not I
" honoured you with a kiss, and is not a kiss from the queen of
" the fairies worth ten thousand from a bearded prophet?' No!
" I will not thus wrong the feelings of the kind and gentle
" Titania. No! she, I am sure, knows those feelings which

" must belong to a boy of any degree of affection, towards a " parent from whom he is sensible (as I trust I am) that he " has received such kindness and attention as he can never " repay.

" Yes! then, I boldly say that a kiss from yourself would be " the most agreeable gift to me on this day. But here I stop, " and thank the kind indulgent Praxiteles, and my good " friend Romney, for the pleasures I have recently enjoyed at " Eartham."

The next letter from the poet contains an anecdote of his son's favourite spaniel Fido, so singular that it may be worth preserving, especially as Fido had in a future season the honour of having his portrait extremely well painted by the young artist, as a reward for his fidelity on this occasion.

" Eartham, *Oct.* 11, 1795.

" We have had such vehement rain, that I have found it " difficult to preserve the regular plan of sea-bathing, which I " wished to follow, in the hope of bracing my nerves with " strength enough to support very assiduous study through the " winter, the best season for application. The sea I think " as friendly to me, as the earth was to your old acquaintance " Antæus, when he was wrestling with Hercules; and I there- " fore gallop to the coast in spite of cloudy and dark evenings. " You will be pleased to hear an instance of singular fidelity " and courage in your favourite, the *peaceful Fido*. I had been " detained by violent showers till it was nearly dark the other

" evening, but, as the sky cleared, I sallied forth with only Fido " and Hidalgo.*

" As I was advancing in the dusk, about half way to Felpham, " a boy about thirteen ran over some loose stones before me, as " if preparing to seize my horse (though, in truth, he had no " such intention). The alert Fido, who saw his movement " towards me, darted instantly before Hidalgo, and growing " (all peaceable as his nature is) as fierce as a tiger, sprang " upon the lad, who began roaring in terror. I had some " difficulty to persuade the boy that Fido would not hurt him, " and almost as much to persuade Fido that the boy did " not intend to injure me. At last, however, I parted them, " and proceeded in my dusky ride, highly charmed with the " affectionate spirit of my attendant. How proceeds your " Minerva? so happily, I am persuaded, that I may be able to " say of you, in due time,

' Tritonia Pallas
' Te docuit, multâque insignem reddidit arte.'

" May all good powers protect and bless you!"

" Φίλτατε προφήτων,

Buckingham Street, *October* 13, 1795.

" I cannot express the delight that your most kind letter " afforded me, particularly that part of it in which you declare " your intention of coming to town in about a fortnight. I " called on our good friend Mr. Romney, and he desired me to

* A favourite white horse.

" tell you, ' his house is at your service.' Let me now tell " you how much I am delighted with your anecdote of my " excellent Fido! I shall love him ten times more than ever, " for his courage and fidelity. He has now, as Titania kindly " says, rendered himself worthy of his master! Pray give him a " crust for me. Minerva will be fit to receive company by the " time you come to town, and Jupiter is waiting with great " eagerness to see one, who, they say, is like him in his grand " forehead, and majestic brows. The young ladies Mr. Romney " mentioned to you, were Miss Flaxman and Miss Wilkes (a " daughter of the famous John Wilkes), whom Mrs. Flaxman " and myself conducted to see Mr. Romney's pictures. I be- " lieve you have heard Mr. Flaxman speak of Miss Wilkes as " very beautiful. Mr. Romney was very much taken with her " person and her face."

Hayley indulged himself in a visit to his London friends in November, but his visit appears to have been short, since early in the next month he wrote again from Eartham to his son, to give him a cheerful account of Romney's progress in the great picture at Petworth. The young sculptor's reply affords a very pleasing view of his lively, grateful, and contemplative mind.

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *December* 6, 1795.

" My very dear Prophet!

" I rejoice to hear the great picture is going on so happily. " The painter must be, I think, in high good humour, and all " his blue companions must have taken flight.

" I wonder that the circumstance of the lady's not being able " to come to Eartham, did not conjure them all up, and pro- " duce a very bitter easterly blast; yet, on consideration, my " wonder leaves me, for blue devils fly your approach, as mice " do the approach of the cat; you lay the easterly blast with " the greatest ease. But you did not say in your letter when " the immortal painter means to revisit London; that, perhaps, " he knows not himself. I have called on the worthy uphol- " sterer who furnished my apartments here, and send you his " bill. I wish I could pay it myself, by some magical method, " without troubling you with it; however, please God, I hope " at some time to repay you (not wholly, for that would be im- " possible) for all your goodness and loving kindness to me. " But, still to talk of goodness, how kind is the amiable Praxi- " teles. He has told me in a truly friendly manner, to consider " whether I like my present pursuits, himself, and Mrs. Flax- " man enough, to live with them for seven years; and if, upon " consideration, I do not, to mention my objections to him, and " he will advise me, not as a master, but a friend.

" As to my pursuits, those please me much, very much. As " to Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman, next to enjoying your society, " much as I dislike this bustling city, my greatest delight would " be to live with them. He is such a good man, and so full of " excellent qualities, that I am always learning something of " great value from him; and Mrs. Flaxman is so kind and atten- " tive to me, that I have a great regard also for her. This you " may tell them, if you please. They took me yesterday to

" dine with the great Mr. Wilkes. His character, which is odd,
" I will give you in another letter: I must now to my drawing;
" so good night!"

A rapid succession of very interesting occupations soon engrossed the thoughts of the young sculptor, and prevented his amusing his correspondent with his intended character of a man so remarkable.

As the second part of this Memoir is to close with the termination of the first year in the youth's apprenticeship, let me " here observe, that he had now passed sufficient time in his " new profession to delight in the art he had chosen, and to be most affectionately attached to his admirable instructor; yet how far he might be qualified to rise to great eminence as an artist, seemed hitherto a point of doubtful conjecture, for his extreme modesty had not yet permitted him to display that inventive genius which is justly considered as the prime source of reputation in all the fine arts, and which nature had, in truth, bestowed on him with singular liberality.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

PART THE THIRD.

EARTHAM, *January* 3, 1796.

" Carissime,

" I prayed for a happy new year to you all on the first " day of it, in the great temple of Nature, as I crossed our " lofty hills; for, after dispatching a tolerable morning's work, " and receiving letters from the post, I mounted my horse at " one o'clock, galloped to wish a happy new year to our " friends at Petworth, and returned to a hermit's dinner at " home. Let me now enquire after your professional works; " what are the recent productions of your dear little hand, " which is, I trust, daily improving in all the dexterity that " your excellent master can teach, and wish it to exert. I " recommend it to you to re-commence your useful diary with " the new year. It is an excellent custom, and leads to a " beneficial review and improvement of time. I began a pri- " vate one for my own use with this title and motto:

' A DIARY OF THE HEAD AND HEART.

' Hoc me mihi reddat amicum!'

" It does not require more than five or ten minutes every " day, and these minutes are well employed. So may your " whole life be, my dearest of friends, and happy in proportion! " Such is the constant wish and expectation

" Of your most affectionate

" W. H."

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *Jan.* 4, 1796.

" My very dear Papa,

" Accept my best thanks for your very kind letter and " enquiries after my works. I am at present employed in " copying an antique head of Medusa, and sitting to Mr. " Romney, who has almost finished my figure in the grand " picture. He has also advanced Mr. Flaxman's head, but " left his own untouched. Mr. Maurice (author of the Indian " Antiquities, and an Elegy on Sir William Jones,) called at " our house a few days ago, to see the monument of Sir " William, and he has honoured it with a very handsome " present, a copy of his Elegy, and of his Indian Antiquities. " He has also very politely invited me to drink tea with him " in Norton-street, and look over his library, which consists " of valuable books chiefly on art and antiquities."

" EARTHAM, *January* 10, 1796.

" Carissime,

" Your account of Mr. Maurice's very liberal kindness to " you afforded me great pleasure, and it will please you to hear

" that our young friend William of Kew has enjoyed some " social days in the South. I am much gratified in observing " that he begins to feel a very promising delight in literature. " I am glad that you passed some pleasant holidays at Kew, " and that you have attended our dear Romney to forward the " completion of his favourite picture. I always rejoice when " noble works of art are advancing, and in the progress of your " studies I must ever take a most affectionate interest. Scold- " ing you is an occupation I am so little inclined to, that I have " omitted to scold you, as I believe I ought to have done, for " having detained Clyfford's Latin version of my Elegy on Sir " William Jones.

" It would be an office worthy of your benevolent spirit, if " you become more acquainted with Lady Jones, to engage " her in trying to obtain some preferment in the church for " Mr. Maurice."

It appears from the young sculptor's little book, entitled " Memoranda of my Works in Art," that on the 3d of January 1796, he made his first attempt in original design, and produced a sketch, which appeared so admirable a proof of inventive genius, to the intelligent eye and sympathetic spirit of Romney, that the kind and exulting painter wrote instantly, on this joyous occasion, to his friend of Eartham. The welcome intelligence produced the following letter from the father to his son:

" EARTHAM, *January* 11, 1796.

" Φίλτατε φίλων,

" I fervently congratulate *you*, and our dear *Flaxman*, and " *myself*, on the very delightful tidings of you, which I have just " received from our very kind Romney. He speaks with the " most friendly and enthusiastic praise of a design which he " tells me you have made from the New Testament, of the two " Angels and Mary at the Tomb of our Saviour. The beloved " painter describes your performance with affectionate admira- " tion, as a bright example of original inventive genius. I need " not inform you, that such a description must necessarily " draw tears of transport from the eyes of your enthusiastic " paternal Hermit. Allowing for all the kind partiality of the " dear painter to *you* and *your works*, I am persuaded the " design does you infinite honour; I am delighted that you had " courage to engage in so very arduous an attempt, and I am " doubly delighted that you have succeeded in a subject most " happily chosen, yet such a subject as requires the union of " pathetic and sublime powers to execute it with any degree of " felicity. I am not afraid that any praise you may receive for " this blessed design may render you vain or presumptuous; " for your lovely mind is naturally modest, and you will justly " ascribe the praise as you ought, *first* to that gracious Pro- " vidence, which has endowed you with rare and valuable " faculties; and, secondly, to that excellent and inestimable " master of your art, who has so kindly proved the instrument " (under Heaven) to cherish and call forth those seeds of talent

" which you derive from the beneficence of God, who will " grant you, I trust, through the whole course of your life, to " make the noblest use of that heavenly endowment which has " first displayed itself in delineating a scene so full of sanctity " and pathos. The powers of the pencil and pen united, " could not fully express to you my parental delight on this " occasion, or my eagerness to contemplate your design, of " which I intreat you to send me a slight copy as soon as you " can. Remember me kindly to the dear Flaxmans. Pray " write before the usual day, as I am all impatience to hear the " circumstances that led you to attempt your glorious design of " the Sacred Sepulchre. Be not concise on this very interesting " topic,

" To your delighted and affectionate

" W. H."

The juvenile artist had prepared to anticipate the eager request of his father, before it could reach him. The front of his next letter contained a neat sketch of his new design, which he introduces to the person whom he was ever most anxious to please, with the following expressions of modest affectionate ambition.

" Buckingham-street, *Jan.* 11, 1796.

" Behold, my very dear papa! the first efforts of my creative " powers, such as they are; and I have the pleasure of informing " you that these efforts have been most highly praised by

"our dear and good friend Mr. Romney, who gives me the "greatest encouragement to proceed. Mr. Cracherode called "at our house this morning, and I showed them to him. "He desired me to tell you that he had seen them, and that he "*admired them prodigiously*. As I have not written under them "the subject of each, I think it may be necessary to give an "explanation.

"The first is Mary at the Tomb of our Saviour, and the "two angels:—This is, I think, a fine subject. The other little "figure, which you will find in one of the folds of the letter, is "a figure of Satan passing through chaos: 'Accursed, and in a "cursed hour he hies.' What pleases me most is, that Mr. "Flaxman, whose opinion, between you and me, I value the "most, is very much pleased with them. So much for my "work! Mr. Flaxman desires me to remember him kindly to "you, and tell you that his postscript gives place to my "drawing, but he will write in my next.

"Jan. 12. I have just received your very kind letter for "which I thank you very much."

"Eartham, *Jan.* 14, 1796.

"Dearest of dear Designers!

"I will not lose a single post in hastening to assure you "that I am delighted in contemplating the first bright example "of your invention, as our dear Romney very kindly and truly "called it. I am doubly charmed by the choice of your subject, "and by the good sense, simplicity, pathos, and spirit of your

" composition. I thank you most cordially for being almost as " eager to gratify me with a sight of your design, as I was to " behold it. This enchanting, invaluable sketch shall be fondly " preserved, and daily contemplated, as a most pleasing har- " binger of still greater productions.

' Et memoranda diu, Geniumque professa perennem.'

" It convinces me in the happiest manner, that you possess in " your young mind, the promising seeds of singularly strong " and fertile inventive power, the very essence of fine art, and, " I doubt not, by the kind intelligence and steady cultivation " which Providence (by the means of your inestimable master) " bestows on these happily shooting seeds, that promise great " future excellence, you will become as truly admirable in your " divine art, as the fondest and proudest of parental hearts can " wish you to be. I am pleased with the incident of my very " amiable and accomplished friend Mr. Cracherode's having " seen and applauded so liberally your early specimen of a " sacred design. I am also pleased that you prefer our dear " Flaxman's approbation to the praise even of the most accom- " plished connoisseurs.

' His recte malles oculis, Lysippe ! probari.'

" There is merit in your little Satan, but such as is quite " eclipsed by your design of the Holy Sepulchre, which

" appears to me indeed a marvellous production for a youth just " beginning to design.

" You seem inclined to prove my maxim true, that Chris- " tianity affords much finer subjects for art than all the gaudy " mythology of the ancient world. Proceed, and prosper, my " dear little inventive fairy! What infinite delight it will give " me to see your talents expand and ripen in the sunshine of " our dear Flaxman's affectionate instructions! and how proud " I shall be, if, at some future period, I can see my works " (such as they may be) ennobled and embellished by your " united pencils.

" The idea (if it pleases Heaven to give me health) will, I " flatter myself, inspire me with compositions more worthy of " such embellishment than any thing that I have hitherto pro- " duced. Say every thing kind for me to Praxiteles and " Titania. As a little, though I think a very inadequate re- " turn for your enchanting sketch, I will transcribe for you a " few stanzas that I wrote in a copy of Milton's Life, which " I gave to George Wyndham. You may insert them in your " own, if they please you.

" Dear little partner of my days
" In Eartham's sylvan bower!
" Accept a volume which displays
" A mind of matchless power.

" May Milton's spirit and his heart,
" If in this book they dwell,
" Their temper to thy youth impart,
" And teach thee to excel!

" Be his example ne'er forgot,
" Whose darkness was bright day,
" Should toil and hardship be thy lot
" (As thou art man they may),

" All sadness from thy soul remove,
" Thy mental powers employ,
" And bid thy transient trouble prove
" A source of lasting joy!

" Reflect how Heaven, though frowning, kind,
" To good makes evil tend,
" As sickness led thee first to find
" That balm of life—a friend!"

" The post that brought me our dear Romney's animated " account of your newly discovered talent, brought me also a " very singular letter of flaming praise, from an odd mortal in " the fashionable world, on the Life of Milton. I will take " leave of you now, my very dear delightful correspondent, " with our favourite Latin verse of the divine bard:

'Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur.'

" Accept and distribute the cordial benediction
" Of your most affectionate
" W. H."

The reply of the young artist to the applause of his father, has, by some mischance, escaped from the series of his letters; but the delight and encouragement he derived from it are sufficiently clear in his subsequent exertions. It appears from the memorandum-book of his works in art, that at this time he was principally employed on his small marble bust of Minerva, a work which peculiarly interested his heart, as an intended decoration for the library of the poet, whose paternal ambition excited the juvenile artist, by the following letter, to new works of invention.

"*January* 24, 1796.

"Well, my dear little designer, has your inventive power, "which started forth so happily, to the general gratification "of all your friends, taken another happy stride, or sunk into "a quiescent state? Pray do not fail to gratify me with a "progressive account of all your professional exertions. You "say, after old Hippocrates, 'Ὁ βίος βραχὺς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρὴ;' yet "I trust your life will be long enough (especially as you begin "to distinguish yourself betimes) to produce a multitude of "admirable works in various ways. I am glad you recollect "your favourite *Homeric motto*, that you chose in your early "childhood; and, as I think a good motto a very pleasant and "good thing occasionally, to enliven and animate the mind, "I will suggest to you a Latin motto also, peculiarly suited "to an artist, who justly reckons morality as the groundwork "of technical excellence:

'Ingenium probitas, artemque modestia vincit.'

"I doubt not but your own character will be (as your ex-
"cellent master's most certainly is) a very happy illustration
"both of the Greek and the Latin verse."

"BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *January* 26, 1796.

"Do not let your expectations be too great, lest I should
"not be able to come up to them.

"I have not made any more compositions yet, but never-
"theless my hand is still employed, as I generally make small
"memorandums in my sketch-book, of any beautiful or inte-
"resting attitude or group I may happen to see in nature;
"and my hand is now employed on the marble, for I have
"begun your goddess that is to be, and I have set eight points,
"but that being a technical term, you may not perhaps under-
"stand it. It means, that I have found in the marble the
"most projecting points, such as the nose of the helmet, the
"nose of the face, the chin, &c. When I have found a few
"more, it remains to clear away the marble till I get the
"general resemblance, and then to finish it with rasps, files, &c.,
"all which, though I can relate it with a few words, is not to
"be performed in a very short space of time. So much for the
"goddess."

"EARTHAM, *January* 31, 1796.

"Φίλτατε τεχνίτων,

"I congratulate you and myself on the progress you have
"made in your Minerva, as I am most agreeably persuaded by

" your recent works, that you are become a favourite with " the kind goddess of ingenuity; and I trust I may say of you, " with as much truth as affection,

' Tu nihil invitâ facis, ingeniose, Minervâ.'

" This noblest of goddesses has peculiar claims to your " attention, as she has been called the inventress of your art. " ' Pallas unà cum Prometheo, Jovis jussu, homines è luto fecit.' " There is a passage in a Greek etymologist, which represents " her in the character of an artist, and would form, I think, " no bad subject for the pencil of her votaries. ' *The Deicte-* " *rium*, or show-room, was a place at Samos, so called because " on that spot Minerva delineated a head of the Gorgon, show- " ing it to Perseus, when she sent him to cut the Gorgon " to pieces.' But as you are Greeks (φίλτατοι τεχνίτων), master " and disciple, here is the original for you:

' Δεικτήριον τόπος τῆς Σάμε, ὅτι ἐν αὐτῷ ἡ Ἀθηνᾶ διέγραψε τὴν κεφαλὴν τῆς ' Γοργόνος, δεικνύουσα τῷ Περσεῖ, ὅτε αὐτὸν ἀπέστειλεν ἐπὶ τὴν Γοργοτομίαν.'

" There is a spirited Greek oration of Aristides, in praise of " your goddess Minerva, which closes with an admirable senti- " ment that I will transcribe for you. It strikes me this " moment, that Milton has imitated it in his Latin prose, but " here it is for you in English and Greek:

' I shall be sure of prevailing as much as I wish, let the best ' of qualities first prevail in myself.'

' Νικάοιμι δὲ ὅσον βέλομαι, ἐν αυτῷ δὲ ἐμοὶ πρῶτον νικῷη τὰ βελτίω.'

" So much for your Goddess! I am pleased to find that we

"both adhere so well to our old motto of 'Mutual aid and "mutual love,' as to be both working at the same time for each "other. While you are executing a Minerva for me, I am also "preparing something in my art,

'Ὅ τοὶ κειμήλιον ἔσται
'Ἐξ ἐμεῦ,'

"to borrow a phrase from your old friend Homer. What it is, "you will never be able to guess; but I hope it may have the "good fortune to prove to you, one day or other, the truth of "the Horatian maxim,

'Et prodesse volunt, et delectare Poetæ.'

"Happy, indeed, shall I think my compositions, in whatever "shape they appear, if they are ultimately as profitable and "delightful to you as I wish them to prove.

"I grow impatient for the portraits and medallions. Pray "keep one of your medallions for Cowper, who is, I trust, "advancing towards perfect recovery.

"Adieu! my dear little maker of goddesses: may all good "powers protect and bless you!"

"Buckingham-street, *Feb.* 2, 1796.

"Your very kind letter gave me great pleasure, and I thank "you sincerely for the compliments you pay to me, who am, I "fear, rather undeserving of such kind expressions. Thank "you also for your quotations. The first is, as you justly

" observe, a good subject for the pencil, to the votaries of " Minerva. There is now visible in my head of Minerva a nose, " and something like a mouth, a chin, &c.; so that she has " advanced a little since I wrote to you last. Working in " marble is a very slow operation, yet very pleasant, and the " exercise is very salutary.

" Indeed I cannot guess what your present occupation is, " but whatever it is, we are sure that some excellent perform- " ance will be the result of your labours. I hope in your next " letter you will satisfy my curiosity, which is very great, to " know what your present occupations are. I must now inform " you, that Lord Egremont honoured me with a visit yesterday; " he said he had seen Mr. Romney, who informed him of my " composition, which he came to see. I beg that when you see " him, you will tell him how much I felt myself honoured " by his kind attention and civility. You may easily perceive " by the manner in which I write, that I hurry a great deal; too " much, perhaps, considering that I write to one whose kindness " towards me is unrepayable, and whose unspeakable bene- " volence can never be forgot by his

" Most affectionate

" T. H."

" Postscript. William Meyer called on me the other day, " and we went to Bedlam. I am sorry to say we found poor " Herrington* rather worse than when we saw him before;

* An interesting cottager of Eartham.

" excessively cheerful as usual. He asked after you. He had " seen his wife, and did not know her. Alas! to what afflictions " human nature is subject! Adieu."

" EARTHAM, *February* 7, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I perceive that your weekly letter to me is sometimes (from " the pressure of other employment) an irksome task to you, " and I will therefore make an accommodating change in " the frequency of our correspondence. We will write to each " other only once a fortnight. I have myself as little *vacant* " time as any mortal can have. In the course of my life, " the current of my studies has been most deplorably ob- " structed by variety of vexation, and I fervently hope yours " may proceed in a most steady, unbroken, and prosperous " course.

" I yesterday thanked Lord Egremont for his very flattering " attention to you, and shewed your sketch of the Sepulchre to " your friends at Petworth.

" The violence of the wind, in my return over the hills, has " affected my eyes so much, that I must hasten to bid the dear " little busy artist adieu.

" The grand secret of a truly active and unembarrassed spirit, " is to find time for every thing that it becomes us to do; and " this is to be done much better in *youth*, than at the season of " life when maladies and mortifications have impaired all the " native energies of body and of mind. I am glad you visited

" our poor peasant in Bedlam, though we have not the conso-
" lation of hearing a good account of the honest lunatic. Poor
" fellow! his madness is of a very cheerful cast; and that I con-
" sider as a blessing, compared with the melancholy which I
" have had so many occasions to behold and pity. Adieu, and
" believe me, whether I have occasion to praise or to admonish
" you, ever your

" Most sincere and affectionate

" W. H."

" Buckingham-street, *February* 9, 1796.

" Behold, my very dear Papa, *another composition*, in return
" for your very kind letter. The idea is taken from the story
" of Minerva delineating the Gorgon's head on the wall for
" Perseus, which you were so kind as to send me in your last
" letter but one. As I have not much paper, I will not waste
" any by puffing off my performance.

" As it is by your very kind desire that I make you my
" bosom-friend on all occasions, I will tell you my motive for
" not having any more casts of my medallion of our friend
" Romney. I have had so many of my friends and ac-
" quaintances, requesting me to present them with one of the
" casts, that (as I was unwilling to spend my own time in
" casting them) they amounted to a considerable expense, and
" as I think it my duty not to squander away the money
" that you are so kind as to supply me with, in any trivial
" manner, I banished the mould; but, as it is your particular

" desire, I will recall it, as it is always my pleasure to " oblige you.

" Could you believe that writing to you was irksome to me, " because I had very little time? No! my dearest of ad- " monishers, it is a pleasure, especially when you say that my " letters are delightful to you.

" Mr. Flaxman desires to be kindly remembered to you. He " says that I want, in my library, some classical authors, and " therefore I will take the liberty, in my next, of sending you a " list of what I want, and if you have any duplicates of those " books I shall be very much obliged to you, if you will let me " have them. Adieu."

" EARTHAM, *February* 14, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" You and your delightful goddess of ingenuity have put me " in *tune* again, for I confess your former letter had produced a " painful jar in the tender strings of my heart. I have devoted " such incessant and fond attention to you during so many " years, that even a *shadow* of disregard from you makes a " deeper impression upon me than the most serious offence " could do from any other being on earth.

" With such feelings you will easily guess how enthusi- " astically alive I am to every fresh example of your talents, and " particularly of your filial tenderness. You would smile if you " could see with what tender regard I place your two angels

" and your Minerva before me, every day, as the first step to " my morning occupation.

' Non si comincia ben, se non dal Cielo,'

" says the tender devout Tasso, and I feel there is something " heavenly in such a preparation for study.

" Your Minerva and her sketch of the Gorgon, is an admi- " rable composition. I thought, at first, that you had placed " Perseus too near the Medusa, and that their two heads were " so blended as to hurt the effect of each other; but I am now " convinced by reflection that it would not have been so well " had you thrown Perseus more to the right, and kept his figure " clear of the Gorgon. *Apropos!* of this terrific female! Do " you recollect the spirited description of Perseus with her " head (in a silver sack with gold tassels), and pursued by the " two surviving sister Gorgons, in your old friend Hesiod's " shield of Hercules ?

' Ἐν δ' ἦν ἠύκομε Δανάης τέκος ἱππόται Πέρσευς,' &c. Ver. 216.

' Equestrian Perseus, lovely Danae's son,
' Shone on that shield, nor touch'd it with his feet,
' But seem'd (amazing sight !) to nothing fix'd,
' Him the immortal artist had so form'd
' In gold, &c.'

" I was going to give you a rapid version of the whole scene, " but have just recollected that I probably have done so already, " as I remember the having once pointed out to you in my

" letters, this curious piece of ancient art, which profound " Grecians, I believe, do not admit as a genuine work of old " Hesiod. Let me now thank you for the kind manner in which " you speak of me as your bosom-friend, a light in which I trust " you will never cease to regard me, while I retain life or sense " enough to preserve an office in which I have ever taken the " most affectionate pride. Let me intreat you not to regard " inconsiderable expense, in any articles that can promote your " professional improvement or credit! and I beg you to inform " me without scruple when you want money for any purpose, " which you shall never want while I can supply you, as I am " confident you can never be extravagant in any article, and I " should be grieved to have you contract a habit too parsi- " monious, though contracted from the noblest principle. Pray " let me immediately know all the books you wish for, as I " shall have singular delight in furnishing you with whatever " you can want. Books are the great charm of life, a corner- " stone in the foundation of happiness as well as of knowledge. " I shall be glad to see your early fondness for them, which was " great, enlightened and confirmed in a steady attachment to " them for life, as much as may be compatible with the still " more important *manual study* (if I may use such a phrase) of " your divine art.

" *Apropos* of books! Pray tell the dear Titania, with my " love, that I hope she will place in her library, as a memorial " of the Hermit's regard, two French octavos, which she will " receive, I trust, in a week's time.

" They are the composition of a very wonderful woman, the " daughter of an inconsiderable artist, but she is an exquisite " artist herself, in describing human nature; and though a " woman without much advantage of education, she exhibited, " I think, in her own life and writings, the united characters " of two perhaps as extraordinary men as ever lived, Cato and " Rousseau.

" I hope Titania will sometimes read select parts of this en- " chanting book, which has delighted me, to the two dear artists, " while their hands are professionally employed. God bless " you all!"

" EARTHAM, *February* 18, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" The not receiving a letter from you yesterday, as usual, " has filled me with affectionate inquietude. Heaven grant the " disappointment may be owing only to some petty incident, " and not to any serious illness in your own frame, or in any " person for whom your tender heart is particularly interested!

" You will not be surprised at my thoughts having assumed " a less cheerful complexion than they usually display, when I " tell you that I am just returned from a solitary and mournful " walk to the end of our village, where I have been assisting at " the death-bed of poor C. the cottager's wife, the simple labo- " rious creature, whose life I have for some time endeavoured, " but in vain, to prolong. The honest labourer laments her

" departure with a truly pathetic simplicity of sorrow. Her " final pains (I thank Heaven) have been much softened. I am " persuaded that the act of dying is commonly rendered a much " easier thing by the kindness of nature and the mercy of God, " than fancy in general represents it to be. Among the poor, " I believe, the worst of its sufferings arise from superstitious " fears. A poor little mouse came to eat a bit of cake by the " bed-side of this good dying cottager, and she supposed it to " be a signal of her death.

" But let me turn to less gloomy subjects, as I could not " rest without making immediate inquiry concerning the cause " of your silence. I seize the opportunity of sending you a few " early violets from the spot you used to call your own garden.

" I am willing to persuade myself that I may hear from you " by the coach of to-night, with the two portraits by Howard; " but as the failure of a letter from you always throws the Her- " mit's heart into painful agitation, I will beg you not to omit " writing by the post, on account of any slower conveyance. " Heaven bless you! and happily terminate this alarm of, your " most affectionate

" W. H."

" Buckingham-street, *February* 20, 1796.

" I am very sorry to hear that my silence has given you any " uneasiness; but, my dear prophet, in your last you said you " would alter our correspondence. I acceded to the proposal " the more eagerly, as I find that, as I advance in my art, my

" time is so very precious that I must endeavour to sacrifice " many of these pleasures, which (if my mind was not wholly " bent to one great point, viz. excellence in my profession,) " would be delightful to me, particularly the pleasure of your " correspondence, which is my chief delight when I am absent " from you.

" I have made another copy of the composition I sent you, " which I mean to present to my good friend, Mr. Romney. " Now for the books, as you were so kind as to say that you " would furnish me with some of your duplicates. I take the " liberty of sending you a list of those which Mr. Flaxman " thinks necessary for me. He is so kind as to let me have " the use of those books he has, which I shall not therefore " trouble you for. Behold then the list.

Aristotle,	Diogenes Laertius,
Euripides,	Eunapius,
Poetæ Minores Græci,	Chaucer,
Any Greek poets, except Homer and Hesiod, which I have.	Justin,
	Plato,
Apollonius Rhodius,	A classical dictionary,
Junius de Picturâ,	Some compendious astronomy,
Cicero,	Geographical Grammar,
Arabian Nights,	Josephus.

" There, my dear prophet, is a long list indeed; but I trust " you will excuse the liberty I have taken in sending you such " a long one, when I tell you that Mr. Flaxman thinks all I " have mentioned are absolutely necessary for me; and he has

" suggested to me a plan, which I think with him is a very " good one. As he wishes to add a postscript I must be con- " cise. Adieu."

Postscript by Mr. Flaxman.

" Dear and kind Friend,

" I return you my warmest thanks for your intended kind " present to Nancy, in addition to all the other instances of " kindness which we have received from you. As you have per- " mitted me on all other occasions, so on the subject of the book " in question, I shall take the liberty of giving my sentiments " freely. By your general account of it I suppose it to be " Madam Roland's Memoirs, and certainly, as far as the sup- " port and education of an orphan is concerned, every one " would wish that the sale might be very productive; other- " wise, I cannot think that an exposition of, or an inquiry into " the little villainy of state policy, in which there is so much " of self, and so little of the great Disposer of all, can con- " tribute to our real wisdom and happiness, any more than the " individual confessions of others seem likely to contribute " to our virtue. You will pardon what I have said, and not " think me less grateful for giving a real opinion.

" I think I may congratulate your paternal feelings on " Thomas's having proved that he can compose in a pure and " pathetic manner. He has by my direction troubled you with " a list of books, duplicates of any of which he will be thankful

" for. Such books as I have, he shall have the use of, for it is " my object to make him as little expensive to you as possible. " Nancy unites in thanks and affectionate wishes to you, and " I have the honour to remain,

" Dear Friend,

" Your most affectionate

" J. FLAXMAN."

The paternal feelings of Hayley were highly gratified by the applause so kindly bestowed on the inventive powers of his son, and the more so, because that gentle youth, from his extreme modesty, had been so little eager to display them, that his admirable master had entertained some doubt of their existence; but nature and education had, in truth, furnished the boy with such inventive faculties, as would probably have rendered him one of the most accomplished and universal artists that ever existed, had health allowed him to persevere for many years in that pursuit of professional excellence, which he so fondly and so happily began. His father, eager as he was to observe and encourage the first exertions of his inventive genius, was yet more solicitous to cherish that exquisite tenderness of heart, which he had so long regarded and cultivated, as the most valuable quality in a highly gifted child. In that child, indeed, he had early instilled the favourite principle of his own mind, expressed in the epitaph which he composed for his own tombstone,

" To hold affection dearer far than fame."

The subsequent letters will shew how quick and how tender the feelings of both were concerning their reciprocal attachment.

"EARTHAM, *February* 21, 1796.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"Here is a frank to you for to-day, and another for next "Sunday, which I brought home yesterday, after a pleasant "ride to the friendly palace, where you are always remembered "with kindness: but you hardly deserve that I should furnish "the said franks with weekly epistles to you, because you "failed to gratify me with a letter, as I expected, on Wednesday "last. Pray recollect that I have more than once solicited "the dispatch of the interesting little portraits of your master "and his disciple, with your heads of Romney; and you know "one of my favourite maxims is, '*Bis dat qui cito dat.*'

"Having thus scolded the negligent boy, I will address the "ingenious artist. Here then, thou dear little Attic designer! "here is a new tempting subject for your enterprising pencil, "in an anecdote which I will transcribe for you, from a polite "letter that I have recently received from that amiable tra- "veller, Mr. Cooper Walker, of St. Vallery, relating to the "travels of Milton.

"When Milton was at Florence, he wandered one day along "the romantic borders of the Arno; overcome with heat, he "reclined on a bank, and fell asleep. A lady passing in a car- "riage was struck with his uncommon beauty, and alighting,

" sat down beside him. After indulging for some time a silent " admiration, she made his beauty the subject of a sonnet, " which she wrote on the spot, and putting the paper gently " into his bosom, proceeded on her journey.

" Adieu, be alert in affectionate attentions, as well as in pro- " fessional studies, and believe me

" Ever most tenderly yours,

" W. H."

" *February*, 1796.

" My very dear Prophet,

" As you seem to doubt whether my affection for you had " not rather fallen off, because I said in a late letter, that I " was obliged to scrawl very fast to you, as I have very little " time to spare from my studies; I write a few lines with the " pictures, to assure you, that if you suspect such is the case, " you very much mistake my feelings towards you, my very dear " papa, which I often have, and I hope shall never cease to " express to you, and to every one, while it pleases God to pre- " serve and increase in me the sense of duty as a son, and a man. " I hope and believe the pictures will arrive safe. They were " not fit to pack before. Pray have the goodness to tell me in " your next letter, whether our correspondence shall begin its " alteration next week, that we may neither of us be uneasy " from silence; and ever believe me, whether writing or silent,

" Still your most affectionate

" T. H."

EARTHAM, *February* 23, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Had you the business of a prime minister on your hands, " you could not more magnify the value of time. I value it as " highly as you could do; and although I think it would be " rather beneficial to you than otherwise, to retain your custom " of writing to me once a week, yet as I could take no satis- " faction in *constrained letters*, now I perceive it to be so clearly " your wish to write to me only *once a fortnight*, I shall permit " you to follow that *busily idle* inclination, and repressing the " eagerness of my own feelings, I will expect a letter from you " only every other week, and leave you to fix the day that may " be most convenient to the dear little Phidias himself, whose " intense application is to be so great as to allow him only a " few spare minutes in a fortnight to write to an old bosom " friend, on his own art, himself, and his works. So much for " letters; now for books. I supply you immediately with those " that I reckon most likely to be useful to you: Apollonius " Rhodius, Diogenes Laertius, and Chaucer: other articles I " will provide for you as occasion may arise. One caution, how- " ever, I must give you, never think of *exchanging books*, except " with me; for with booksellers, even the best of them, it is a " sad losing game, and indeed I would never advise any student " to part with books he possesses, as however trifling the chance " of his wanting them again may be, such a measure generally " leads to *future discontent*. I have repented for years a " permission that I once gave to my old tutor to change away

" some books for me. There were some Spanish volumes " among them that I should now think myself very fortunate to " recover. But when I visit London again, I will revise your " library, and put it in the best order for you that I can. " I have contrived to make Chaucer travel with the two " Grecians, and I have the pleasure to add the favourite bird of " Minerva, which flies to you, undoubtedly, to pay you a just " compliment for your attention to his divine patroness. But " as even the bird of wisdom is not without his share of vanity, " you will be so good as to present him to our dear Romney, " whose pencil, as the sapient bird will tell you himself in " rhyme, (for he is a poet, as you will perceive,) he wisely " prefers to that of Minerva herself. As you have given me so " copious a list of books, pray let me now ask you what hours " you contrive to devote to reading? Observing the Arabian " Nights on your list, I will soon supply you with the original " French of that picturesque work. I say *original French,* " because French was the first European language in which it " appeared; and to read French sometimes is highly proper for " you, that you may not lose a very useful acquisition, which I " took particular pains to secure to you very early. A delight " in reading, I consider as one of the capital blessings in this " chequered life, and it is a delight that grows more and more " lively, perhaps, the longer we enjoy it. At least, I can say for " myself, that I have the passion as fervent as ever, and, thank " Heaven, by the aid of my new glasses, I have often read this " winter till twelve at night, and began again at six the next

" morning, without suffering, as I used to do, from inflammation " in the eyes. My ardour for study is, I think, more lively " than ever, although my brain will not support the exercise of " composition, as it used to do; but I trust the progress of " your mental powers will amply compensate any decline in my " own. Heaven prosper you in all points!

" Ever your most affectionate

" W. H."

" EARTHAM, *February 28th*, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I hope the bird of Minerva, with the books entrusted to " her care, reached you as happily as the dear portraits of " three inestimable friends and artists arrived at this favourite " retirement, where friendship and art are the objects of our " fondest idolatry. I am not a little delighted with these very " strong resemblances of persons so inexpressibly dear to me. " Pray desire Saunders to send a circular frame and glass for " your excellent medallion, which, on being viewed with a " fresh eye, appears to me as striking a likeness of our dear " Romney, as I thought it when it had all the enchantment of " novelty to recommend it. As one of your early productions, " it has peculiar charms to my fancy. Let me now thank you, " my dearest correspondent, for the kind assurance that your " affection for me is in no degree diminished, although you ex- " press yourself inclined to reduce the frequency of our letters. " I shall acquiesce in your inclination, and not write again till

" this day fortnight; yet I confess I felt rather more than a " philosopher should feel of something like disappointment and " mortification, in perceiving how very ready you are to relin- " quish the privilege which you alone possessed, of hearing " weekly from your old bosom-friend, as you most endearingly " used to call him. Your readiness to resign this distinction, " brought too forcibly to my mind and heart those touching " verses of our beloved Cowper:

——" We wilfully forewent
" That converse, which we now in vain regret.
" How gladly would the man recall to life
" The boy's neglected sire."

" Do not, however, my dearest of friends, survey in too " strong a light this not perfectly apposite quotation; for I " should be ungrateful indeed, both to you and to Heaven, if I " called myself a neglected sire, when my heart tells me that " your feelings towards me are truly filial, and your virtues and " your talents are nobly exercised and improved, so as to afford " me inexpressible delight, and awaken in my soul the most " lively gratitude to Heaven. I was early desired by my own " incomparable parent, never to expect from any son, or " even daughter, that sort of exquisite attention, which, by " the wise ordinances of nature, can only be paid by a parent to " a child. Their affections may and ought to be *mutual*, but " never can and never ought to be equal. Thus, my dearest of

" dear friends, I am duly prepared, as I should be, to see you " deeply engaged in noble and manly pursuits and affections, " without fancying you deficient in regard to me. I even hope " to see you love other objects infinitely more than it is possible " to love the tenderest of fathers, and my chief prayer is, that " your affections may be as well placed and as happy, as I am " persuaded they will be keen. I think it most probable that " I may not live to see you advance far in the maturity of manly " life; and I therefore indulge my own affection for you in " preparing for your future perusal many private compositions, " which may secure to you a satisfaction that you might other- " wise regret; so that I trust, in a more advanced state of " manhood, you will seem to converse with me, though I may " then have long ceased to exist on *earth*. But to return to " gayer subjects of life and enterprise;---how proceeds your " Minerva, and what new design has the dear Praxiteles on his " hands? With my kindest benediction to you all,

" Ever yours most affectionately,

" W. H."

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *March* 1, 1796.

" Your very kind letter of yesterday, my dear Papa, convinces " me that I was guilty of a great neglect of my duty to you, " when I gave you the hint concerning the alteration of our " correspondence. Wherefore, as you were so kind, some time " ago, as to delight me by saying that my letters were agreeable " to you, I shall beg the favour of you to permit me to write to

" you, as usual, once a week, and only debar myself from that " pleasure when my studies (which increase upon me daily, as I " advance in my profession) press upon me so much as not " to allow me time for that recreation, which is most agreeable " to me, viz. *that* of writing to you; and that you may not be " uneasy at my silence, when such is the case, I will, if possible, " give you notice in a preceding letter.

" May I take the liberty, also, my dear bosom-friend, of asking " another favour of you, which is, (if it is perfectly convenient " and agreeable to you, otherwise I would by no means wish " it) that you will have the goodness to write to me in the " week (on what day shall suit you best) so that I may answer " your letter on the Sunday following, and send mine to the " post on Monday, because the pleasure of the intercourse " I hold with you, by means of letters, will be so much the " greater, when I talk with you at perfect leisure, which I can " do only on a Sunday morning; and to prove to you what I say, " I will give you a short description of my daily occupations. " *Imprimis*, I read to Mr. Flaxman the Greek and Latin " Testament, and either Comæneus (which is the compendium " of all art and science that I recommended to George) or " Albinus's Anatomy, for about an hour before breakfast. " After which, I employ my morning in working upon my bust " of Minerva, or modelling in clay, or whatever the order of the " day may be; which I continue till dusk; and after tea, I " employ my evening in copying Mr. Howard's drawings, or " my own compositions, till eight. Then I take up Rollin's

" Arts and Sciences, and read aloud to Mrs. Flaxman till " supper; but lately I have employed my evening in copying " Italian music for Mrs. Courtnay, which I have now finished, " and which took me up eight full evenings. Let me now " thank you for the books you were so kind as to send me; " they arrived safe, under the charge of the Owl. I must not " omit to inform you of the kindness and generosity of my good " friend Mr. Long. Mr. Flaxman called on him the other " morning, and, when he returned, he said that Mr. Long had " expressed a desire to have a copy of my two compositions, " and Mr. Flaxman advised me, as Mr. Long is always very " kind to me, to take him a copy of each the next day, which I " did; after thanking me very politely, he put five guineas into " my hands, of which he desired my acceptance. He also said, " in his joking, pleasant way, that he would write what they " were on the back of each, that posterity might set a due " value on them; and that some years hence they would bring " some hundred pounds to his heirs, being known to be the " first studies of so great a master.

" Believe me ever

" Your most affectionate

" T. H."

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I hasten to thank you for your very kind letter, and am " pleased that you perceive, and wish to correct *(not a failure of* " *duty*, that is a term infinitely *too hard* for the deficiency, but)

" a little want of alertness and attention to the studious " Hermit, to whom your letters are the most pleasing society " he can enjoy in his retirement, and who, however occupied " by his own passion for study, has never failed to devote " every hour to you which he could properly employ in the " promotion of your improvement or your pleasure. I most " cheerfully acquiesce in your plan of writing to me on a " Sunday morning, and will so contrive that my letters shall " reach you in general (as this will do) on a *Saturday*, which I " can manage by devoting a few minutes every morning, be- " tween the day I receive your letter and the *Friday* following, " to the recreation of replying to my dear little correspondent. " I say a few minutes every morning, because I am as great an " economist of time in the days allotted to study, as my dear " Phidias himself; keeping a regular diary of what I write or " read, in every day as it passes—a most excellent incentive to " make the most of time! I am much obliged to you for " the kind labour you have devoted to our very amiable musical " lady of Weston.

" I congratulate you on the very liberal applause which your " friends so generously bestow on your early productions. " Nothing can be better calculated to fan the aspiring flame " of your professional enthusiasm, and to increase that noble " thirst for excellence, which you began to discover in the very " dawn of your childhood, and which is destined, I trust, to " animate your course through a long and a happy life. I " salute your portrait many many times in a day, and often see

" you in my fancy working on your marble Minerva, during " which operation you may animate yourself by repeating these " lines of your favourite Homer:

' Κλυθί μευ, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, ἤτε μοὶ αἰεὶ
' Ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι παρίστασαι ἠδέ σε λήθω
' Κινύμενος· νῦν αὖτε μάλιστά με φίλαι Ἀθήνη.'

" If it would not too much interrupt your settled studies, " I could wish you to make me a drawing on the front of " a sheet of letter paper, from our dear Romney's head of " Pamela. My reason is this: I have received some very kind " letters from that admirable authoress, Madame Genlis, and " she is sending me some flowers of her painting, &c. " Now, in return, it would please me to enclose in one of " my letters to her, a drawing by my dear little Phidias, " from Pamela's head. I believe our beloved Romney has " still in his house two pictures of this lovely damsel, and " if so, I am sure he will kindly permit you to draw from " that which is most to your fancy. I propose to reward you " for your trouble by three French quartos, which may, I " think, be very useful to you, as they contain a selection from " the Memoirs of the French Academy of Dissertations, on " many points peculiarly interesting to an artist, such as " Gorgons, Goddesses, &c. &c. The selection you will not " value the less for being made by the father of our pleasing " friend Mr. Rose."

" *Friday Morn, before* 8, *March* 4, 1796.

" I wrote this for yesterday. I now seize a pen in the midst " of breakfast to close my letter for the post to-day, and to " avoid breaking in upon my hours of study, for I wish to shew " you that a Hermit considers the value of time not less than " you dear votaries of art consider it. The frost, sharp as it is, " has not killed the violets in your garden, so here are some " fresh ones for you, gathered the very instant the sun was rising. " Mark how alert the old Hermit is in little marks of affection " to you. I turn my head to salute your picture between the " two lions, and under the guard of the dear Romney, behind " my chair, and must hasten to close with my benediction. " God bless you all."

" Buckingham-street, *March* 7, 1796.

" My very dear Prophet,

" Accept my best thanks for your kind letter, which gave " me great pleasure, as it told me that the contents of my last " were agreeable to you, as well as my proposal for the change " of days.

" I am afraid I shall not succeed in a copy of Pamela, at " least not well enough to send it as a present to Madame " Genlis. However, I will try to do my best; I will call on " Mr. Romney to-morrow, and look at the picture: I am very " much obliged to you for the kind and valuable present you " promise me as a reward for my labour, but I should be over- " paid by the pleasure I should have in pleasing you.

" Ever your most affectionate

" T. H."

"EARTHAM, *March 6 and* 11, 1796."

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Habit has been called a *second* nature. Fontenelle, if I " remember right, reckoned it both the *second* and the *first*. " Both nature and habit have assuredly united in leading me " to write to you every Sunday morning, and I shall not abso- " lutely discontinue the custom, though my letters are not to " reach you till the following Saturday. Here I must pause " from a tendency to inflammation in the eyes, a peculiar morti- " fication to me at present, when I have a load of literary busi- " ness in which I am very eager to advance.

" This was begun, as you see, on Sunday; it is now Friday, " and though I meant to add a few lines every day, it is a literal " truth, that from a press of literary business, and sufferings of " the eyes from March winds, I have not been able to advance " as I intended in my letter. I must now write in furious haste; " and first, for the Aristotle, which our dear Flaxman desires for " you speedily. Pray desire our friendly bookseller Payne, to " furnish you with as many volumes as are printed of the new " Aristotle in octavo, mentioned in his catalogue. Desire him " also to send me, in his next parcel, his octavo Aristophanes; " I will select a few passages from this too licentious Greek " droll, that will furnish you and the dear Flaxman with admi- " rable subjects for some comic sketches. Desire Payne to add " in his parcel to me *Aratus*; for we have got our globes here " in order, and are busy with the stars and the earth.

" Let me now applaud and thank you, for not keeping your

" letter to wait for the box. The delay of letters is an affliction " to an affectionate heart, especially in a hermitage. I only " wish for a slight sketch of Pamela's head, and I am persuaded " you will execute it happily. Heaven bless and make you " happy in all your pursuits of art and nature, virtue and " prosperity. I have written a long epistle to our dear Flax- " man, which I hope he will shew you, as it may apologize for " this hasty scrawl. Adieu."

" Buckingham-street, *March* 14, 1796.

" My very dear Prophet,

" I am very sorry to hear your eyes have suffered from the " easterly winds. Pray do not use them by candlelight, which " I think you have no occasion to do, as you have a secretary at " hand, to read or write for you. Let me thank you for your " kindness in various particulars, especially the new edition of " Aristotle, which, my dear Prophet, I certainly shall not get " from the shop of Payne, as it is always my wish and endea- " vour (and Mr. Flaxman is so kind as to make it his also) to " save every expence that can be saved, not only in books, and " whatever regards my education, but in every thing. As, there- " fore, Mr. Flaxman says I can do without Aristotle for the " present, I will wait till Mr. Flaxman gets it himself, which it " is his intention to do soon. Then he will allow me the use " of his copy, as he is so kind as to lend me any book that he " has. So much for an ancient philosopher: now for a modern " one. I must not neglect to inform you of the kindness of

" Mr. Walker, Senior, who has honoured me with twelve tickets " for his course of lectures, every Tuesday and Saturday even- " ing, at eight o'clock. Is not this a valuable present? I will " endeavour to avail myself of this opportunity, and learn, as " much as possible, the general order and laws of nature.

" I remain your most affectionate

" T. H."

" EARTHAM, *March* 18, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" It pleases me not a little to hear that you have received " so flattering and useful a mark of regard from that very " respectable philosopher, Mr. Walker. I am persuaded you " will derive much pleasure and instruction from his kindness.

" You are very good, *almost too good,* in declining to take " the books I desired you to take from Payne's. Be assured, " my dearest of friends, that if I had but ten guineas in the " world, it would delight me to employ half the sum in pro- " curing any books or implements of art and science for you, " that may contribute in any degree to what we both have so " properly at heart, namely, your improvement and excellence " in every laudable pursuit.

" It will please you to hear that I have just received a " pleasing literary present from the North, an unpublished " book from Dr. Beattie, the author of that delightful poem, " the Minstrel. The book contains a very interesting, though " a very melancholy composition, Memoirs of an excellent

" accomplished Son, whom the author had the misfortune to " lose just as the young extraordinary scholar attained the age " of twenty-two. Ah! *Carissime*, I tremble when I recollect " that you are *mortal*, but I bless God that your health is pro- " mising, and your profession not only *glorious*, but salutary.

" The northern poet has politely written in the first leaf of " the book the following inscription:

" To WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.
" in testimony of the utmost respect,
" esteem, and gratitude,
" from J. Beattie.

" I will now transcribe for you what I have just written in " reply.

"SONNET TO DR. BEATTIE,

" In grateful acknowledgement of his very interesting present, the Compositions, " Life, and Character of his Son.

" BARD of the North! I thank thee with my tears,
" For this fond work of thy paternal hand.
" It bids the buried youth before me stand
" In nature's softest light, which love endears.
" Parents like thee, whose grief the world reveres,
" Faithful to pure affection's proud command,
" For a lost child have lasting honours planned,
" To give in fame what fate denied in years;
" The filial form of Icarus was wrought
" By his afflicted sire, the sire of art,

" And Tullia's fane engross'd her father's heart;
" That fane rose only in perturbed thought,
" But sweet perfection crowns, as truth begun,
" This Christian image of thy happier son.

" Cicero, as you will recollect, had an idea of building a " temple to the memory of his daughter. *Apropos* of daugh- " ters, my dear little artist; have you sketched for me the " head of Pamela? you say not a word of this commission. " No words can express the gratification that I daily derive " from your portrait.

" Adieu. God bless you all."

" Buckingham-street, *March*, 1796.

" My very dear Prophet,

" Your kind letter arrived just as I had taken to the post " Mr. Flaxman's, to which I added a short postscript. Let me " again thank you for the very kind passage in your letter " concerning my books. But though I have at heart my own " improvement, it would give me more pleasure to save any " unnecessary expense to you, as it is my sincere wish (and I " hope it ever will be so) to be as little a burthen to you as " possible. Many, many thanks for your charming sonnet. " I congratulate you on the pleasure it must have given you " to receive so pleasing a testimony of esteem from so great " a brother bard. *Apropos* of brother bards! How does our " beloved Cowper? Is he at all mended by the air of Nor-

" folk? you have said nothing of him lately. However, there " is an old saying, 'No news, is good news:' and I hope it will " prove so with your amiable brother of Parnassus. Now for " Pamela. I have begun the fair creature, but I have not yet " finished it. I hope to send it you in about a week. I am " afraid it will be out of my power to express all the charms " and beauties of her countenance, which I think expresses " melancholy. However, I must say,

'Quod potui feci—faciant meliora potentes.'

" Our friend Romney is now perfectly recovered, and drawing " a plan for his house, to be built immediately. I have called " this morning on Lord Sheffield, who was so kind as to give " me franks for to-day and three Mondays to come; therefore " I send you a copy of a letter by our dear Flaxman, which I " believe he mentioned to you in his last. Adieu."

" Eartham, *March* 25, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" The house of Guy received the resemblances of the great " poet and of the great painter (the print of Milton with his " daughters, and the medallion of Romney) with infinite de- " light, and the young philosopher, who conveyed them, re- " turned much pleased with his visit.

" You enquire concerning your friend George's literary pro- " gress. I have the pleasure to tell you, in reply to your

" question, that he has the first great requisite to make a good " scholar, I mean a noble and steady desire to learn.

" I am pleased to hear you are advancing in a course of " philosophy. Pray do not scruple to furnish yourself at " Payne's with any books you may occasionally want. I shall " send you a box by the waggon soon, among other books your " old friend and favourite, Lord Bacon:—the three quarto " volumes of him, published by Shaw, which were my father's, " and which I know you will delight in, from the early passion " you conceived for some passages in that wonderful author, " who, though at times he seemed to possess no more under- " standing than an old woman, and no more virtue than a very " ungrateful sycophant, yet occasionally displays a vigour, am- " plitude, and dignity of soul, that almost elevate even his " reader into a demi-god. His Advancement of Learning is " particularly calculated to clear, to open, and exalt the mind. " Ferguson is so simple and clear a writer on scientific sub- " jects, that I would have you get all his works from Payne; " at all events get his Astronomy and his Perspective. I am " glad my sonnet pleased you. The end of it did not sa- " tisfy me, I therefore changed it before I sent it to the North, " and you have now an improved copy. Adieu.

" Postscript. Pray let a frame be prepared for your medallion " of Romney, which I shall send you to present to Mrs. Watson, " (the Bishop's lady, a countrywoman of our beloved painter,) " as a preliminary step to my asking the Bishop to let you make " a medallion of him also, for me. Tell Romney I am de-

" lighted with the Bishop's temperate and spirited Defence of " the Bible, and entreat him to read it *encore*. Adieu."

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *March 26th*, 1796.

" My very dear Prophet,

" Mr. Flaxman has no objection to my attempting a por- " trait of the Bishop, but I hope you will give me leave to " defer the beginning of it, until I have finished my drawing of " Pamela's head; for as I am not yet a sufficient master of the " pencil, to convey a likeness of Mr. Romney's picture in a " sketch, we thought it best for me to make a finished drawing. " This has taken up all my afternoons for a fortnight past, from " a desire to send you something that might be worth the ac- " ceptance of Madame Genlis. So, if I begin any other por- " trait, before I have finished this, there will be no time left " for me to practise in our own study. Now for books; I feel " very much obliged to you, my kind prophet, for your in- " tended present of Lord Bacon's Works, on which I set a high " value, as well for the profound contents, as for the former " possessor, and the present giver. I have really no need of " Ferguson; but I will get your books from Payne immediately; " and I will execute your commission also concerning the " Bishop's Defence of the Bible.

" Ever your most affectionate

" T. H."

" EARTHAM, *April* 1, 1796.

" My dearest *Pe-yu*,

" There is a new Chinese title for you, dearest of dear " creatures; but you will be like some other new-created " nobles, and not understand your own dignity, if I do not " explain it to you. I must therefore tell you, that being " enchanted with the tenderness of your filial piety, in the " singular solicitude you discover to avoid the putting me to " any expense (however just and agreeable to me) when you " can possibly avoid it, I in gratitude and affection apply to " you the name of a little Chinese, distinguished by the most " wonderful expression of true filial tenderness and piety that " I ever met with; and here I will transcribe the anecdote I " allude to, for your amusement.

" Pe-yu était enfant, et sa mère l'avait souvent fouetté, sans " qu'il se plaignit. Un jour il se mit à pleurer, lorsqu'elle " le frappait. Pourquoi donc, dit sa mère, pleurez vous au- " jourd'hui, lorsque je vous punis ? C'est, dit-il, que vos coups " ne me causent plus de douleur, et je crains, que vos forces ne " diminuent.

" This sweet little story, which is so far removed from Euro- " pean manners and sentiments, that the tenderness and force " of it would be hardly intelligible to any heart and mind that " had not a considerable portion of your filial sensibility; this " little story, I say, (which is a favourite of mine) I have tran- " scribed for you from a curious work entitled ' Les Livres " Classiques de la Chine.' Among the Chinese, filial piety is

" regarded as the essence of virtue; and the extreme attention " they pay to the cultivation of it, has given rise to many " admirable characters in that extraordinary nation.

" But to jump from Asia to Europe. You will be pleased to " hear that our amiable friend Rose arrived well at the friendly " palace. He looks much thinner from his late obstinate indis- " position, but I hope a few days in our salutary air will com- " pletely restore him to all the vigour and vivacity of his " former health. I am much obliged to you for the time and " attention you bestow on the drawing of Pamela's head. " I am only apprehensive that your work will appear so en- " chanting in my eyes, that I shall hardly know how to part " with it, although I have such various obligations to Madame " Genlis for the very friendly attention she paid to me and my " friends, in our visit to Paris, and for her kind remembrance " of me in the subsequent season of her misfortunes, which " seem now to be very happily terminated by the sensible " beneficence of the Danish minister.

" Do not alarm yourself, my dear little artist, with an appre- " hension of my employing you too rapidly on the noble head " of the Bishop, for at present I am ignorant whether he is " come into his London residence from the North, and we must " present your medallion of Romney to Mrs. Watson, before " I presume to ask the high favour of his permitting such a " Liliputian Phidias to play with his deep-thinking and majestic " head. Heaven bless you all!"

"BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *April* 4, 1796.

"Many and many thanks, my dear prophet, for your very "kind letter, and for the new Chinese title you have bestowed "on me, which, with the singularly kind expressions of your let- "ter, gave me great delight, as they assure me that my conduct "has been agreeable to you. What can give me more delight "than to be assured by you in your tender expressions, that I "have succeeded in what always has been, and I hope always "will be my endeavour, which I hope and believe I have no "need of explaining to you. I remember, when I was at "Eartham, I looked into a book of Chinese anecdotes, and I "met with some very charming ones, which gave me a very "high idea of their domestic character. But to follow your "transition from Asia to Europe. I must explain to you the "affair of the books you desired.

"They were sent on Friday, and the Bishop's book with "them. It will, I dare say, gain something by coming to you, "I mean an elegant inscription. As you said you were pre- "paring to send me a box of books, you will perhaps have the "goodness to give the Bishop's a place among them, and I will "present it to our dear Flaxman.

"Ever yours,

"T. H."

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"Our kind Rose will have given you a history of the Her- "mit. I wish you may find that the Bishop's admirable book, in "rambling to the hermitage, has picked up such an inscription

" as may compensate such a delay, as its singular circuit must " occasion. *Apropos* of books. The box is now in my library, " in which I mean to pack for you such articles as I think may " be particularly welcome.

" As you are engaged in the Lectures of the friendly " Mr. Walker, I am particularly glad that you have almost " finished Pamela's portrait, and I hope it has not materially " interfered with any other pursuits. I feel so much " delight myself, in contemplating the resemblance of a " beloved child, that I am pleased in every opportunity of " affording to others a similar gratification. Yesterday brought " me a letter from that singular compound of genius and " infelicity, poor Charlotte Smith, from whom I had not " heard for many months. She has a very natural maternal " wish to send a copy of our dear Romney's admirable sketch " of her head, to a worthy son in India, whose filial attention " has of late supplied her with the means of subsistence. In " answering her letter (which required an immediate answer, on " some literary points) I have ventured to say, that either you " or the great painter himself, will, in the course of the sum- " mer or the autumn, endeavour to gratify her maternal desire. " I know both the old and the young artist are alive to the " sensations of tenderness and pity, and will most willingly " employ their talents in the service of genius and adversity.

" I began this scrawl on Thursday, that it may be ready for " my frank, without obliging me to break into the hours allotted " to early study to-morrow, when I hope to resume the

"exercise of composition, which has been for several days "suspended in proper attention to the duties and the delights "of friendship. I hope Rose (whose altered countenance, when "he arrived here, spoke too strongly of his late illness) will "have derived a lasting recruit of health from his pleasant "excursion.

"My early courier calls for my letter. Adieu!"

"BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *April* 10, 1796.

"My very dear Bard,

"The Bishop's book has indeed gained a very elegant "inscription by the odd circuit it made. Mr. Flaxman desires "me to thank you for it. He esteems it highly, and will "thank you, himself, in my next letter. Pamela is just "finished; I am in hopes of sending her to Eartham next "Monday.

"I dare say the good painter will copy, with pleasure, his "excellent crayon head of Charlotte Smith, especially for so "good a purpose; but if it falls to me, I dare say Mr. Flaxman "will not have the least objection to my doing it, when I "shall have the pleasure of visiting Eartham in the autumn; "and it will give me great delight to gratify her maternal "desire.

"April 11. I will now add a line or two more to the dear "bard, first to beg a favour of him. If you happen to have an "old letter-case (I mean the case of your own contrivance with "strings), that you do not make use of, I shall be very much

" obliged to you for it; or if you happen to have two, that are " of no use to you, they will be acceptable. I am sorry to say " that this course of Mr. Walker's Lectures is over, all but two. " I am sorry, I say, because I have been very much delighted " with them. If I had known as much of natural philosophy " as I do now, before I had determined to be a sculptor, I " should perhaps have been inclined to be a philosopher, for I " think there is nothing so charming as to investigate (as far as " mortals can investigate) the admirable laws by which every " thing subsists; and it appears to me that the farther one " advances, the more pleasure is derived from that beautiful ". science; but I must stop short.

" Ever your most affectionate,

" T. H."

The studies of the young sculptor, and those of the paternal poet were both interrupted, though in different degrees, by various incidents of this season; and I am here induced to transcribe some reflections of the latter, on this subject, from the end of his Diary, for the month of April 1796:

" I am arrived at the last day of the month, and perceive, " with inexpressible regret, that in the course of it I have not " written a line of the suspended work in which I was, and " still am so desirous of advancing. I trust, however, that in " a great part of this month, I have been still better employed " than in the composition even of a monitory parental poem. " I hope, however, (if I live) to enjoy such health as may allow

"me sufficient faculties to prosecute steadily, if not rapidly,
"those two poetical works that I am particularly desirous of
"completing, in the hope of their proving both pleasing and
"serviceable to the very dear friends to whom they are ad-
"dressed.

"I close the review of the past month with the sincerest
"concern for having done so little in the course of it, and with
"fervent supplication to the Giver of all good, that he will
"grant me such mental powers, in future, as may render me, as
"far as possible, an instrument of good, not only to my parti-
"cular friends, but to the great interests of mankind."

It is worthy of remark, that the more extensive and philanthropic part of this private prayer appears to have been granted in a very wonderful manner; although affliction and anguish that he little expected, were at this time impending over the head and heart of the affectionate father. The two works in which he was at this time so eager to advance, (his poem on Sculpture, addressed to Flaxman, and another extensive poem on a subject still more delicate and more interesting,) were far from having a destiny so propitious as the sanguine fancy of their author expected. The first was finished, indeed, but finished in a season of sorrow, and too highly praised by a few sympathetic readers. It was not received by the public with popular applause. The second poem, addressed to his Son, though far advanced before the severe calamity of that highly promising youth had saddened the fancy of the poet, was sus-

pended by that long series of sympathetic sufferings which seemed likely to overwhelm even the life of its author.

The tenderness and the fervency of his religious feelings appear to have preserved him through a period of affliction peculiarly poignant and intense; and not only to have preserved, but to have enabled him (when his health began to recover from the pressure of grief,) to attain the object of the very prayer that I have transcribed from his Diary, and to execute a literary work extensively conducive to the great interests of mankind, in publishing the letters, and delineating with minute and tender fidelity, the life and character of Cowper, who, next to his own child, was the favourite friend of his heart. But let us return to the personal history of that interesting child, so graced with the endowments of nature, and so happy in the use and enjoyment of the most assiduous and affectionate instruction.

Delighted as the young artist was by an unexpected excursion to his favourite Eartham, in the spring of 1796, he returned with zealous rapidity to his professional studies. His letters that spoke of his occupations there, and of his return to London, have by some mischance escaped from the collection. I shall transcribe some passages from the first letter addressed to him by his father, after that event.

"EARTHAM, *April* 27, 1796.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"We all felt your departure, and were most agreeably "enlivened by the comfortable letter which arrived last night. "I shall expect your promised parcel with eagerness, and I "flatter myself the drawing you mention, will be a constant and "useful incentive to my young friends and fellow-students, to "make the most of the fleeting hours. The right management "of time is one of the noblest arts in human life, and has hardly "ever been regarded and cultivated as it ought to be. I hope "you are all more and more pleased with my favourite Lorenzo. "Pray desire Mrs. Flaxman, when you are drawing by her "side, to read to you Lorenzo's most admirable paternal letter "to his son Giovanni, vol. ii. p. 146. This masterly Life of "Lorenzo delights me so highly, that I am beginning the book "again, for a second reading; and that, probably, will not be "the last. *Apropos* of books; when you happen to call at "our pleasant friend Payne's, desire him to send me the Post-"humous Works of Adam Smith. I hear they contain some "good remarks on Sculpture, and I am resolved to read every "thing worth reading which relates to your art.

"I have just been agreeably surprised by a visit from J. W., "and the tidings of his being engaged to attend the new am-"bassador to Denmark, as his secretary and chaplain. He will "probably remain in London till the 15th of May, and visiting "your works and those of our dear Flaxman, before his depar-"ture, make a due report of our ingenious countrymen to the

" Court of Denmark, where he will most probably meet my " friend Madame Genlis. She wrote me word, that being most " liberally favoured by the Danish prime minister (who is for- " tunately a man of genius), she meant to pass a great part " of the summer in Copenhagen. It may so happen that your " friend James may have the pleasure of presenting to this " admirable authoress, your sketch of Pamela, which he thought " a very good one. I shall write to him before he leaves Lon- " don, having found in my library a very curious little book, " which contains a list of Danish authors, that may, I think, " be of considerable use to him.

" It will delight you to hear that the post of yesterday " brought me a letter from Johnny of Norfolk, containing an " account of our beloved Cowper infinitely more favourable than " the last. Considerable variations are taking place in his bodily " habit, that may, I trust, produce by degrees the most bene- " ficial influence on his mind. Amen, good Heaven! Adieu."

While every being who had any knowledge of the talents or deportment of the interesting young sculptor, indulged lively hopes and expectations of his future prosperity and renown, a cruel alteration in his health laid the unperceived foundation of that extraordinary series of sufferings, which he was destined to undergo.

The first appearance of his illness is thus recorded in the Diary of his father.

" Thursday, May 12, 1796. In the evening, I was amazed

" by the intelligence that my dear Tom is at Chichester. A· " kind letter from Flaxman, with a postscript from himself, in- " formed me that his excursion was solely for health. My heart " was severely alarmed, but consoled by the assurance that he " found himself already relieved.

" Friday, May 13. Rode early to Chichester, in spite of a " stormy morning; found my dear child very feverish; escorted " him gently home, and passed the day, in amusing him, with " tranquillity."

The first letter of Flaxman on the illness of his disciple, has not been preserved; but the kindness of that excellent man will appear in the following extract from his letter, dated May 19, 1796.

" We are very much obliged to you for the three kind letters, " whose contents we hope will permit us to conclude, that our " dear Thomas's health is returning gradually, though slowly. " I am glad that you are satisfied at his being sent to his native " air, as soon as the fever made its appearance. We were in- " duced to this step by two considerations, that change of air " was a favourite and successful remedy of the great Boerhaave, " and because, without the assistance of medicine, it cured me " of a violent fever, which preyed on me for two months in " Italy. I am sure you will believe, that both Nancy and " myself would with pleasure have given him all the attention " in our power, and such attention would have perfectly satis- " fied us, had he been our own child; but being yours, I should " have been timid in doing even what I believed in my con-

" science to be best for him. For which reason, as I am sure " his parent's care will always be most satisfactory to him and " to us, I shall in future always return him to Eartham on the " slightest appearance of illness. Now, my dear friend, as to " Thomas's stay; you know the man who is niggardly at some " times, may afford to be lavish at others: my desire is, there- " fore, that he may remain with you, till he is perfectly reco- " vered in health and strength."

Flaxman, with a mind justly inflexible in all points of duty, had a heart most truly compassionate towards the sufferings of sickness; and he was also sure that both the parent and the child, in whose discretion he confided for regulating the proper time of his scholar's return to him, sympathized completely with his noble spirit, in the fervent desire to make the most laudable use of all fair opportunities for steady application.

The malady of the interesting invalid was a feverish disorder, and probably from a cause not understood, or suspected, the commencement of a subtile internal infirmity, which in its future progress, was so fatally mistaken. At this period, his health gradually revived in the pure air of Eartham. He remained during the residue of May, under the assiduous care of his father, who devoted his own time to the literary amusement of the beloved convalescent. It appears from the Diary of the poet, that he read such books to his son as he thought likely to animate the young artist, who soon began to exercise his pencil. He made correct drawings of the architectural orders from Palladio, while his father read to him Montfaucon de

Templis, or select passages of Homer, in the original, which the young student got immediately by heart.

It appears by the Diary, that the poet had formed, at this time, a project of building in his favourite marine village of Felpham. The Diary says, on the 20th May, " My dear Tom " and I amused ourselves, in the evening, by drawing plans of a " tower for Felpham;" and on the next day, " I read to him " extracts from an Italian Essay on Sculpture, while he drew " sketches of our projected tower." The greatest aim of Hayley, in his project of building a simple diminutive villa on the coast, was to preserve the more sumptuous scenery of Eartham, as a spot to which the affectionate ambition of the young sculptor might look forward as his favourite retreat, after a laudable career of prosperous professional exertion. With this view, it was the intention of the poet to retire into the little projected marine villa, and to put Eartham into the hands of some more opulent and friendly inhabitant, who might be glad to enjoy and preserve its beauties for its juvenile intended heir. The decrees of Heaven allotted a different destiny to the highly promising youth; but this affectionate prospect, though never realized, was a source of many tender delights to a father and a son, who exulted in every opportunity of proving the most cordial attachment to each other.

The young artist, apparently revived by his native air, prepared, on the 31st of May, to return with fresh ardour to the duties of his profession. The poet escorted him, on the evening of that day, to the suburbs of Chichester, as he was to

pass the night under the friendly roof of Mr. Guy, and proceed to London by the coach of the morrow. His filial affection excited him to write a letter to his anxious father, at four o'clock in the morning of his journey. By some mischance, this remarkable letter has escaped from the collection; but how agreeable it proved to a paternal heart, we may conjecture from the following reply.

" EARTHAM, *June 3d*, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" In return for your very kind and welcome letter, written " at four in the morning, I send you copies of two sonnets. " The first seems almost to prove to me that I had a se- " cret unknown sympathy with my dear invalid, before I " was informed of his illness, as it was composed in the very " morning when you were travelling to me, without my sus- " pecting such an occurrence. The prayer of the sonnet " is therefore suited to us both, and Heaven, I trust, will " grant it completely, in restoring to you all the native alacrity " of your dearer frame. For myself, I am not half so solicitous. " I long to hear that you supported your journey, and feel as " happy as ever, in sharing the application of our dear indefa- " tigable Flaxman, whose health, I hope, will long continue as " vigorous and admirable as his genius. The good secretary rode " early yesterday morn, to hear how you set forth from the " friendly house of the Guys, where I have taken care of all your " commissions. As the post brought us no tidings of you, we

" conclude the coach did not reach London so early as you " expected, and are eager for good news of you to-day.

" God bless you all.

" SONNET I.

" INSIDIOUS Languor, winding round my soul,
" As creeping ivy cramps th' aspiring tree,
" Cease from this deadly pressure! Nature, free
" My fetter'd mind from tyrannous controul;
" Whether deep Malady obscurely roll
" Such base obstruction, as no eye can see,
" Near the vex'd heart; or, dark as Fate's decree,
" Make the hurt brain like the benighted pole;
" Drive back, pure angel of unclouded health,
" These fiends of Apathy, from Chaos sent,
" Nor let them rob me by malignant stealth
" Of feeling and of thought, a Poet's wealth.
" Long be my life, or short, as Heaven has meant,
" But living, let me live to every kind intent.

" SONNET II.

" EARTHAM, dear village! idolized retreat!
" Sequester'd from the world's contentious noise,
" Where smiling Nature a soft spell employs
" To make her calm and cheerful graces meet
" In friendly meditation's favourite seat,
" Duly I prize thee for thy pensive joys,
" Delights, that no satiety destroys;
" With retrospective charms serenely sweet,
" Yet more I love thee, that from sickness weak,

" A darling guest perceives thy balmy power;
" Thy views enchant me, and thy shady bower,
" But more enchanting is thy simple flower,
" Whose praise the tear of gratitude must speak,
" 'Tis health's *reviving rose* upon a filial cheek."

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *June* 5, 1796.

" Many, many thanks to you, my dear bard, for your kind " epistle, and many more for the two sonnets which you " have had the goodness to transcribe for me. I trust the " prayer of the first will be granted to you completely, as " I think it is about to be to me, for I find myself better " these last two days, and I hope in a very short time to have " recovered from the fatigue of my journey. Mr. Long has " been so kind as to call on me twice, and yesterday he " thought me much better. I have now the pleasure of telling " you that I have begun the bark, and Mr. Long says, I shall " be perfectly well in a day or two. Adieu!"

" EARTHAM, *June* 9, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" The sight of your hand-writing was a cordial to my " anxious heart, yet I opened your letter with a dread of " not finding you perfectly recovered; and I grieve to hear " you are still on the list of invalids, though you comfort " me with a fair prospect of your speedy re-establishment. " My inquietude about you has been so great, that I do not " expect to possess any considerable peace or power of mind, " till I have the happy assurance of your perfect recovery.

" Yet I am inclined, by the cheerful cast of my own tempera-
" ment, to hope the best; and I shall expect to see you rise,
" like our Marine Tower, with gradual improvement, into per-
" manent stability and grace. I thank you for attending to
" this important fabric of our united fancies, which I am per-
" suaded we shall render a lasting source of pleasure and ad-
" vantage to us all. Our pleasant little Palladio, M. Bunce,
" will give us, I dare say, much useful information on all
" points; and though our fabric is nothing more than a marine
" cottage *in alto*, a sort of halcyon nest, we will have it as
" happily contrived as we can.

" I approve your intention of reading Justin, and, to shew you
" that I have a copy here, I will recommend to your immediate
" notice a very pleasing character of Hiero, in the fourth
" chapter of the twenty-third book. Would not this make a
" pleasing subject for your pencil? a fine martial youth con-
" templating a trophy composed of his arms, and perceiving
" with astonishment and exultation an eagle perched upon his
" shield, and an owl upon his spear. ' Quod ostentum, et
" consilio cautum, et manu promptum, regemque futurum
" significabat.' What a rare model of the regal character.
" ' In alloquio blandus; in negotio justus, in imperio mode-
" ratus.'

" Perhaps I may contrive to have a conference with you, my
" dearest little privy counsellor, on the plan of our marine
" fabric, sooner than I expected, for I meditate an excursion
" on horseback to our friends at Kew, especially if our dear

"William of Kew rides to this hermitage soon after his return "from the North; as I trust he will confer with me on a plan "that I have devised for the advancement of his studies, and I "hope for the prosperity of his life. It gratifies me highly to "find our friend William so affectionately sensible of the "paternal interest I have taken in his education and future "prospects. When he was only an idle schoolboy, I perceived "he had a mind which only wanted to be awakened by the "voice of intelligent friendship, to delight in self cultivation. "He is now growing a very elegant scholar.

"I hoped the post of yesterday would have brought me "a letter either from Long or Romney, to gratify me with "a recent assurance that you have almost regained perfect "health. But they are both silent, and conclude, I suppose, "that I am sufficiently gratified in this important article by "your own accounts of yourself. These, indeed, are my great "comfort; yet, on such an occasion, I could wish, in the "language of Shakspeare, 'To make assurance doubly sure.' "Adieu."

"Buckingham-street, *June* 13, 1796.

"My very dear Bard,

"In return for your kind letter, I have the pleasure of "informing you that I am perfectly recovered. Thanks to "Mr. Long and the bark, I now feel myself strong, and fit for "study again.

"Shall I really have the pleasure of seeing you again before

" the autumn? How happy shall I be to have another con-
" ference with you, on the tower and other subjects, at Kew,
" under the hospitable roof of our friend Mrs. Meyer. But
" I fear, my dear bard, lest, as it will be the middle of sum-
" mer, the heat of so long a ride may overpower you; yet, if
" you think you can reach so far without suffering, you know
" one who will be overjoyed to meet you there."

Postscript by Mr. Flaxman:

" Dear and kind Friend,

" My apprehensions concerning Thomas on his return to
" town, prevented me from adding a postscript to his first letter.
" Appearances in his health were such, at that time, I was not
" certain that another journey to Eartham would not be neces-
" sary. Our worthy friend Mr. Long was consulted: his
" attention, with a course of the bark which he recommended,
" has (thank God) restored our friend Thomas, so that now no
" traces of his disorder remain. He has finished his marble
" bust of Minerva, and it is a creditable performance. I hope
" your health continues sound, your mind and the Muses' com-
" munications on all subjects uninterrupted.

" We are happy to find there is a prospect of seeing you in
" London, and hope that no cross accident will disappoint us
" of that pleasure."

"EARTHAM, *June* 17, 1796.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"Nothing could be so perfectly welcome to me as the "blessed tidings of your complete recovery. I rejoice with "you on your re-established health and your finished Minerva, "which your excellent and kind master describes as a credi- "table performance. I shall receive your Goddess whenever "you think it proper for her to travel, with most affectionate "devotion; but I would by no means wish to hurry her from "London till you have gratified your friends and yourself by "a little display of her to those genuine votaries of art, friend- "ship, and nature, who can take a kind interest in the early "productions of a juvenile sculptor."

Such is the opening of the poet's reply to the delightful intelligence he had received.

As the completion of a first work in marble may be considered as forming an epocha in the life of a young artist, it shall terminate the present third part of this Memorial. I will only remind my readers, that at this early season of his professional career, he appeared to have firm possession of every blessing that could lead him happily forward in a course of honourable and delightful improvement. His health seemed to be re-established: he had completely gained the esteem and affection of his admirable master: he had given repeated proofs of a refined and powerful inventive genius: he had displayed an ardour of application that induced him to hurry back to the

zealous pursuit of his professional studies, even before his strength was entirely restored. His lively filial affection conspired with his laudable personal ambition, to make him singularly eager to distinguish himself in the cultivation of an art which suited the purity and the powers of his mind, and which became, therefore, more and more endeared to the fancy of his affectionate father, who might, indeed, in contemplating the character, the progress, and the promise of his young sculptor at this period, apply to himself the frequently-cited words of the happy father in Terence:

" Cum id mihi placebat, tum uno ore omnes omnia
" Bona dicere, et laudare fortunas meas,
" Qui natum haberem tali ingenio præditum."

" Nor was I alone
" Delighted with his life; but all the world
" With one accord said all good things, and praised
" My happy fortunes, who possess'd a son
" So good, so liberally disposed."

COLMAN'S TERENCE.

PART THE FOURTH.

Ille penates
Implet, et ingenti genio juvat.

THE affectionate young artist, who had much pleasure in finishing his marble Minerva to decorate the library of his father, discovered equal kindness in meeting him, with the utmost alacrity, at Kew. The poet rode back to his retreat on Tuesday the 12th of July, after stopping to dine with his noble friend at Petworth.

His excursion of some days had been singularly pleasant; and he was soon enlivened in his retirement, by comfortable accounts that his son was pursuing his professional studies with new energy and success.

" EARTHAM, *July* 17, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I rejoice that you are returned well and happy to the " noble pursuit of your enchanting art, in which, I trust, you " may say of yourself, in the words of the young Milton to his

" early friend Diodati, 'τῦ καλῦ ἰδέαν, veluti pulcherrimam quan-
" dam imaginem, per omnes rerum formas et facies (πολλαὶ γὰρ
" μορφαι τῶν Δαιμόνιῶν) dies, noctesque, indagare soleo, et quasi
" certis quibusdam vestigiis ducentem sector.'

" I thank you heartily for your intention of beating up the
" quarters of our little Palladio.

" The prospect of your excursion to Sussex, in the autumn,
" will animate you, I am persuaded, to study in the interim
" with the happiest ardour and assiduity. I fervently hope our
" friends of Buckingham-street will indulge themselves in a
" little autumnal relaxation, and gratify the Hermit with their
" society in some of those serene days of autumn, when the
" face of Nature is most pleasing to the eye, and when this
" lovely spot appears to particular advantage. I hope our dear
" Romney did not suffer by the vivacity of my movement in
" taking him prisoner in his new fortress, and conveying him
" to a scene of enchanting pictures that he thought not of
" visiting. He promised to give me a line, just to assure me
" that the sudden excursion did not overwhelm his singular
" spirits, and increase his nervous trepidation; but I have not
" yet received the letter he promised. Our friends of Pet-
" worth, whom I had the pleasure of finding all in health and
" cheerfulness yesterday, expected his arrival there. Pray,
" if you write, as you kindly intend, and as I hope you will, by
" the post of to-morrow night, be so kind as to tell me all you
" happen to know of his projected excursion. As my Lord has
" offered, in the kindest and most engaging manner, to make

" a warm sea-water bath for him in the friendly palace, I hope " he will try a remedy that his imagination has long panted " for; and which may, indeed, produce a very beneficial effect " on his marvellous frame.

" I had a pleasing letter yesterday from our dear William of " Kew, whom you will probably see in the course of the week, " as he kindly promises to visit, and give me a speedy account " of our poor rustic in Bedlam. Adieu."

" EARTHAM, *July* 22, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" You have by this time, perhaps, caught a glimpse of our " active little Palladio. I rejoice to find he is getting into " such considerable employment, and shall still more rejoice " if our tower proves a pleasing monument of his ingenuity, " and such as (although it must be ὀλίγοντε φίλοντε) may " conduce to his professional success, by promoting his re- " putation.

' Inest sua gratia parvis,'

" says one of our old friends, the poets. An architect may " display genius in such a trifle as we meditate, producing " considerable effects, by means the most simple, and at a " moderate expense.

" *Apropos* of artists! I did not, I believe, send your me- " dallion of Romney to our amiable friend Wright; and I wish " you to present to him such a becoming mark of your grati-

" tude, for the extreme kindness that we ever received from " him. Would to Heaven, I could send him a good portion of " health and spirits to attend your interesting offering to this " very amiable invalid. From the accounts of him, that I col- " lect from Meyer, I fear his pencil has been very inactive for " some time. I always grieve when men of talents are con- " demned by ill health to involuntary indolence; and I doubly " grieve, when that misfortune falls upon a friend whose works I " have often surveyed with delight.

" Thanks to you for your kind attention to my little com- " missions. It is a pleasure to me to receive little services " from you, provided they never interfere with the grand object " of your professional application. It would, indeed, grieve me to " have any time, that should be appropriated to study, wasted " in your kindly running on any errand for me. I am much " pleased that my good old friend of the Strand intends to " execute casts from your Minerva. I long to know what par- " ticular objects of your art have lately occupied your hand and " your mind. I hope you adhere to that most useful of habits, " the keeping a brief diary of all your actions and studies. " ' Ut et otii tui, cujus Cato reddendam operam putat, apud te " ratio constet;' to quote an excellent passage in the preface of " your friend Justin. I follow, myself, the practice which I " recommend to you, even when my health is not strong " enough for any progress in the various works that I am eager " to advance. I rejoice in your cheerful account of our *Caro* " *Pittore*, and hope he means to finish the sky of his great

" picture in this friendly scene, so calculated (according to the " expression of Meyer the painter) ' for the study of skies.' " Romney has not yet written to tell me when I may expect " him; but a friend and an artist is always sure of a double " welcome from the Hermit, who considers the arts and " friendship as the most valuable blessings of life.

" I desire you repeatedly to remind the dear Flaxmans that I " cherish the hope of seeing them here this autumn—a hope " that I shall not fail to repeat whenever I write to one or the " other; at present, be you my proxy, to say every thing kind " to them in my name. Adieu."

" Buckingham-street, *August* 1, 1796.

" My dear, dear Bard,

" Your kind letter reached me yesterday, while William " Meyer was with me. He told me his family intend to set out " for Felpham on the 9th, and kindly invited me to spend a day " with them before they depart. I shall, therefore, beg them to " convey to you my next epistle.

" As you kindly enquire what at present occupies my hand, I " will tell you. If you recollect, when you were last in town, " I was about a copy of that large head at the end of our large " study (called Castor) by Phidias. I have finished that, and " am now making a copy in bas relief, half-size, of a body and " head of a Faun, which you may perhaps recollect as hanging " up in our little study; but to-morrow morning I am to begin

" the bas relief of Sir William Jones, for Mr. Flaxman, in the " full size, which will be a large affair; so much for modelling. " The drawing I have at present in hand, is a large one of the " Apollo that Mr. Romney has, which I am copying from one " of Mr. Howard's. So much for my works. Now for your in- " tended ones.

" Although our little Palladio has been hurried about very " much, he has contrived to make us a plan for the tower, " which, though it is a very pretty design, I do not think will " meet with your entire approbation; but, as I wish to talk to " him again about it, I will keep the plan till I go to Kew, and " send it by the Meyers. Adieu."

Hayley at this time had his sanguine spirit enlivened by joyous tidings, that he most eagerly imparted to his son in the following letter.

" *August* 3, 1796.

" *Eartham Gazette Extraordinary.*

" Great News! my dearest of dear correspondents; great and " blessed news, indeed, which you will receive, as I impart it to " you, with singular delight.

" Let all the arts, and nature at their head, rejoice, for our " beloved Cowper is bursting from his calamitous eclipse of " mind. He is already so far recovered, that he is absolutely at " work on the correction of his Homer, and with such spirit, " that he says he never knew how Homer ought to be translated

" till now. These highly welcome tidings came to me in a kind " letter from Johnny of Norfolk, who presses me very much " to make an immediate excursion, and visit them at Dereham " Lodge; but this, for a variety of reasons, it will be impossible " for me to think of at present, as I have much to do, and many " friends to receive in the course of the two next months, at " home; among those, the dearest of visitors, whom I shall be " most happy to see in September, because I think bathing at " that particular time most likely to invigorate his health for " a winter of noble application. As *my proxy* (though it is too " proud to call her *a proxy*) I shall have great delight in " sending a cast of *your Minerva* to visit the dear translator of " Homer. How admirably seasonably she will arrive, to faci- " litate him in his improved work, and how much will it delight " me to behold you, in some propitious season, executing a me- " dallion or a bust of that beloved bard, in his state of resto- " ration to all his enchanting faculties and all his tender affec- " tions. These will all, I trust, be restored and confirmed to " him, although he has not yet, I believe, written a letter to any " of his friends. I shall entreat our good Johnny to give me " speedily a more particular account of his feelings and recol- " lections.

" Though I am so full of this most interesting topic, I must " not fail to thank you for your very pleasing letter and agree- " able tidings of our Palladio.

" Say every thing that is kind for me to the dear Flaxmans,

" whose excellent hearts will sympathize in the joy of this " letter, with you

" And your most affectionate

" W. H."

" KEW, *August* 7, 1796.

" My very dear Bard,

" William Meyer called on me yesterday in town, to tell " me Mrs. Meyer was in London, and that if I would meet " them at the end of Oxford Road, she would have the good- " ness to take me with her to Kew, which offer I accepted, " and here I am now scribbling to you in William's library. I " cannot express the joy your Gazette Extraordinary gave me, " and also another person whom you little thought to be with " me at the very moment your epistle arrived. It was no less " a person than Dr. Warner. He desired me to say how happy " he was to be present when your letter came. I shall be very " happy to present a cast of Minerva to Mr. Cowper, and still " more happy to make a bust of him when I am able to do it " to my satisfaction. Mrs. Meyer will speak for herself in the " remainder of this paper. I therefore stop here with my " kindest love to all."

" EARTHAM, *August* 12, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" It will please you to hear that our friends arrived very " safe at the Hermitage, and were all highly pleased with the " rustic seat contrived on purpose to contain them all, and

" raised in grateful remembrance of your recovery. I will " immediately transcribe for you two little compositions, that " I scribbled yesterday morning, to recite as a sort of poetical " consecration of this new rustic bower.

SONNET.

" WHEN from parental love's long clasp released
" Our young adventurers, of soul elate,
" Launch'd on the billows of uncertain fate,
" Panting for praise, the noble spirits' feast,
" Here with fond hope by filial worth encreased;
" Yet well aware of life's precarious date
" The Hermit, with a parent's anxious weight,
" Bless'd, and consign'd them to the stormy east.
" Their forms have perish'd; but their forms alone;
" Here with a sire long loved their spirits meet,
" They all, with power, to meaner minds unknown,
" Irradiate memory's heart, true merit's throne.
" Hark! 'tis their voice! it hallows this retreat;
" 'Here deem us with you still! in friendship's sacred seat.'"

" This tribute to the dear departed trio was very tenderly " felt by all who heard it. The second composition has a dif- " ferent cast, and succeeded in its purpose of re-animating the " cheerfulness of the party.

SONG.

" DEAR Nature, whose charms here enliven our eyes,
" Duly sacred to thee may this fabric arise;

" By gratitude here be thy kindness adored,
" For the health of a son in this villa restored.
" When tyrannical pain forced the youth to depart
" From the noble pursuit of his idolized art,
" Here Nature, who took the dear charge to her care,
" By ambrosia revived him—ambrosia of air.
" For such bounty, dear Goddess, this tribute receive,
" A shrine—where affection thy garland shall weave;
" A temple—not dazzling with pomp's heavy dross,
" But fashion'd with boughs and embellish'd with moss.
" May kind hearts, by thy smile justly render'd serene,
" Ever harmonize here with the sweets of the scene;
" And, exempt from all envy of spendour and wealth,
" Prize this as the temple of friendship and health.

" Let me now thank you, my dearest little commissioner, " for all you have sent me by our *Caro Pittore*. I shall pro- " bably see the pleasant architect himself, as Romney talks " of an excursion to visit him at Portsmouth. At all events, " I shall have the delight of explaining to my dear little Phid. " on the spot, all my ideas of this projected structure. Adieu."

The young sculptor had so cordial an attachment to the family of Meyer, that he contemplated, with peculiar satisfaction, whatever might tend to commemorate and confirm their past and future regard. In one of his letters to Eartham, he thus expresses the warmth of his own feelings, concerning his friends of Kew.

"I found here a letter from William Meyer; he speaks "with great kindness and regard of you, and seems truly sen- "sible of your kindness to him, for which, if I had no other "motive, I should greatly love him; and I trust, considering "the old friendship of our two families, we shall remain for "ever firm and loving friends. He seems by his letters to aim "at superiority in his line of life. *There*, I trust, (though we "may be equal,) he will not outstrip his friend."

The youth displayed, in this passage of his letter, what he possessed in a singular degree, an equal harmonious mixture of great tenderness and great ambition. Indeed these two qualities had been fostered in his character from the first dawn of his faculties, by all the persons who took an affectionate interest in his animated childhood. He had now expressed an anxious wish to hear on what pictures Romney was engaged at Eartham, and he was soon gratified with the following account.

"*Wednesday, August* 17, 1796.

"Eartham Gazette Extraordinary.

"I have cheerful and charming news to send to our dear "little sculptor, concerning the *Caro Pittore*. Instead of his "being in a tremulous and troubled state of nervous indis- "position, not knowing what to do, we have so happily im- "proved his health and spirits, that he has been exerting his "admirable talents with new vigour and felicity, and in a man-

" ner not only to please us all at present, but to gratify the dear " juvenile sculptor, I trust, through many many years of a long, " honourable, and delightful life; for the new production of " the kind painter is particularly directed to this pleasing aim. " It is a picture sacred to friendship, and I think you will be " highly pleased, when I inform you that it will contain four " portraits; the paternal Hermit and the friendly Painter " himself, seeming (with Tully de Amicitiâ before them) to " recommend friendship, as the medicine of life, to two inge- " nuous youths, commonly called Thomas Hayley and William " Meyer.

" The head of our friend William is very happily painted " already. Yours is just sketched from the little picture by " Howard, but you are to be finished *con amore*, from life; and " the beloved artist is so kindly eager to make this favourite " production a masterpiece of art, that we were almost ready " to entreat Flaxman to despatch you to us for the purpose " directly; but the *Caro Pittore* is now inclined to take a " trip to his new works at Hampstead, with our little Palladio, " and return hither again before the time proposed for your " excursion. *Adio.* The chaise is waiting to convey us to " Felpham, where our friends are all well."

" EARTHAM, *August* 19, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" It will delight you to hear that the *Caro Pittore* con- " tinues to work with spirit and felicity, in spite of a strong

" easterly wind. I crossed the hills yesterday very early, with " George, to tempt our princely friend to come and sit in the " kind artist's favourite painting-room, where he is really exe- " cuting wonders; but engagements of company were in the " way of our wishes. However, the kind Earl leads us to hope " that he will gratify us in this point next week. Pray write by the " returning post, if you have any pleasing intelligence of Palla- " dio to communicate, as Romney wishes very much that he " may either have the pleasure of seeing him here, or of " catching a sight of him at Portsmouth. The courier waits. " We are all just going to the sea-side, a scene where I hope " soon to enjoy the dearest of dear visitants, and accomplish " my desire of teaching you to swim. God bless you by land " and by water, on earth, and in heaven!"

" Buckingham-street, *August* 22, 1796.

" My very dear Bard,

" I have seen Palladio, but his movements are very uncer- " tain. Let me now thank you for your kind Gazette Extraor- " dinary on Wednesday. I am very happy to hear that our " good painter is so vigorous; I long very much to see his " masterpiece. Pray give my kindest love to him, and tell him " I am very sensible of the very high honour he pays me. How " vain shall I be! When I have two, nay even three portraits " of me, painted by the greatest painter that adorns our " country, I shall strut like a turkey-cock.

" I am very happy (between you and me) that Mr. Romney " means to finish me in town, for as it is but seldom that I have " the pleasure of seeing you, I wish, when I am at Eartham, to " enjoy uninterrupted your society and discourse, which " (please God) I now hope to do in about five or six weeks. " Your kind epistle is arrived. I am very happy to hear our " good friend continues in such a vigorous state of mind and " body; I will execute all your commissions very soon. Adieu."

" EARTHAM, *August* 26, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" As it is a serious thing for our *Caro Pittore* to proceed " rapidly in the building which he now most clearly wishes to " have carried into speedy and comfortable effect, I have " written for him a letter directly to Palladio himself, which " I hope may forward the completion of his settled wishes; for " as he has at last made a purchase on an airy spot, I am " very desirous that he may derive from it all the amusement " and comfort that ought to enliven the latter days of a life so " very industrious and beneficent as that of our *Caro Pittore*, " who, with all his oddities, is an enchanting friend, and whom " I love better and better, since he has delighted us and " himself with a picture that breathes the true spirit of friend- " ship, and of which you are to be so considerable a part. If " we receive from Palladio such a letter as we expect, Romney " will meet him speedily in London, to adjust his important " architecture; and as he will fly up and down again, without

" delay, for this interesting purpose, it is possible you may see " us together, and we may join in a petition to our kind " Flaxman, to let us convey you hither, that the *Caro Pittore* " may introduce you into his canvass *here* intirely to his satisfac- " tion, while his mind and heart are pleasantly intent (as they " now are) on the happy completion of this favourite per- " formance. But of all this you shall know more as soon as I " have more to tell you, and perhaps if you have seen Palladio, " since he received my letter, you will guess our movements " before we know them ourselves. Adieu."

The projected excursion to London was rapidly accomplished. Romney was so eager for a personal consultation with the friendly architect, whom he then thought of employing at Hampstead, that he set off from Eartham with his host, at two o'clock in the morning, on Monday the 29th of August. From the Diary of Hayley it appears that they reached London by eleven, and had the delight of finding Flaxman and his disciple apparently well; but on the following morning, Hayley was painfully alarmed for the health of his son.

The affectionate youth arrived very early in the morning, to visit his father in Cavendish-square, but with so much feverish oppression on his frame, that his anxious father found it necessary to convey him speedily home in a coach, and to purchase some medicine for him immediately in their way.

The dear invalid revived completely in a few days; Romney conversed with the architect, and shewed his new premises to

his friend. On Friday the 2d of September, the two travellers returned to Eartham, happy in having accomplished the different objects of their journey, and delighted in bringing the young sculptor to enjoy the pure air of their favourite Eartham, as a most seasonable refreshment, after his feverish sufferings, from the extreme heat of the metropolis. On the first morning after his arrival, he stood to the friendly painter for that admirable portrait, which represents him as a part of the social group, and holding in his hand a little statue of Minerva.* The delight that the poet enjoyed in attending and reading to the two beloved artists, so affectionately employed, was delight of no common degree. Few mortals have passed a life more chequered by pains and pleasures, both singular and intense, than the poet of Eartham. His troubles at this period were abundantly compensated by the cheerful society, and expanding talents of his son, and by the delight they both took in contributing to the health, in promoting, and contemplating the works of Romney. That great artist, who had for many years passed a few weeks, every autumn, with his friend at Eartham, was in his visit of this year peculiarly active, kind, and happy. His spirits were elevated by the applauded completion of his magnificent picture, the family of Petworth, which was now finished in his painting-room at Eartham, as the party attended him very gra-

* By the kindness of Captain Godfrey, the Publishers are enabled to give, as the Frontispiece to the present volume, an engraving from this picture, by Caroline Watson, in which the head of Romney is omitted on account of its imperfect resemblance.

ciously for that purpose. He also delighted his own affectionate heart, in finishing what he thought his best portrait of his old friend, with admirable likenesses of the young sculptor, and William Meyer, and a head also of himself, which he slighted too much, and rendered almost a caricature. It does honour to his heart to observe that he chose to devote the most studied touches of his pencil to other portraits, that he wished to leave at Eartham, as memorials of his long and lively regard for that favourite scene; particularly the portrait of William Guy, the surgeon, whose features appeared to the painter, long studied in physiognomy, so perfectly expressive of his real excellent character, that Romney declared he had never seen a manly countenance which he would sooner choose for a model, if he had occasion to represent the compassionate benignity of our Saviour; a remark that the painter's biographer has inserted in his Life. The young sculptor, who had infinite pleasure in seeing Romney paint, was tempted to try how he could succeed, himself, with a picture in oil. He had a fancy to execute a portrait of Fido, his favourite spaniel, and as it happened that Saint George,

"Who sat on horseback at mine Hostess' door,"

the sign of the little public house in Eartham, had been almost annihilated by the showers of many years, the juvenile artist pleased himself with the idea of substituting a fresh painted spaniel for the almost invisible Saint. He painted therefore his favourite Fido as large as life, on a strong tablet of wood, and with such truth of character, that the new sign

was universally admired. The whole village was delighted with its recent decoration, and Romney so warmly applauded this first attempt of his young friend, in his own line of art, that he said, if the youth chose to change his profession, he would most assuredly very soon rise to great eminence, as a painter of portraits. But that judicious youth had chosen his profession with due deliberation. He considered sculpture as an art in many points superior to painting, and to excel in it was, at this time, the just ambition of his tender and ardent spirit. Towards the end of September, the trio of friends enjoyed a sort of triumphal delight, in seeing that production of Romney's pencil, which he had so fervently wished to place, as a monument of his genius, in the mansion of Petworth, suspended there with a splendid effect, and the most friendly applause.

On the 2d of October, the same party, the poet, the sculptor, and the painter, indulged themselves in a more distant excursion from Eartham, for the pleasure of surveying works of art at Wilton, and the stupendous scenery of Stonehenge. On their arrival at Wilton, they found themselves mistaken in their expectation of convenient quarters there for the night. They were obliged to sleep at Salisbury, and returned for a sight of Wilton very early the next morning.

They passed several delightful hours in surveying the various works of sculpture and painting in that magnificent villa. The young artist made a hasty little sketch of an Amazon in the hall; but the whole party agreed that a day was utterly insufficient for a due examination of such various objects of

curiosity, and projects were formed to devote, in some future year, a whole month to this interesting scene; that future year was not destined to arrive according to the hope of the travellers, but their present day was indeed a day of delightful activity and dispatch. They drank their coffee in the Palladian lodge, after surveying the mansion of Wilton. Thence they proceeded to view the house of Lord Radnor, and taking fresh horses, as they returned through Salisbury, proceeded to Stonehenge. The young artist made a few hasty sketches of this wonderful scene, and the party returned in the dusk to a late dinner in Salisbury. Sleeping there a second night, they reached Eartham again in the following evening, after paying agreeable visits, in their way, to Dr. Warton at Wickham, and to the Guys at Chichester.

The 5th of October, that interesting day, on which the young sculptor completed his sixteenth year, was devoted to a visit of kindness, to bid adieu to the ladies of the Meyer family at Felpham, and adieu to the Nereids, for the two artists embraced the opportunity of bathing for the last time this season, having fixed the following day for their return to London.

" EARTHAM, *October* 9, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" It will please your kind and active spirit to hear that, " in spite of unfavourable winds and perpetual showers, I have " contrived to shew to our pleasant Palladio (whose arrival I " announced to you in a billet written on the day of your " departure,) all our scenery at Felpham. We have examined

" and consulted the humble *genius loci* concerning our intended " structure, and after various ingenious sketches, from this " intelligent architect, we perfectly agree in our idea, that " instead of a lofty round tower, a singular original cottage, " and turret shooting up about fifteen or twenty feet above " the roof, will be exactly what the genius of the place and " the genius of the pocket particularly recommend, on the " present occasion. Pope, you know, says

' Consult the genius of the place in all:'

" and you will applaud the moderation of our marine bard, " in sacrificing the splendour of a projected tower, to the " happy union of a cottage and a turret. I meant to have " inclosed in my frank the various sketches that have led " to this prudent resolution, but the modest Palladio begs me " not to expose his hasty sketches, and promises to shew you " speedily a more correct drawing of what I think a very " original and happy design, and of which I hope we may say, " in the words of our old favourite Horace,

' Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.'

" Let me now thank you for the quick and most welcome " tidings of your safe arrival in town.

" I rose very early to-day, and am preparing to escort Pal- " ladio across the hills to the friendly palace, where I am very " desirous of making him known and esteemed, which are " synonymous words for men of his talents and gentle manners. " Adieu."

"BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *October* 9, 1796.

"My very dear Bard,

"The pine arrived safe, and I thank you for the note by "which I learn with pleasure that the excellent but nervous "Bunce is with you. I say with pleasure, for I trust by a "conference on the spot you will be able to settle your "building perfectly to your satisfaction.

"Mr. Flaxman tells me that the tower, according to the "plan which he sent you, will amount only to the same sum as "you mentioned for your first idea. I should have liked to "have made one in the consultation.

"October 10. Your very kind letter is arrived, and I rejoice "to hear that you have fixed on a plan which will, I trust, "prove most advantageous to you in every way. I long very "much to see the new design, which I soon shall, as I imagine "Mr. Bunce returns to-day. Mr. Flaxman will write a post-"script; so good night."

"EARTHAM, *October* 13, 1796.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"You have probably by this time had a visit from our "pleasant Palladio, on whom you justly bestow the epithets "*excellent and nervous.* The tenderness, or rather tremor of "his nerves, must often, I fear, prevent his doing justice to "himself. This infirmity certainly prevented his receiving that "full portion of kindness which our friends at Petworth were "most graciously disposed to shew him, as soon as I had

" introduced him to their notice. In spite of repeated en-
" treaties from my Lord and myself, he persisted in his too
" modest resolution of hurrying away a few hours before it was
" necessary for his convenience; but my noble friend and
" myself have both a sufficient share of shyness in our own
" nature, to make every kind allowance for that quality in
" another, and the shy Palladio, with all his timidity, seems to
" stand high in the estimation of us all.

" I heartily hope his plans for Hampstead may please
" Romney, as much as his idea of a cottage with a turret for
" Felpham has satisfied me. There is a propriety and elegance
" in the design that gratifies my fancy, as it does that of
" Palladio himself, and I shall long to hear that you are equally
" pleased with his plan, which he promised to form more cor-
" rectly, and present to you very soon. Pray tell our beloved
" Flaxman, that I beg he will never call or think himself
" obliged to me for trifles, when I feel the pressure of *perpetual*
" but *agreeable* obligation to him, on one of the most interest-
" ing articles in human life, the care and direction of a darling
" child. As to the indentures, I allow his liberality to triumph,
" and certainly will not say another word in favour of a
" stipulation by which he conceives a disciple might be in-
" duced to fancy himself independent of his master. I will
" write to our friend Rose, and for his instruction in the
" business transcribe the very words of our dear Flaxman him-
" self from his former letter.

" The Nereids swam by us to-day. In plain English, the

" Kew party returned in such heavy rain, that they would not " alight from their coach, but took a little refreshment at the " door. *Adio, Carissimo.*"

" EARTHAM, *October* 16, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I send you flannel to protect your body, and Grecian " philosophy to invigorate your mind. Heaven bless all the " terrestrial and all the ethereal particles of your existence!

" I am just returned to my library, after a plunge into the " coldest sea that I have bathed in this season, and a ride " through a keen northern gale. This dry weather is par- " ticularly welcome, as I wish to get a week's regular bathing " before the arrival of Dr. Warner from Aberdeen, who has " settled his visit to the Hermit for the 25th of this month. " The letter I received from him yesterday, informs me that " he had the pleasure of seeing Romney well, after a gallop " to Hampstead on his pony—*Apropos,* and the pleasure of " admiring also a cast of your Minerva, on the painter's chim- " ney-piece. I rejoice to find these casts are executed. I shall " take a pride in placing one of them at Petworth, where your " medallion is so kindly regarded.

" I am going to write a long letter to the friendly Bishop " of Llandaff, concerning a plan of study for our friend Meyer, " and I shall remind the Bishop of his kind promise to sit to " you for a bust."

" EARTHAM, *October* 21, 1796.

" Ah! Φίλτατε Φίλων, my heart ached in hearing that you " have had some return of your oppressive complaint. But I " thank Heaven you are relieved again; and if I may confide " in the partial account of our very kind Romney, you are not " only well, but as full as I can wish you to be of professional " enthusiasm. *Apropos* of such enthusiasm in a young artist! " I was so much pleased with an anecdote concerning the " youth of the celebrated sculptor Bernini, which I happened " to read yesterday at breakfast, that I will transcribe it in the " words of the book on my table. So here it is for you.

" A l'âge de quatorze ans, il se trouva dans l'église de Saint " Pierre, au moment qu'Annibal *Carrache* examinoit, avec " plusieurs peintres, l'endroit où devoit être placé le grand " autel, et disoit à l'un des artistes, qui l'accompagnoient, " ' Croyez-moi, il pourra venir quelque jour un génie supérieur, " qui élevera sous la coupole et dans le fond de l'église, deux " monumens proportionnés à la grandeur immense de ce temple " superbe.' A ces mots, le jeune Bernini ne put s'empêcher " de s'écrier, ' Plût à Dieu que ce fût moi.' Ses souhaits furent " exaucés sous le Pontificat d'Urbain VIII.

" But to turn from artists long departed, to their noble suc- " cessors who are still living. I thank Heaven, I rejoice to " find from Romney's kind letter, that he has had some plea- " sant conferences with our Palladio, and acquiesces very com- " fortably in the prudent idea of waiting till spring, for the

"foundation of his lofty fabrick. Palladio has great talent "in his art, and I think you will be much pleased, as Mrs. "Meyer was, (who, by the way, had an architect for her father,) "with the happy original design of a cottage with a turret, "a most agreeable mixture of the lowly and the lofty, which "I hope we shall realize, with all its advantages and delights. "My partiality to Felpham and the friendly sea is so great, "that I continue my visits, in spite of changeable weather, and "am now writing to you with a head still wet from the plunge "of the morning, after riding to Eartham. I shall wait with "peculiar solicitude for your next letter, in the hope of being "assured that your excursion to Kew proved an effectual "remedy, and dispersed all traces of the languor which had "so insidiously crept over you on your return to that great city, "whose atmosphere, I trust, you will grow more and more able "to support, as you increase in stature, and in that noble "ardour for professional excellence, which I consider as a "source of health as well as of delight and honour.

"If you have any return of your malady, pray apply to Dr. "Latham immediately. Indeed, well or ill, you ought to call "on your kind physician, and present him, in my name, with "a cast of your Minerva. Heaven preserve to the dear "Flaxman, and his not less dear disciple, that energy of "health, which enables genius to improve every moment! "*Adio!*"

" EARTHAM, *October* 27, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" If my letter should appear more laconic than usual, you " must impute my brevity to the length of a learned essay, " which the doctor of many languages has brought to me to " revise. We have talked so much of Greek and Latin since " we met, that, as he departs for Salisbury by day break, to- " morrow, and it is now evening, I have but little time to " devote to English and you, especially as I must cast a cri- " tical eye over some concluding pages of his classical disser- " tation. He enlivened us by a very florid description of your " blooming countenance, and we all rejoice with great joy, that " you so speedily and happily shook off the depressive symp- " toms of your old malady, which revisited you on your return " to London. Heaven bless and preserve you from evil in " every shape! Good night."

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *November* 2.

" My very dear Bard,

" I went according to my appointment, to breakfast with " Mr. Rose, when, to my astonishment and sorrow, I found he " was taken, on Saturday last, with gout in his foot, from " which he has suffered severe pain. He was yesterday much " easier, wherefore I trust it is going off.

" By this unfortunate illness of your friend, my indentures " are not yet drawn up. Mr. Flaxman and I therefore agreed " that I should ask you whether you still wish (as once you

" said you did) that I should study also the science of archi-
" tecture, and if so, something may be inserted in the inden-
" tures relative to it. But as I have not heard you mention that
" idea lately, I imagine you have given it up.

" The general principles of architecture are, as Mr. Flaxman
" tells me, perfectly necessary to a sculptor; and those princi-
" ples Mr. Flaxman is able to teach me: but if I am to be an
" *acting* architect, I must study the minutiæ of the science
" under a regular professor of that art—such as the manner of
" building houses, &c.

" You will say with your usual kindness, ' what is your
" opinion of the subject in question ?'

" Why, my dear Bard, the excellent saying of our Saviour
" appears to me as applicable to this case as to the one in which
" it was spoken, I mean, ' No man can serve two masters ;' for
" I think a man who possesses both arts may be said to serve
" two masters, and I conceive that as he cannot devote a life to
" each science, he cannot arrive at that eminence in either, that
" it is my intention to struggle for, whichever path you think
" it proper for me to run my course in. But I submit my
" opinions to your consideration and decision. If I apply to
" one only, I think I should stick to the profession that I am
" at present studying. Do not you think so ?

" Ever your sincere and affectionate

" T. H."

" EARTHAM, *Thursday, November* 3, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Having just dispatched some pacquets to the post of " to-day, and among them one to our excellent Lord of Lan- " daff, in reply to a most pleasing letter of his, instead of " laying down my pen, I shall begin an epistle to my dearest " correspondent, for the post of to-morrow. I have to thank you " for a very kind letter from Kew, and I rejoice that the " friendly air of that village——

" I am interrupted by visitors—more to-morrow.

" *Friday, Nov.* 4.

' One science only will one genius fit,
' So vast is art, so narrow human wit.'

" This couplet of Pope will prove to my infinitely dear little " sculptor, that I have now received his truly filial letter of " yesterday, and that I think entirely with him on the principal " topic of that interesting letter. The idea of blending archi- " tecture with sculpture in practical business, was kindly " suggested by our dear painter, in his friendly solicitude for " your future advantage; but the more I meditate on the sub- " ject, the more I agree with you, that the practice of a single " art is the best rule that any man can establish for himself, " who nobly wishes (as you do) to carry his favourite art as near " to perfection as the limited faculties of man, and the chances " of human life will allow. You will also agree with me, that

" although wisely confining himself to one profession, he who " wishes to qualify himself for attaining excellence in any one " liberal art, should make a point of obtaining a general ac- " quaintance with the whole circle, or (to speak in verse, with " that amiable monitor, the poetical Archbishop of Alba)

' Nulla sit, ingenio quam non libaverit artem.'

" Architecture has particular claims to the notice of a " sculptor, but I am confident our dear accomplished Flaxman " will teach you as much of it as he may judge necessary; and " having the most confidential reliance on his knowledge, " judgment, and kindness, I see no occasion for inserting the " mention of architecture in your indentures.

" Alas! I grieve for the dear architect of those indentures. " The gout at so early a period is a very alarming circum- " stance for a man starting in a profession which requires a " frame of adamant.

" I wrote to him yesterday, little suspecting that he was tied " by the foot.

" I have had a pleasing account of our friend William at " Cambridge, and have sent him a most kind and admirable " long letter from the Bishop of Landaff, as a guide for his " academical life.

" I expect with pleasure your four Minervas, and shall be " happy to receive the marble goddess herself, whenever you " think it best for her to travel; but I do not mean to press " her departure, if you have any wish to detain her longer in " town. Adieu!"

"BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *Nov.* 6, 1796.

"My very dear Bard,

"Your kind letter found me just returned from a visit to "Cavendish-square. A painter had told Mr. Romney of a "very fine picture of Rembrandt, in Bryant's gallery, and asked "him if he would go and see it. We all set out together to "Pall Mall, where we really saw a fine picture from the parable "of the servant who owed his master forty talents, and he was "forgiven, but he [redacted] a fellow-servant that owed him forty "pence, whom he forgave not, but cast him into prison.

"The moment represented in Rembrandt's picture is when "his Lord says to the servant, 'Because thou hast not forgiven "thy fellow-servant, thou shalt be cast into prison, until thou "payest the uttermost farthing that thou owest me.'

"Mr. Romney was highly pleased with it.

"I called yesterday on Mr. Rose, and found him much "better. I told him what you said concerning architecture, "on which subject we all agree. I also saw Mr. Flaxman, "senior, who informed me the four Minervas went by the "waggon of last Saturday se'nnight. I hope the goddesses will "not go astray. Adieu!"

"EARTHAM, *Nov.* 10.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"I have to thank you for the four busts of your tutelary "goddess, which arrived in perfect safety, and for a letter as "welcome as any goddess could be.

"I am glad you were entertained by the picture of Rem-
"brandt; the subject is truly interesting.

"I rejoice to hear that our friend Rose is released from the
"persecution of that excruciating tyrant, the gout. You will
"be anxious, perhaps, to hear how I dispose of your Minervas.
"One went early this morning to enliven and protect the in-
"genious house of Guy. Another will cross the hills with us,
"in our next ride to the friendly palace, where the goddess
"may smile in taking her station between the medallions of
"her two votaries, the little Phid. and the great Romney.

"I must bid you hastily adieu to-day, as we are just going
"to mount our horses to survey the progress of that pleasant
"enthusiast, our old servant Thomas Field, in his new work to
"embellish the garden of Slindon, where he often requests our
"advice. I really think I could make it one of the most
"beautiful gardens in the world, were I master of the domain,
"and the income of its Lord; yet I should rather prefer my
"own less extensive scene. What are your present works, my
"dear little votary of Minerva? Adieu!"

"BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *Nov.* 14.

"My very dear Bard,

"I rejoice to hear that my group of goddesses arrived
"safe and sound, without quarrelling. I thank you for pre-
"senting one to the house of Guy, where I am indebted for
"many favours and much kindness.

"As you kindly ask what are my present employments, I "will give you an account of them. I have just finished a "bas-relief (the first I have done) of the Discobulus, and am "beginning another view of the same figure, in bas-relief also. "My evenings are employed in copying drawings, which Mr. "Howard is so kind as to lend me. Mr. Flaxman has lately "made a purchase of Stuart's Athens, of which you doubtless "know the value and the beauty. He has been so very kind "as to give me the *tracings* he had made from it, (before he "possessed it) of the sculpture, &c. Is not this a treasure "to me, and excessive kindness in him, which I hope to have "it in my power to repay *hereafter*. Although I have now "told you what my present occupations are, I have not ac-"quainted you with the more important ones of my kind "instructor.

"He has finished the bas-relief of Sir William Jones, which "I believe you saw begun, and he is now tickling up the face "of the great Sir Robert Ladbroke, whom you must also "remember in a rough state.

"Ever your most affectionate

"PHID."

When this letter arrived at Eartham, it found Hayley in the midst of preparation for a sudden journey to London. He had been much affected by the intelligence that his highly valued friend Samuel Rose had been cruelly checked in his professional career by so early an attack of the gout. Taking a

tender interest in the prosperity of that amiable man, he was alarmed lest future visitation from that severe and insidious disorder might render it impossible for him to persevere with signal success in a line of life, that requires such incessant exertion. It occurred to his imagination, that he might form and seize a pleasing opportunity of promoting the happiness of his friend, by leading him into a situation of greater ease and security, on a plan of exchanging the courts of law for the church, and becoming the preceptor of Lord Egremont's children; a plan which the poet fancied himself able to realize for the advantage of his friend.

With this very interesting project in his sanguine fancy, he set forth on horseback, by moonlight, at three in the morning on Wednesday the 16th of November, and amused himself, as he rode, by the composition of the following occasional

SONNET.

" YE stars that, sparkling through November air,
" Behold me starting ere the dawn of day,
" And winging o'er bleak hills my early way;
" Glories of Heaven, now favourably fair!
" Such prosperous issue to my toil prepare
" As the warm heart, benevolently gay,
" Enlighten'd all with friendship's living ray,
" May hope as the reward of friendly care.
" Guides of benighted man! with fire like yours
" The beam of amity benignly glows,

" On life's wide sea, that many a storm obscures;
" Youth's tossing bark from shipwreck it ensures;
" And temperate age, that no dark passion knows,
" In her soft light finds rapture and repose."

The poet of Eartham happened to overtake his poetical brother of Lavington on the road, and rain coming on, they took shelter together in the Godalmin coach. The young sculptor was agreeably surprised in meeting his father under the friendly roof of Romney; and during the Hermit's short residence in London, his son passed his evenings in Cavendish-square, drawing by the side of his father, who read romances for the amusement of his host.

It happened that Romney was painting, at this time, the full-length portrait of a lovely lady, whom the poet persuaded him to represent in a picturesque greenhouse, with some rare and magnificent flower in her hand. To find a flower exactly suited to the design, he persuaded the painter to attend him and his son as far as Kew, where he intended to pass a day in his return to Eartham. Having had much pleasing conversation with his friend Rose, on the important object of his visit to London, he set forth on his return, Monday the 21st; and soon after his arrival at Kew, with his son and Romney, he had the good fortune to find, by the kindness of his friend Mr. Aiton, the royal gardener, exactly such a flower as he had advised the painter to introduce in the picture already mentioned. This little incident gave peculiar interest to a very

delightful social day. Other pleasures arose from this visit to Kew, and one that made a deep impression on the heart of an affectionate father, as it comprised an instance of singular benevolence, and of admirable talents, very gracefully displayed by the youthful sculptor.

Among the intimate friends of the cheerful and beneficent Mrs. Meyer, a French lady of high rank, who had suffered severely by the Revolution, happened at this time to interest, in a peculiar manner, the family at Kew. This unfortunate countess had two engaging daughters, who resembled each other in a sisterly sweetness of disposition. Their Christian names were Albertine and Alexandrine, tender, ingenious, elegant girls, not yet arrived at the age of womanhood, but approaching towards it. Their mother ardently wished to send portraits of these interesting children to an elderly opulent relation, who had contrived to remain in France with security; but her finances had been so destroyed by misfortune, that she could not afford to pay even a moderate artist for their pictures. The young sculptor happened to learn the feelings of the mother on this subject, from her expressing a hope that such a memorial of these lovely girls might, in being properly presented to their prosperous relation, conduce to the improvement of their cruel fate. The young Hayley, with his native eager benevolence, which never failed to exert itself on any fair occasion, immediately exclaimed, " Let me try what I can do for them."

Mrs. Meyer saw with delight, and very warmly encouraged the generous idea of the youthful artist, who, inspired by compassion, executed admirable drawings of the two damsels, whose interest he was so anxious to promote. One of these drawings is mentioned in the subsequent letters. Many passages in them would be hardly intelligible, without this previous account of what had passed at Kew, whence Hayley returned to Sussex, on the 22d of November. Mrs. Meyer had kindly suggested that he should take with him the admired portrait of Alexandrine, to enliven a dreary journey, as she well knew that his son would most willingly execute a second portrait of the same interesting person for her relation in France.

" EARTHAM, *November* 23, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I hasten to relieve the tender anxiety which I know your " kind heart will feel for the traveller who was not well when " he parted from you. The weight of the important affair which " brought me to London, and pressed upon my mind, had " allowed me but little sleep, during my excursion, and the " quitting you so hastily, in a wet morning, instead of enjoying " the pleasure of having you with me, for a few miles, in the " chaise; all these circumstances conspired to make me feel " very uncomfortable; and before I reached Esher, where the " Arundel coach stops to breakfast, I had so severe a headache " and such a sore throat, that finding the expected coach would " not arrive in an hour, and might then be full, I held it the

" wisest plan to proceed alone, and reach my own quiet home " with all convenient expedition. I arrived at Petworth soon " after one o'clock, and had a refreshing cup of coffee in the " friendly palace, where I had a glimpse of our noble friend, " though he had his magnificent mansion quite full of visitants. " He inquired, with his usual kindness, after you, and the Lady " was delighted with the account I gave of the tender and " generous motive of your attempt to execute the portraits of " the two orphan girls.

" The motive delighted me still more than the success of " your attempt, though I really think your drawing of Alexan- " drine a work of singular talent and felicity.

" Do not suppose that I meant to relinquish the possession " of that charming drawing, by leaving it at Kew. The truth " is, in the bustle of my hurried departure, it escaped my " attention. I beg you, therefore, to preserve it for me, and " send it to Eartham.

" *Apropos* of the arts! The young painter, whom they are " patronizing at Petworth, (Mr. Philips,) has worked with great " diligence and considerable success, while I was in London; " and I found on my return that he had finished a pleasing " portrait of George. He is a modest, sensible, well-behaved " man, and his luckily falling under the notice of our noble " friend, will probably make his fortune completely. The " mention of artists has led me to forget myself, and interrupt " the account of my return. My horses were not at Petworth " when I arrived, and as I had directed that my ancient Sancho

" should not come through rain, I did not expect them; but " that alert and affectionate veteran started on the first gleam " of fairer weather, and came provided with conveniences to " carry my trunk behind him; so I mounted Hidalgo, between " two and three, and passing through a thick mist on the " top of the hills, soon descended into the vale of Waltham, " illuminated by as fine a sunset as I ever beheld.

" A walk on my favourite hill in this very fine morning, has " dissipated the traces of fatigue and illness, so that I hope, " after one day of repose and tranquillity, I shall be able " to cross the hills again to-morrow, and escort my two young " fellow students to renew their studies on this favourite spot. " I shall eagerly expect an account of your return to Bucking- " ham-street. Adieu! Continue to advance in your career of " art, with the most honourable and delightful promise of " excellence, and be assured that your health, honour, and " happiness, are the dearest objects on earth to the heart " of your

" Most affectionate

" W. H."

Alert as the father was in dispatching to his son an account of his safe return, that affectionate son was yet more alert in relieving the paternal solicitude of the Hermit, by the following letter, which arrived at Eartham by the courier who conveyed the preceding to the post.

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *Nov.* 22, 1796.

" Although the time you mentioned for my writing to you is " to-morrow, I will not let my very dear bard wait one day " for intelligence of me, as he was so kindly solicitous to " hear how I arrived in town. I am arrived safe. Judge " from your solicitude for my arrival, how anxious I must " be to hear that you have escaped cold, as the day was dread- " fully bad. I have called on Mr. Romney; he has painted the " flower, and, as you predicted, it admirably suits the character " of the picture. It had withered a good deal in its travels, " but water brought it to life again. We found the portrait of " Alexandrine lying on a chair this morning. As you were so " kindly delighted with it, I am very sorry you did not take it. " The post bell rings. Adieu!"

" EARTHAM, *December* 2, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" After thanking you for your very kind letters, and the " promise of your Alexandrine, let me hasten to say that the " news I have to impart will interest and please you in a high " degree.

" You know how solicitous I was to have a full and free " conference with my noble friend of Petworth, on the mo- " mentous concern which occasioned my last visit to London. " I have had that important conference, and all that was said " by both the parents of our little friend George, was infinitely " pleasing to me. My Lord entered into all my feelings and

" views with the most engaging sensibility, and seemed heartily
" disposed to provide for our worthy Rose very liberally in
" the Church, if the friendly project I have suggested induces
" him to change his profession; at the same time, with a deli-
" cacy peculiar to himself, he expressed a solicitude that we
" might not too hastily persuade a man of promising talents
" to relinquish that line of life, which, when it is successful,
" leads to the amplest emolument, and to the highest profes-
" sional dignity. He agreed with me, however, in thinking,
" after I had stated every consideration *pro* and *con*, that it
" would certainly be a wise choice in our friend to prefer
" health and domestic enjoyment with a decent provision, to
" the alluring chance of riches and honours, with such a for-
" midable enemy as an early and hereditary gout to contend
" with, which may utterly impede his advancement, and of
" course involve him in every species of embarrassment.
" Finally, we concluded, that the point of deciding on so
" delicate a question must be left entirely to our amiable man
" of law himself. I am willing to believe that Providence is
" concerned in this interesting affair, and will graciously render
" me an instrument of good to several individuals whom I
" regard, by leading me to promote the future improvement
" and felicity of their children. It is no trifling gratification
" to my own heart to reflect, that in so doing, I am at the
" same time exerting my own paternal affection in the very
" best manner I can devise, for the good of a certain ingenious
" votary of Minerva, whose talents and virtues are the joy

" and pride of my heart. But how does that dear little being " bear this early sharp weather? I wish you to live as much " exempted as a mortal can be, from evil of every shape. I " scrawl in great haste, as I am going to survey our diminu- " tive but expanding premises at Felpham. Adieu."

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *December* 5, 1796.

" My very dear Bard,

" Your very kind epistle greatly rejoiced me, by informing " me that our noble friend received your proposal so graciously; " and I trust this affair will conclude to the satisfaction and " benefit of all the parties engaged. Mr. Rose tells me Lady " Sheffield is in a very dangerous state of health, so much so " that her life is almost despaired of. She is a very amiable " lady, and will be a great loss to all who know her.

" As you kindly enquire how I bear this severe change of " weather, I can tell you with pleasure that I do not feel at " all incommoded by it. My pains have entirely left me, and " a fine frost, you know, agrees both with you and with me, " much better than the hot summer months. Adieu!"

" *Dec.* 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Though I filled the paper of my last letter, yet when " I closed I seemed to have still a thousand things to say, and " my pleasant ride to Felpham suggested a thousand more. It " will please you to hear that I had the gratification of con-

" ducting the business I had to transact there, much to my " own satisfaction.

" I had a pleasing conference with my obliging neighbours, " and the pleasure of seeing preparations already made for my " new works. In surveying the premises, I am persuaded it " will be infinitely best and cheapest not to let the old " cottage stand, as Palladio proposed, but after the new one " is finished, to pull that decayed building entirely down. By " this plan, the approach to my own habitation will be greatly " improved, as it will then be by a door in the middle of a " front wall, that I may crown with a stone image of the " sleeping Fido, by a young Phidias. The more I contem- " plate the spot and the project, the more I am persuaded I " shall render it a pleasing and useful retreat. My love for you " is the grand inspirer of the whole. Adieu!"

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *December* 7, 1796.

" My very dear Bard,

" Your very pleasant account of your ride to Felpham " gave me great pleasure, and I sincerely hope that all your " ideas will be realized to the satisfaction and delight of all " around you. I called on Palladio, and he shewed me a " drawing begun for you.

" I like your idea of Fido over the door, but Mrs. Flaxman " desires me to say, with her love, that she proposes an amend- " ment to your sleeping dog, viz.:—to let him be awake.

" Mr. Flaxman says the tablet for your chimney-piece must

" be my work, and that I shall copy any of his models; but " more of this hereafter. All join in kind wishes for the suc- " cess of your present undertaking, with

" Your most affectionate

" T. H."

" Buckingham-street, *December* 12, 1796.

" I rejoice, my very dear Bard, to hear, that in spite of " this very sharp weather, you continue able to ride. The " frost has been severe for a fortnight, so much so that " Mr. Flaxman kindly gave me leave to exercise upon " the canal in the Park, where the ice is very strong. " It is not without difficulty that we can keep our models " from freezing, insomuch that I have given up modelling, " while the frost lasts, and have begun to draw from " plaster. My first drawing was a profile of the Minerva (from " which I copied my bust), which I finished yesterday, and " began a full face of the same. My first has had the appro- " bation of Mr. Flaxman, Mr. Romney, and Mr. Howard. I " wish it could have yours also. I am very happy to hear " that your little estate at Felpham affords you so much " pleasure, and I hope it will continue to do so. I believe I " told you, in my last, that Mr. Flaxman was much obliged by " your kindness concerning the tablet, but he thought it " certainly should be my work, and he made a pretty sketch, " yesterday, to shew me what he thought would suit you. I

" think I may carve Fido from one of the large blocks of stone " that you have at Eartham.

" Ever your most affectionate
" T. H."

" EARTHAM, *December* 15, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I give you joy that your ingenious works of clay " are released from the fetters of frost, which is so sharp an " enemy sometimes (as the antients say) to works of art, " that it has been known to split a statue of brass. " *Apropos* of metal statues! Here is a Greek Epigram for " you, (that your Greek may not grow rusty) on a statue of " iron.—

' Εἰς εἰκόνα Ἀναστασιυ βασιλέως
' Ἐν τῷ Ἐυριπῳ.
' Εἰκόνα σοὶ, βασιλεῦ κοσμοφθόρε, τήν δε σιδήρυ
' Ἀνθεσαν, ὡς χαλκῆ πολλὸν ἀτιμότερην,
' Ἀντὶ φόνυ, πενίης τόλυης, λιμῆτε, καὶ ὀργῆς,
' Οἷς πάντας φθείρεις ἐκ φιλοχρημοσύνης.

' This iron statue, ruthless King, to thee,
' As fitter far than brass, thy slaves decree;
' For life blood wasted, woes and want sustain'd,
' They all thus witness how thy avarice reign'd.'

" I am pleased to hear that your tutelary goddess, Minerva, " exercises your hand in a new manner, when the clay is no

" longer ductile; and I am persuaded I shall approve your " drawing, not less than the kind intelligent spectators who " have already honoured it with their praise.

" I am much obliged to our dear Flaxman, for exercising his " pencil with such kind zeal, for the future embellishment of " our maritime retreat.

" I am still more obliged to him for his animating kindness to " you, in giving you his first copy of Vasari, which I am con- " fident you will value, and read with peculiar interest and " delight, as a feeling spirit always delights in a book not only " endeared by its own merit, but as having belonged to a person " whose use of it seems to have given it a sort of consecration " in the eyes of gratitude and affection.

" It will please you to hear that our little friend George and " I have made the old shepherd of eighty-two uncommonly " happy, this week. Having a little residence of his own, he " had found it difficult, if not impossible, to obtain aid from " the parish, in these hard times, without parting with his " favourite cottage. This idea almost broke his heart; but my " little coadjutor and I have happily turned all his trouble into " joy, by engaging our princely friend to aid us in raising such " a regular weekly supply to our good rustic veteran, as sets " his honest heart completely at rest, on the great subject of " his inquietude. Adieu!"

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *December* 19, 1796.

" My very dear Bard,

" Many thanks to you for your epigram. Have the good-
" ness to tell us where it is, an iron statue being a curiosity.

" I rejoice to hear that my good old friend the shepherd is
" not obliged to part with his cottage, and I am glad that our
" noble friend has been so generous as to contribute to his
" support. I wish he would recollect another parishioner of
" Eartham, and enable him to continue in his cottage com-
" fortably to the end of his life. That would be acting nobly
" indeed. I wish I had Aladdin's Genii, to whisper in his ear.

" Ever your most affectionate

" T. H."

" EARTHAM, *December* 22, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I am pleased with the sympathy you express for the
" happy old shepherd, and with the endearing tenderness with
" which you mention another veteran and his cottage; but I
" entreat your kind heart not to feel any painful solicitude for
" that veteran's project of changing his abode. The two grand
" objects which he has in view, and which he may fairly hope
" to accomplish by that intended change, will more than repay
" him for any sort of mortification or inconvenience, which he
" can possibly experience by changing an eminence for a flat,
" and a spacious residence for a very contracted little dominion

" which, with all its disadvantages, may be deservedly called " ὀλίγοντε φίλοντε.

" *Inest sua gratia parvis;* and, as we advance in life, it " seems to be particularly proper for every man, who has not " been a favourite of fortune to moderate his ambition, and " contract his circle.

" Retirement and study have been ever my hobby-horses, " and these I shall be able to mount and exercise still better " in a littlefield, than in a large one. I have ever possessed, " and still retain, one constitutional blessing from nature, " which I hold infinitely more valuable than all the gifts of " fortune. The blessing I mean is a native serenity and cheer- " fulness of temper, which leads and enables me to look on " the bright side of every prospect, both present and future. " We are preparing to pay our devoirs at the friendly palace " to-morrow; and I have the satisfaction to think that our little " scholar will make a very creditable figure indeed in the eyes " of his affectionate father, as he has just rehearsed to me " passages from Homer, Horace, and Shakspeare, with perfect " intelligence and accuracy.

" *Apropos* of classical writers! If you pass a few days with " our dear William of Kew, as his good mother informed me " she had reason to hope, pray let me recommend it to you " both to read together the opening of the third book in the " Ἀνάβασις of Xenophon.

" You will find the Greek very easy, and the narrative one " of the most animating, delightful things in the world. You

" must recollect the situation of the Greeks; that not only " Cyrus, in whose service they had marched, was killed, but " after his death almost all their own chieftains were most trea- " cherously murdered. The spirit and the eloquence of Xeno- " phon himself, at this period, are truly most admirable. As I " lately read this part of his narrative, it operated on my spirits " as a strong and salutary cordial, and has made me feel such an " affection for Xenophon, that I will beg you to expend a few " shillings for me in purchasing, at Tassie's, the only antique " head there is of him, and upon a paste resembling a white " cornelian. I intend to have it set as a seal ring; in return, I " will present to you an excellent copy of all Xenophon's works, " which is indeed your own, although it did not travel with you " to town. I remember the having bought it expressly for you. " Adieu."

" KEW, *December 25*, 1796.

" My very dear Bard,

" I enjoyed a very fine dry walk hither yesterday evening, " and had the pleasure of finding all in good health. My " indentures are at last completed. Mr. Flaxman and I have " read them over together. We find nothing to object to, " but I send them for your approbation and signature. Your " kind epistle arrived before I began my march. Many thanks " to you for kindly recommending the third book of Xenophon. " William promises to return with me to town; we will pro- " ceed to Tassie's together, to purchase Xenophon's portrait

" for you, and I will send it with my Alexandrine. Finished " yesterday my third drawing in black and white chalk:—it " is the head of Euripides, that you have in your library, with " which Mr. Flaxman was well pleased. Your kind epistle " to Mrs. Meyer is just arrived. What an extraordinary cir- " cumstance of George! How happy, that you perceived it " in time! I am glad that through your care he is revived.

" All the house join in best wishes for the health and merri- " ment of Eartham with

" Your most affectionate

" T. H."

The incident that occasioned the exclamation of the young sculptor in the close of his letter, was indeed extraordinary, and might have been fatal.

It is mentioned in the Diary of Hayley. On Saturday the 24th of December, he attempted, in spite of very severe weather, to cross the hills with his two young fellow-students on horseback. But the frost was so intense, that George Wyndham, though at the time a very blooming and hearty boy, was seized with that irresistible sleepiness which is said to be the harbinger of freezing death. His old friend providentially perceived it, when they had advanced about two miles from Eartham, and after several fruitless efforts to keep this interesting boy (who had been naturally eager to visit his parents) awake, he conducted him back to Eartham, as carefully as he could, and had soon the comfort of seeing him perfectly revived from a most alarming lethargic stupor.

" EARTHAM, *December* 27, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I write in the instant of finishing a perusal of your most " welcome dispatches, first to thank you, next to inform you, " as you may be kindly anxious for our little frost-bitten friend, " that he continued well after his revival, and rejoiced on seeing " a chaise arrive for him on Sunday morning, with the good " little physician of the friendly palace as his attendant. As " it was too late in the day for me to reach Petworth and " return, I have remained in my own hermitage, intending to " cross the hills to-morrow or Thursday if the road is tolerable. " I am eager to see the books you announce, and still more " to see your drawing of Euripides. In the course of the year " 1797, I flatter myself you will execute some original designs " from the poems of your favourite bard. Adieu."

" EARTHAM, *December* 30, 1796.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Being eager to get a supply of franks for you, and to " enquire after the good folks of the friendly palace, I crossed " the hills yesterday, through water, ice, and snow. The road " was abominable, and in the middle of our return, we were " attacked by a violent blast of wind and rain, that struck full " on our faces, and wetted us through very soon. We reached " home, however, very safe, though dripping wet; and neither " the old Quixote nor his elder Sancho have suffered any " thing to signify from their rough and tempestuous adven-

" tures. On the contrary, I derive much pleasure from an " idea that Providence made me an instrument of preservation " to two bewildered young lads, who, in a one-horse chaise, " were on the point of plunging into an abyss of snow, whose " depth they could not suspect, but which I well knew, from " its being the very spot where I had almost been buried with " a post-chaise and four horses.

" I most fortunately stopt the young strangers from hurrying " into this unsuspected peril, and guided them through some " fields, on the left of the road, by which I enabled them to " reach the place of their destination in safety. At the friendly " palace they said they were all well; but I discovered in the " countenance of George, that he had suffered from his late " adventure, and he did not seem in spirits, though he told me " with great pleasure, that on his construing his epistle of " Horace to his father, my Lord kindly said, ' he could not do " it better himself.'

" I long to hear a better account of our *Caro Pittore's* spirits; " pray animate him to proceed in finishing Meyer and yourself, " in the picture of Friendship, and particularly to do more " justice to his own expressive countenance. I have just read " your articles of apprenticeship once again, and they return to " you, to use an Horatian phrase, *non deficiente camœnâ*, for I " have added my own seal of the Muse. I heartily wish your " hymeneal articles, whenever your stars lead to their *com-* " *pletion*, may be as satisfactory to the heart and spirit, and " promise all good to the parties concerned, as fairly as the

" articles do which I now dispatch to you, with my cordial " concurrence and benediction. Adieu."

Thus the ceremonial of legally binding the young sculptor to his master was, after a series of accidental delays, very cheerfully completed, and as this event brings me to the close of the second year in his apprenticeship, I shall here terminate the fourth part of this biographical compilation, with a few remarks on the trial he had now made of his new profession, and the prospect that seemed to be opening before him, of his arising to great excellence in the art he had chosen.

An intimacy of two years with his excellent master had endeared the profession to the young student in the highest degree; and the proficiency of the scholar in his varied studies awakened the most affectionate hopes in his attentive instructor. The youth was by nature and habit formed to delight in steady and resolute application; and much as the heart of his father was gratified by his society, it appears by his declining a kind offer of his beloved relation, Captain Godfrey, to bring the young artist to Eartham, in December, that parental fondness did not lead him to indulge either himself, or his son, in any gratifications which might impede the settled course of his professional studies.

A billet written in the boyish days of this amiable student, has already shown to the reader how early he was accustomed to set a high value on time. That his father continued to en-

courage him in doing so, is probable from the following words, in which the poet ended his own Diary of 1796.

" In closing the last day of the first year in which I have kept " a regular diary, I reflect with much satisfaction on that highly " useful task.

" In my private survey of the twelve months just elapsed, " I have to regret the inevitable loss of much time, but I " have also to applaud myself for the resolution of searching " into the various real occasions of such loss, and for taking " every possible precaution to guard myself, as much as in- " firmities allow, against all neglect or abuse of invaluable " time."

When the recluse of Eartham began a rapid, yet exact account of his own diurnal occupations, he seems to have had no other view in it, than to encourage himself, under the disadvantage of precarious health, to the most active use of his own mental powers that his situation would allow, and perhaps to animate his son by his own example to be equally exact in such a register of his studies. The affectionate father was far from foreseeing that these daily minutes would be useful, at a future period, in soothing the anguish of his afflicted heart, by recalling most distinctly to his recollection all the many reciprocal attentions and endearments that had passed between himself and his departed child.

His Diary was indeed, as he entitled it, a diary of the head

and heart, and as it served to mitigate his severe paternal sorrow by displaying to him (when time had enabled him to bear such affecting remembrances) the uncommon activity and vigilance with which he had cultivated the delights, and discharged the duties of a father, he might justly say of it, with a cordial though melancholy satisfaction,

" Hoc est
" Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui."

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

PART THE FIFTH.

" Vestigia magnæ
Indolis agnosco."

THE young artist began the third year of his apprenticeship by the following cheerful letter of kind wishes to his father:

" *Saturday Evening, January* 1, 1797.

' Sint multi et felices.'

" My very dear Bard,

" The travellers, Meyer and Godfrey, met in Buckingham-
" street this morning, and agreed to meet at Kingston on
" Tuesday. I showed my Minerva to Captain Godfrey, and I
" am happy to inform you, that he will convey the marble to
" you. With Minerva I hope to send the intaglio of Xeno-
" phon; and Meyer says he will convey Alexandrine."

" *Sunday Evening.*

" I have made my peregrination, having first breakfasted with
" Mr. Romney, who seemed in good spirits. I am now

"scribbling to you *solus* in Buckingham-street. I will send "you my drawing of Euripides, as you so kindly expressed a "wish to see it.

"I must not neglect to tell you, that Mr. Romney invited "Mr. Flaxman and myself to dinner on Friday. We met "Mr. Walker and his two sons, Mr. Howard, and Mr. "Bunce. The latter gave me the elevation and plans of "your intended building, which I enclose. Mr. Romney "was in high spirits and good humour. Your cameo was "introduced, and my little clay model of you, which was much "preferred (for the likeness) to Mr. Marchant's ring. I have "succeeded in getting your intaglio of Xenophon, and put him "at the top of the box. Wish every one a happy new year "for me. "Ever your most affectionate

"T. H."

The poet employed himself, on the first day of the new year, in preparing a letter with an architectural plan, for the consideration of his little Palladio; and to the mention of this circumstance in his Diary, he added the following reflection:

"The head and heart tranquil, and pleasantly occupied with "the important project of a new and more retired system for "the evening of my life, by which I hope to secure the double "advantages of promoting, in the best manner possible, the "tranquil exercise of my own talents, (if any are granted me in "my declining days) and at the same time ensuring, as far "as paternal love and economical precaution can ensure, the

" future interest and happiness of my infinitely and deservedly " dear son."

The pleasure, the improvement, and the future prosperity of this promising youth, were, indeed, the favourite objects perpetually pursued by his father, who exulted not a little, as his next letter sufficiently shews, in the recent works of the juvenile artist.

" EARTHAM, *January 5*, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Words are too weak to tell you how infinitely delighted " I am with the three admirable productions of your dear little " hand, which have been kindly conveyed to Eartham by our " friends, whom I met at Petworth, and escorted hither to " dinner.

" The Minerva was placed over the sculptured head of " Raphael, while we were finishing our repast in the parlour; " and when we entered the library, the splendour of your god- " dess, in the midst of a joyous occasional illumination, delighted " us all, and we talked of the dear artists (master and disciple) " *con amore; et non invitâ Minervâ*, for the goddess actually " seemed to smile, as we chattered on the merits of her beloved " votaries.

" In return for the works of your art, I send you a little " poetical effusion, that burst from my heart, before I rose from " my pillow yesterday morning, in consequence of the important " news relating to our dear bard of Weston. I have long been " impressed with an idea, that the poor old Lady's death will

" be the means of his restoration; and in this persuasion I have " prayed for him with new fervency. Your drawing of Euri- " pides is very masterly. You have the talent of uniting " softness and spirit very happily indeed. The little Alex- " andrine also charms me more and more. You will probably " hear from our Palladio, that I presumed to make considerable " alterations in his disposition of the apartments in the pro- " jected cottage, preserving the admirable outline. I requested " him to shew you my little scrawl of a plan, which he is so " polite as to say is by far the best. Indeed, I think I have " rendered the rooms better suited to the situation, and the " whole interior of the fabric more commodious and pleasant to " my particular fancy. The kind Palladio says he will adopt " my ideas, and send me a new sketch as soon as possible. " Adieu! I shall long to hear how you like my architec- " tural improvements, in the plan I sent to Palladio.

" We are going to visit Felpham and Bognor to-day. Spring " will soon arrive, and bring, I trust, very happily, the dearest " of all visitors to the embrace

" Of his affectionate Father,

" W. H.

" P. S. A thousand thanks for Xenophon, who delights me " in all shapes."

"LONDON, *January* 8, 1797.

"My very dear Bard,

"I rejoice to find by your kind epistle that Minerva and "her guardians arrived safe at Eartham; and I am very happy "that you are pleased with the goddess. If she is rather "dirty from her travels, you may venture to wash her with "a brush and clean water, without any thing else, but perhaps "you had better leave the washing for me when I have the "pleasure of visiting you and your goddess in the Spring.

"I have not seen Palladio, but I want very much to see "your alteration, wherefore I will call in Little Queen-street "this morning if possible; for Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman, and, "alas! myself, are going to-day to dine with a great man, who "lives in a splendid house, superbly (and consequently un-"comfortably) furnished. O how I detest such visits! where "one neither hears nor sees any thing that compensates for the "loss of four or five hours.

"But there is one great house, and really great man, whom "it delights me to visit at any time; I mean our old and kind "friend Mr. Romney; not only because he is an old and very "kind friend to me, but because I am certain, in the course "of his conversation, of hearing some excellent sentiments "and remarks, and of seeing some fine works of art, either "antient or modern. He is so much alone, and sometimes "so low-spirited, that he takes it as a kindness in me to call

" and sit with him an hour or two; wherefore I have a double " pleasure in visiting him.

" *Monday morn.* I made my intended calls yesterday, but " Palladio was unluckily out. I will contrive to see your " alterations soon. I sincerely hope some favourable change " will take place on Mrs. Unwin's death, as Mr. Rose told " me Mr. Cowper bore it much better than his Johnny of " Norfolk expected. Remember me to your guests,

" And believe me ever

" Your most affectionate

" T. H."

" EARTHAM, *January* 9, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" While Godfrey and Meyer are playing a game of bil- " liards, I seize a pen to inform the dearest of little ingenious " creatures, that his two drawings of our pleasant and worthy " cousin were yesterday introduced into the friendly palace, " and all met a most gracious and pleasing reception. Your " fair friend was absolutely enchanted with your drawings, " and particularly the head of Euripides, which she says is " the finest thing of the kind that she ever saw. Our morning " passed completely to the satisfaction of the visitors, and our " friends seemed pleased with the honest and warm-hearted " soldier, whom I was ambitious of introducing to their ac- " quaintance, really believing (as I said in my billet to Pet-

" worth) that the whole army does not contain a more brave " and benevolent man.

" Adieu, *Carissime!* You will soon see the Captain, as he " leaves us this afternoon. I have a thousand pleasing things " to say to you when we meet in the Spring. Heaven bless " you in every season! *Adio.*"

" EARTHAM, *January* 12, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" First let me thank you for your very kind letter, and " express myself highly pleased, as I am, by the tenderness " and intelligence with which you speak of your visits to the " *Caro Pittore.* You cannot gratify me more than by endea- " vouring to raise his low spirits whenever you find him de- " pressed. His regard for you is such, that you may be able " to enliven and cheer him, when few of his London visitors " could possess so happy a power. *Apropos* of visitors! The " two who have recently enlivened this hermitage will be your " visitors to-morrow: they will give you a cheerful account " of your friends on this spot; but they will not, I trust, men- " tion to you what I wish to have the pleasure of first im- " parting to you myself, and what I wish you, my dear bosom " confidant, to keep for the present in your own breast. The " mystery is simply this: as I have great reason to believe " that our dear Rose would feel uncomfortable hereafter in " having relinquished his promising and splendid prospects

" of professional advancement, for the retired system I sug-
" gested to him, and as I must select some interesting person
" to fill the important post of resident commander in this castle,
" I have held conferences with our worthy and pleasant cousin
" on this topic, and find him most agreeably inclined to act
" exactly as I wish. I have the additional delight of believing
" that this project may prove a kind dispensation of Provi-
" dence in his favour, to preserve him (as I happily did once
" before with the aid of Heaven) from the perils of that exe-
" crable West Indian station, which has recently destroyed
" such numbers of our brave soldiers. I introduced him at
" the friendly palace with this view, and had the pleasure
" to observe that our friends there seemed to be most agree-
" ably prepossessed in his favour. He has the grand requisites
" for directing youth, an excellent sound head and a warm
" benevolent heart. With the aid which I and Mr. Sockett
" could afford him, he might (as he thinks himself) contrive
" to render himself equal in all points to the delicate and im-
" portant charge. How far I may be able to realize this
" friendly vision in his favour, must depend on the inclination
" of our noble friend, which I shall consult in the course of
" next week. It would give me great delight to place the
" meritorious Captain and his family in this pleasant and
" honourable asylum from the perils of his present profes-
" sion, if I can effect the delicate business in such a manner
" as to please all and offend no one. I flatter myself I shall

" be able to accomplish it; and I was eager to communicate " my ideas on the subject to my dearest little bosom friend.

" If you happen to see Godfrey in private, after the receipt " of this, you may tell him I have imparted the idea to you, " but mention it to no other person, except William of Kew. " Let me now turn to other subjects. I think several of " my Felpham ideas will please you much, and I long to " hold conferences with my dearest privy counsellor, on that " interesting spot, which I hope we shall often enjoy together.

" Fido is indeed Minerva's dog. It would divert you to " see how he places himself every evening, without any com- " mand, under your Goddess.—*Adio.*"

" Buckingham-street, *January* 15, 1797.

" My very dear Bard,

" I have two of your very kind letters to answer. I am " very glad to hear from the first, that your visit to Petworth " turned out so much according to your wishes, and that his " Lordship, as well as the lady, were so much pleased with our " good Captain, who has kindly invited me and Meyer to Wool- " wich, on Sunday next, when I hope to converse with him on " the interesting subject you mentioned to me in your last " letter. It appears to me a most favourable plan for all par- " ties; for his being a relation to you, and so kind-hearted and " sensible a man, will make him a pleasant tenant and neigh- " bour for you; and if his Lordship is pleased with the idea, I

" trust it will prove most beneficial to all. I long to talk with " you on the subject, as well as with the Captain. Many, " many thanks for your kind intention of rewarding me for my " Minerva; but be assured, my dear bard, that I have received " the best and most acceptable reward you could offer me; I " mean the praises you have kindly bestowed on me, and the " assurance that the goddèss herself pleases you. Yet I am " obliged to you for the note, without which, perhaps, I should " not have had sufficient to take me to you in the Spring; but " as I have now more than will be sufficient, do not send me " any more, and we will settle our accounts when we meet in " the Spring.

" I look forward with inexpressible pleasure to that season. " It is at present my intention to bring a basket of clay with me, " as I think of modelling a bust of you; for there is not one " likeness of you that pleases me. I wish to make a *chef-* " *d'œuvre* of it, and to make a likeness of you according to my " own conception and idea of what a likeness of you ought to " be. *Apropos* of likenesses! Meyer has been sitting to Rom- " ney, but as I have not seen the picture since, I do not know " what alteration he has made. Many thanks for your excellent " epigram: the sentiment and versification delighted us all. " Meyer and I dined with Mr. Romney, on Friday; he was in " good spirits, and the newspaper containing the two letters " which Mr. Flaxman will insert in this frank, happened to " come in after dinner, and it was decreed that I should read " them *pro bono publico*, which I did. Mr. Romney was much

" pleased with them, but remarked what, I fear, was too true,
" that they will not have any influence over those Art and City-
" wasting Frenchmen. God bless you all!

" T. H."

" EARTHAM, *January* 19, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Your works and your letters are a perpetual source of
" delight to me, and there is nothing that I ask of Heaven more
" anxiously, than the power to reward all your merits in a
" manner most conducive to your happiness. As your love of
" money is not greater than *mine*, and as your love of books is
" growing, I trust, as great, you will allow me, I hope, to
" express my gratitude to you in such visible memorials of it
" as may be particularly pleasing to us both. Before this
" reaches you, I flatter myself you will have received from
" your worthy namesake, Tom Payne, a neat octavo copy of
" all Plato's works, and the Glasgow edition of Xenophon's
" Κύρου παιδεία. I beg you to consider these books as the gifts of
" your tutelary goddess Minerva, to reward you for past exer-
" tion in her service, and to animate you to still greater works.
" I particularly desire you to use this pleasant portable Xeno-
" phon, as your pocket companion, to read at odd moments, in
" your accidental excursions, for you will find the Greek very
" easy, and the story most fascinating. The description of
" Cyrus, as a boy, is in some points a portrait of yourself: I
" mean, in the vivacity of his spirit, and the tenderness of his

" heart. You shall also have, in the course of the year, the " octavo copy of all Xenophon's works, which I mentioned to " you some time ago. One of the volumes is now with our " friend Sockett, at Petworth. I had no opportunity of con- " versing with our noble friend on the Captain of the cadets, " as he had a large party sallying forth for the chase, much ear- " lier than usual: but I took the opportunity of imparting my " new ideas to the lady, and found her agreeably disposed to " adopt those ideas with cheerfulness, and even with gratitude. " It pleased me highly to find that you, my dearest bosom " friend, contemplate those ideas in a most favourable light. " Indeed, the more I reflect upon the project, the more I re- " gard it as the suggestion of a kind Providence, to preserve " this gallant relation of ours, and his interesting family, from " the horrible perils of the West Indies, and, as you well ob- " serve, to prove beneficial to all parties. The project affords " me the more delight, as I am more and more convinced, in " meditating on the natural turn, the professional talents, and " the ambition of our dear Rose, that if he had been tempted to " retire, by a prospect of considerable Church preferment from " our noble friend, and had even obtained all he could expect " in that line, he might still have sighed for the forsaken dig- " nities of the Law. The present plan is therefore the best, " I am convinced, for all. How shall we animate our little tardy " Palladio? I think you will be pleased with my idea of " shaping my Felpham garden, and adorning it with a rustic " arcade. By this plan, I shall not only have a covered walk

" to the new cottage, but a scene for exercise in bad weather.
" I am highly gratified by all you so kindly say concerning a
" projected bust. *Apropos* of portraits of your old friend! I
" found, the other day, what I please myself with thinking
" you will value highly, though it is not valuable as a work of
" art, I mean a miniature of myself, that I painted at college,
" in my academical gown and square cap. It has suffered
" not a little; the whites are all turned black, and the roses of
" the cheeks rather faded, yet it seems to me to retain some
" likeness of what I was in those days, and you will prize it as a
" curious relic, in spite of all its deficiencies. It pleases me to
" find you were pleased with the epigram on your old friend
" Æsop. I have lately, to fill up my odd fragments of time, se-
" lected and translated Greek epigrams on antient remarkable
" statues, which I hope to introduce into the notes on the
" epistles to our dear Flaxman: a poem that will have a
" long tail, like a comet, if I have health to execute the main
" work, and all the projected parts.

" As this frank seems appropriated to the Muses, I will fill
" the residue of it by transcribing for you a recent epitaph on
" your old humble friend Harry Hammond, whose grateful
" sons unite to raise a memorial of their father, and petitioned
" me to supply them with an account of him in verse.

" HENRY HAMMOND,
" Parish Clerk of Eartham,
" died April 23, 1796,
" Aged 64.

" An active spirit in a little frame,
" This honest man the path of duty trod,
" Toil'd while he could, and, when death's darkness came,
" Sought with calm hope his recompense from God.
" His sons, who loved him, to his merit just,
" Raised this plain stone to guard their parent's dust.

" I meant to have been early in Chichester this morning, " and to have read our dear Flaxman's excellent public letters " to Guy; but bad weather stops me, and I must now dispatch " my early courier in great haste. *Adio!*"

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *January* 22, 1796.

" My very dear Bard,

" Many, many thanks for your very kind and long epistle. " Your beautiful epitaph on my old friend delighted us all. " We have had a very pleasant day at Woolwich. My account " of it must begin by telling you a circumstance very much to " the honour of our cousin. On making proposals to resign his " office, on account of the plan you had formed, he was re- " quested to continue in his post, and he will have an increase " in his pay, and a small income for his wife, if he dies. This " matter is to be carried before Lord Cornwallis to-morrow. " Godfrey will write and tell you the result. I fancy our good " cousin is now fixed for life, and by very honourable unasked- " for behaviour in his superior officers. I rejoice very much in " the honour, and the excellent establishment for life that he is " likely to receive; but I am sorry you will be deprived of so

" comfortable and excellent a tenant, as he would have been to " you. Let us hope, my very dear Bard, that all is for the best! " Many thanks for your kindness in sending me the books, but " if you recollect, you sent to me in Derbyshire, a very nice " edition of Xenophon's Κύρου Παιδεία, which I have taken the " liberty of telling Payne. I shall be extremely obliged to you " for the Plato, although it pains me for you to be at the ex- " pense of it, but I will endeavour to repay you by making a " good use of it. How happy shall I be to possess the little " portrait you mention. I shall indeed value it extremely. I " look forward with pleasure to the approaching time, when I " shall receive it from yourself. Palladio and I like your plan " of the arcade very much. Mr. Flaxman was so kind as to " give me, the other day, a little box, with impressions of " gems, antique and modern. Among them is a fine im- " pression of Simon's punch of Milton: it is at your service, " but I apprehend it is too small and vague a likeness to be " very valuable.

" Ever your most affectionate

" T. H."

" Buckingham-street, *January* 30, 1797.

" Many thanks, my very dear Bard, for your kind epistle, " by which I am glad to find that you have still hopes of " placing a deputy-governor at Eartham.

" I am sorry you have sent me another note, as I had quite " sufficient before, to have paid for all your commissions, and " to have brought me to Eartham in the Spring; therefore if

" you have any little bills to pay, tell me, that I may discharge " them; as I assure you I have quite sufficient. I drank tea " with our friend in Cavendish-square, some days ago. When " I visit him in an evening, I take my chalk in my pocket, " and work on a drawing that I have begun from the beautiful " little Victory, in that point of view that we so much " admired.

" Ever your most affectionate

" T. H."

" EARTHAM, *February* 2, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Your letter, as usual, proved a pleasant cordial. Let " me now express to you what I am apprehensive I have " failed to mention. I mean, my satisfaction in the pleasing " proof of our dear Flaxman's approbation and encouragement " of your industry, in his gift of impressions from various " gems. I thank you for the offer of your Milton, but a little " sketch of it with your pen in your next letter will be more " valuable to me than the impression itself. I am pleased " with your forming such a collection, and I shall beg your " acceptance of the cabinet, embellished with Scriptural paint- " ing, which you remember here, to contain your collection " of professional curiosities. I am glad my statuary epigrams " entertain you; and as you interest yourself so kindly in the " larger work, which they are to garnish, I could wish to ad- " vance in that much more expeditiously than I am able; but

" having always a thousand little literary services to render " to one friend or another, my time is deplorably mangled, " and my head often subject to pain, which interferes with " the close application that I fervently wish to bestow on " several projected works. I please my fancy in the hope " that I shall be able to execute great things in our maritime " retreat, and I am very glad that you like my idea of the long " rustic arcade, which will afford me variety of salutary exer- " cise within my own walls. *Adio.*

" Postscript. I reserved a Greek epigram for my frank, so " here is your old acquaintance, and our old Sancho's favourite " image, and, as Sancho calls him, a little *Hercules.*

" *Apropos* of Hercules! There was a statue of him and " the Hydra at Delphos, both made of iron, though to make " statues of iron (Pausanias says) was a most difficult task. " The same author says, this iron work of Tisagoras was " wonderful; but who Tisagoras was, Pausanias himself did " not know."

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *February* 6, 1797.

" My very dear Bard,

" Imagine to yourself our front parlour occupied by Mrs. " Flaxman and her sister, Mr. Flaxman and his sister, Mr. " Howard and a friend of his, (a gentleman painter lately " returned from Rome,) looking over Mr. Flaxman's valuable " collection of works of art.

" Imagine to yourself also, me in the little back parlour " *solus*, without fire, scribbling to my dear bard, on my little

" desk, which I value most highly as his gift, with my watch " on the top of it—a pleasant practice which I learned from the " bard. Imagine, I say, all this, and you will see me enjoying " the greatest pleasure London can afford me. Alone, which " I am *but seldom;* apart ' from glaring show and giddy noise,' " which it is my delight to be; and writing to my dear and kind " bard, which, next to conversing with him, is my greatest " delight. But I am called to supper: there again I follow " your excellent example, and, indeed, my own liking, for I " eat only a bit of toasted bread, as we used to do at Eartham. " Good night!

" Monday morn.—I take up my pen once more, after a very " pleasant visit and walk to and from our kind friends at " Kew. Many thanks for your epigram. It must have been " difficult to make statues of iron, and, as Mr. Flaxman says, " useless, because, being subject to rust, it would not retain " its perfect form so long as marble or brass. I am very much " obliged to you for your kind promise of the cabinet to con- " tain my curiosities in art, and for letting it remain until I " have the pleasure of visiting you, which I begin to think " about. Will the end of March or the beginning of April be " a good time? I long to talk with you on a variety of sub- " jects. I had made a little sketch, by candlelight, of Milton, " which does not quite please me; but I will make you another, " and send it next week.

" Ever your most affectionate

" T. H."

" EARTHAM, *February* 9, 1797.

" Φίλτατε πάιδων
Ἔργοις θαυμάσιοις πολλὸν ἀειδομενε.

" It is with infinite delight that I hear of you and your recent " works, from our *Caro Pittore*, who kindly says that he cannot " speak of them without love and admiration. Nor do I read " with less delight the charming description of a certain dear " little artist writing, on his favourite desk, to a certain cor- " respondent, who finds in his letters the sweetest luxuries of " heart. I have just had much pleasure and pride in reading " that very tender and touching description, to a kind friend at " Petworth; for I was so alert this morning, that I alighted " from my horse in our noble friend's stable-yard, exactly three " minutes before nine, by the clock of the town; and I rejoined " my young students here at the usual hour of our noontide " repast.

" You will wonder what carried me so early, and alone, " to Petworth; and you will not be less pleased, when I " tell you my ride was to gratify a very amiable artist, with " whom I shall hope, perhaps in your next visit to Eartham, to " make you acquainted. I shall always love the man for the " warmth and energy of gratitude with which he has opened " his heart to me, concerning the obligations that he feels to " our princely friend, and his solicitude to make his noble " patron properly and delicately acquainted with his genuine " feelings, which are, indeed, the feelings of a lively spirit and a

" most excellent heart. I have suggested some ideas to him for
" this purpose, which he means to follow in a manner that will,
" I am persuaded, be productive of much gratification to many
" amiable minds. You will not, I trust, think superciliously of
" this good and very *ingenious* man, when I inform you that he
" is only a painter of four-footed animals. These, however, he
" paints in such a style, that you will be highly pleased indeed
" with some of his productions. His name is Boltby; of a good
" northern family, and, what is particularly pleasing to me, he
" is a near relation to the author of the novels that amused us
" all so highly, " Man as he is," and " Man as he is not." The
" painter has a wife and several children, in Leicestershire,
" whom he is much attached to, but he has been obliged to
" quit them for several months, in the pursuit of his profession.
" He has had infinite difficulties to struggle with; and he says
" they would have utterly overwhelmed him, but for the kind-
" ness and beneficence of our noble friend, of whom he can
" hardly speak without a tear starting into his eye. My lord
" has, indeed, been his friend in the most delicate and delightful
" manner. He is soon to introduce him, and several of his
" works now at Petworth, to the King, from whom his lordship
" has already obtained some commissions for his protegé to
" execute. I hope he will soon paint our pleasant acquaintance
" on four legs at Kew, I mean the family of Kangaroos. But
" let me turn from this interesting topic to another still more
" interesting: I mean, the time (you so tenderly think of) for
" your visit to the Hermit. You will, of course, consult the

" convenience of our dear Flaxman; but, if he has no choice, I " think if you pass the last week of March, or the first week of " April with the Hermit, *that* will be a time as well suited to " your gratifications here, as any I could name for your Spring " visit. I please myself highly in the idea of having the first " stone of our Turret laid by your dear ingenious hand; and I " have just invited our *Caro Pittore* to be present at the heart- " interesting ceremony, as a cordial for his low spirits. Talk to " him on the subject. I need not tell you that no florist can pant " so eagerly for his favourite flower of Spring, or of any other " season, as I shall for the appearance of that dear filial flower " which I hope to see in high bloom. You will excuse a rough " scrawl after such a long morning ride. *Adio.*"

" Buckingham-street, *February* 12, 1797.

" Your very kind epistle, my dear bard, gave me great plea- " sure, and I feel myself very much flattered by our good " painter's kindness in representing my works to you in so " favourable a point of view. I have, indeed, great obligations " to him for many kind actions towards me, as well as for the " pleasure which my visits to him afford me. I will talk to " him, as you desire, on a jaunt to Eartham at the time you " mention. I shall indeed feel great pleasure in laying the first " stone for the foundation of the cottage, which is to be the " economical retreat of my dear bard. I sincerely hope it will " prove a source of comfort and delight to all.

"I am happy to hear so pleasing a proof of your good health, "in the account of your great alertness the other morning; "and I shall be happy to be made acquainted with so good a "man, and so excellent an artist, as you describe Mr. Boltby to "be! Do not imagine I can think more slightly of a man who "copies nature on four legs, than of one who copies her on "two. I can assure you, it is a species of art that I should "delight to follow myself; I mean, that of examining and "accurately representing not only the external, but also the "anatomical parts of the brute creation. I think there is not a "more pleasing and interesting study than that of exploring "and publishing the bounty and wisdom of the Almighty, as "exemplified in brutes of all descriptions; and it is a wide and "noble field for an accurate and clever artist to range in, for I "believe there are very few who have taken pains to imitate, "with exactness, all those beauties which are doubtless to be "found in that class of nature."

"*Sunday Evening.*

"Here am I again, *solus*, nearly in the same circumstances as "I described to you in my last, except that our family are all "gone to drink tea in the Strand, with Mr. Flaxman senior. "They kindly invited me to go with them: but no! I thought I "should be happier at home alone, scribbling to you, and when "I have filled my paper, finishing my evening over some book. "*Apropos* of books! I wish to consult you concerning my "reading. I have lately read Goldsmith's Roman History

" regularly through, and have just now finished his Grecian. " His two works have given me a good general idea of the " history of those countries. What would you advise me to " peruse next, to give me a particular insight into the history of " Europe? I think of reading some good History of England, " in the hours I have to read in; and also of carrying in my " pocket some classical historian, which will at the same time " keep up my Latin; such as Florus, or Justin, or Suetonius, or " what author you shall think best for the purpose. But what " History of England would you recommend me? Hume's or " Henry's? I have, by the kindness of a friend, either at " command, as well as Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman " Empire, if you judge that to be a better book for me at this " time. I will trouble you in your next to give me your " opinion on these subjects. I have sent you a slight sketch of " Milton, and wish it were better worth your acceptance.

" I am glad you like the time I mentioned for my jaunt. I " have not yet consulted Mr. Flaxman, but I do not doubt " that he will approve it, as Mr. Smith's monument will go to " Chichester about that time, and I shall perhaps be of use to " him there. God bless you all!"

" EARTHAM, *February*, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Παίδων,

" I am highly delighted with the delicacy, feeling, and " good sense of all you say concerning the amiable painter of " animals, whom I had the gratification of making so happy

" yesterday, that I never saw a worthy man pass a social day " more apparently to his perfect content.

" I rode early and alone to Petworth, to carry to him the " introductory letter, which I had promised him, to our friends " at Kew. I found him not ill, but visibly beginning to be " affected by too close application and the want of air and " exercise. He expressed a strong desire to accept an invita- " tion which I had given him, to pass a few hours on this " favourite spot, which he had a solicitude to see; but being " modest in the extreme, he was apprehensive that his noble " patron might be a little displeased, if he relinquished the " many works he has in hand, even for half a day. I undertook " to overcome this visionary obstacle to his gratification; and " our noble friend, on my suggesting a hint to him of Mr. Bolt- " by's inclination, with his usual kindness ordered a horse for " him immediately.

" The sky also favoured us, and I had the pleasure of escort- " ing him over our hills, by the most picturesque passage " (which my dear little sculptor first shewed to me), and I " introduced him to this favourite villa of the arts between one " and two o'clock. He was absolutely enchanted with the " scene, and the various works of my dear ingenious friends " that conspire to decorate this retreat. I had much pleasure " in reading to him the passage of your letter relating to him- " self, and in showing him your works, and those of our dear " Flaxman. He was charmed with the anecdote and the por- " trait of Alexandrine, and he surveyed with enthusiastic ad-

miration the Homer and the Æschylus of our friend, which he had never seen. I have desired him, when he has opportunities of conversing with the King, which he probably will have in abundance, as he is already engaged to paint several favourite animals of the Royal Farmer George; I have desired him, I say, to remark to his Majesty the excellence of these truly Attic designs.

"Mr. Boltby will set out, in a few days, for Windsor; and there, also, I can luckily introduce him to an amiable friend of ours, who may be of great use to him, and a very pleasant acquaintance, during his residence at Windsor. I mean our friend Dr. Aylward, the organist, whom the King justly regards as an alert practical musician and a truly benevolent man. I have furnished Mr. Boltby with a direction to Buckingham-street, as I wish to make him known to our dear artists there; and I flatter myself, if he has time to call on you in his way to Windsor, the sculptors and the painter will form the commencement of a pleasant acquaintance, and perhaps a long friendship.

"Let me now thank you for your interesting little head of Milton, which I have placed in the quarto of his life. And now let me hasten to answer your historical questions. Such a history of our own country, as I could wish you to *read at present*, is, I think a very great *desideratum* in English literature. Your best plan of reading may, perhaps, be to read a book that I will send you in a few days, *twice through*. It is a work of only four little volumes; I mean an elegant trans-

" lation of Millot's abridgement of our history, by Mrs. Brooke.
" Having read this twice, which you will do with ease and plea-
" sure very soon, take up Henry, and if you have but little
" time to bestow on this useful and copious writer, confine
" yourself to those divisions in his admirably divided work,
" which treat only of civil history, and of the arts. This, I
" think, may be your best method, at present, in regard to the
" history of our own country, with which every man of educa-
" tion, and an artist in particular, ought to be well acquainted.
" In regard to General History, antient and modern, I will soon
" furnish you with a copy of Millot's admirable abridgement of
" both, in nine little French volumes, which I advise you to
" read twice through. He is a lively writer, and has the rare
" talent of compressing much important information into a
" narrow compass. When you have read and digested these
" judicious and animated elements of general history, you may
" read with more advantage, and more pleasure, such larger
" works of the historical kind, as you have opportunities of
" perusing. Our friend Gibbon you will always look into with
" a peculiar interest, remembering our affection for the man,
" and, I trust, without being injured by the sceptical or sar-
" castic infirmities of the writer. You will be better prepared
" for his ample work, by the plan I have suggested to you.
" Adieu, dearest of disciples! I begin to count with the fondest
" parental eagerness of expectation, the weeks and days that in

" passing away are to bring you, I trust, happily, to the em-
" brace of your most affectionate

" W. H.

" P. S. I mean to send you a box by the coach of Monday,
" containing the four books I have mentioned, and a little
" memorial of my regard for our friend Rose, which you will
" have a pleasure in presenting to him, as it is a return for the
" trouble he kindly took in forming your articles. It is a petty
" utensil of silver garnished with a few verses."

" Buckingham-street, *February* 20, 1797.

" My very dear Bard,

" As I love to dispatch business first, I will give you the
" history of my proceedings with regard to your commissions.
" I have now the pleasure of telling you that I have seen Mr.
" Romney, since your last letter, and he seems fully resolved
" to visit you rather before, than after the 25th of March. I
" shall be very happy to present the gift you mention to our
" worthy friend Rose, to whom I am indebted for much kind-
" ness.

" I am extremely obliged to you, for your excellent advice
" concerning my reading. I have lately read an abridgement of
" our history, in the two little volumes that I have, in letters,
" with which and Millot, I shall be prepared for Henry, which
" I had better get through before I read the compendium of

" General History, which you kindly offer me; and, as you say,
" after that, I shall be prepared for our friend Gibbon. Adieu!"

"EARTHAM, *February* 24, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Having dispatched these luminous topics, let me turn to
" a brighter luminary, our friend Romney! I am delighted
" with a prospect of seeing you both soon, and shall write to
" animate the *Caro Pittore* to engage gaily in an excursion,
" which I trust will invigorate his spirits. Let me now talk a
" little of books. I am glad you like my suggestions for your
" future reading, a subject that I shall occasionally enlarge
" upon as you advance. By the way, there is a little book in
" Payne's last catalogue, on a plan of study, ' Fleury, Traité
" des Etudes,' which I will beg you to desire him to send to
" me by the coach, and also Wolfe's Homer, which I am very
" impatient to see. The treatise of Fleury is thus described
" in the posthumous volumes of our friend Gibbon.

" J'ai lu l'excellent traité sur le choix et la méthode des
" études, par l'Abbé Fleury, Paris, 1753. Tout y respire
" l'amour de la verité et de la vertu, joint à cette raison juste
" et lumineuse, à ce bon sens perfectionné qui est bien plus rare
" que l'esprit et presqu'autant que la génie," &c.

" Such a high encomium makes me eager to peruse this little
" work. Fleury was a very amiable mortal, associated with the
" angelic Fenelon, in the delicate office of educating princes.
" Adieu, for to-day.

" Friday morn. What a week of serene and cloudless æther " in February! May the skies be propitious in the time of your " excursion. Who knows what the wheel of Fortune may pro- " duce for us in the interim. She has already favoured me, in " one of her military lotteries, by giving me an opportunity " of serving my country in the new provisionary cavalry. I " act like a true patriot, and produce for the aid of dear old " England, a much stouter man than myself, and a stronger " horse than I have in my stable. There is public virtue for " you! which costs me only forty guineas, for such is the current " price of substitutes here. My patriotism would have been " puzzled a little to find the cash on the sudden; but a rural " friend, as generous and patriotic as myself, managed the busi- " ness for me, to my great convenience and satisfaction, and I " shall have the pleasure of repaying him in a few days.

" I intended you another Greek epigram to-day, but here is " no room left, except for my hearty, and fervent benediction; " so God bless you all, to the end of time, and beyond it! *Adio.*"

" *February* 27, 1797.

" Many thanks to my dear bard, for the contents of the box. " I presented the taper to our friend on Thursday, he desired " me to give you his sincere thanks for your present, and your " verses, which, by the way, delighted us all very much, for I " read them to Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman. Many thanks for the " books, which I have begun, and like. I have ordered Fleury " for you, but I fear Wolfe's Homer is not to be got. I saw Mr.

" Romney yesterday, and read to him what you said. What a " nervous creature he is! Sometimes he thinks he cannot go, " and will not be well enough to move; and then again, he ima- " gines it will be the best thing for his health, which I really " think it will; for this foggy weather in town is oppressive in " the greatest degree, and makes him very low. I long to be " out of it myself. So I am to-day, as I am now writing to you " in the parlour of our friends at Kew, whither I walked this " morning to breakfast. I had the pleasure of finding all well, " and joining, as they always do, in love and best wishes for the " bard.

" Alas! my dear bard, how sorry I am that you have been " obliged to serve your country at so expensive a rate; but I " hope you have not all the sum to pay from your own pocket; " it is more than your share.

" What do you think of this invasion, that causes such an " alarm? Do you imagine they will attempt any part of the " coast of England? If it should be Sussex, I shall set off im- " mediately to join you, and share with you whatever misfortune " or glory shall await us. I hear that part of the coast is to be " laid under martial law. If it extends to Sussex, I shall be " obliged, if I am with you, to serve my country in person, " which I should have no objection to, if we were hard pressed, " and especially if they should presume to approach the sacred " bounds of the Dryads and Hamadryads of Eartham.

" Ever your most affectionate

" T. H."

"EARTHAM, *March* 3, 1797.

"Φι'λτατε φίλων,

"I delight in your affectionate readiness to share any "danger with your friends on the coast, but I would sooner "have my old and tattered remnant of life shot at by all the "cannon of France, than expose my dear blooming votary of "the peaceful Minerva to the fire of a single musket.

"Do not apprehend, however, that I mean to forbid your "approach to the sea. You know, my dearest bosom friend, "that I am not accustomed to yield to fear, in any shape; and, "in truth, I feel no terrors of this projected invasion, which "excites so extensive an alarm. I do not think it will be "attempted; and if it should, I think we should deserve to lose "our island, if we were not able to defend it, even like the "brave Welshmen, with their pitchforks. You will allow that "I have liberally discharged some of my patriotic duties to "dear old England, by having paid forty guineas for the sake of "engaging a stout man and horse in her service, in case of "emergency, especially as I should not scruple, in such emer-"gency, to fight for her, like Witherington, on my stumps.

"But let the storm of war pass away, as I trust it will, like a "mere transient cloud, from this lovely island. Let me talk of "the dear men of peace and art. Here is a lively liberal "compliment for you and our dear Flaxman, which I will "instantly transcribe, from a polite letter of my Irish friend "Mr. Walker.

'In my humble opinion, Mr. Flaxman possesses *more mind*

'than any other British artist now living. He not only exe-
'cutes, but thinks, like a man of genius. In having Mr. H. for
'his father, Mr. Romney for his friend, and Mr. Flaxman for
'his master, your son enjoys advantages that no other young
'artist can boast.'

"There, my dear diminutive Phidias, is a polite and ani-
"mating sentence for you, to inspirit your professional exer-
"tions, and enliven your gratitude to Heaven, that has given
"you, indeed, with extraordinary beneficence, no less than
"three friends, who have all a sort of fatherly affection for
"you. Two of them men of exquisite talents, and the third
"supplying, by abundance of affection, truly parental, whatever
"he may want to make him a worthy member of such a trium-
"virate, in the article of genius. *Apropos* of men of genius!
"You have probably seen our ingenious little Palladio, and
"heard of my disappointment, in his being suddenly recalled,
"by an order of the higher powers, to London, just at the very
"time when he was preparing to visit the Hermit. He com-
"forts me, however, with the hope that I shall see him soon,
"and that, to prevent a second similar disappointment, he will
"make Sussex his road to Portsmouth. Pray contrive to see,
"and let him know, how eager we are for his arrival in the
"South. My garden walls are rising happily, but we want him.
"and you also, dear little artist, to decide on the exact scite of
"the new structure, and hold with us a conference on the spot.
"I enclose the first violet of your garden. *Adio.*"

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *March 5*, 1797.

" My very dear Bard,

" I am glad we agree so thoroughly with regard to the " invasion, which some people seem to be desperately frightened " about. But this last gallant victory over the Dons has " enlivened us all here amazingly.

" I called on Mr. Bunce, whom I was lucky enough to find at " home. He told me he must wait three weeks before he can " set off for Eartham. With this news, I called to-day on " Mr. Romney, who seems to think it will be best to wait " Mr. Bunce's time and travel all together. He informed me, " that he had bought a post-chaise, and I told him that I " should, with great pleasure, ride his poney, *àpropos*, for him, " to Eartham, which I really should, as Mr. Bunce is to have a " seat in his chaise.

" Mr. Flaxman and I spent an agreeable hour or two, on " Saturday, with Mr. Rose. We passed our evening in looking " over the classical part of his library, which afforded us much " edifying amusement. Mr. Flaxman thanks you for the men- " tion of the elegant (I add, just) compliment of Mr. Walker, " and I perfectly feel the justness of the latter sentiment. " Adieu!"

" EARTHAM, *March 9*, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Παίδων,

" Let me thank my dear little attentive agent, for the " trouble he has kindly taken in all my commissions, and reply " to the various particulars of his last affectionate letter.

" First, let me rejoice in our sympathetic disdain of terror, " on the threatened invasion. The victory over the Dons is, as " you observe, most seasonably enlivening. It has led me to " begin *(entre nous)* a little prose work, that I have long " thought of, on a naval topic, and for which I shall have " immediate occasion for two books, that I will beg you to " desire our pleasant friend Payne to send me by the coach; " Lediard's Naval History, two folios; and Falconer's Marine " Dictionary, one quarto. Pray ask Payne, if the Society for " Improving Naval Architecture have published any thing on " that subject, and if they have, let him send their publication, " with the other books. I wish to advance with some success " in this projected work, before the arrival of my dearest little " confidential critic, whose delightful society, and animating " applause, are to my heart and fancy the happiest inspiration " and reward, for the exertion of all the faculties that time and " chance may have left to me. As there is reason to expect " much stormy and wet weather after such a long intermission " of rain, it may be fortunate that your visit is delayed a little; " but I hope our Palladio will be able to travel with you and " the *Caro Pittore,* at the time he mentions, as it will then be " highly proper for us to commence our architectural opera- " tions. I propose infinite delight in seeing you lay the first " stone of our *Casina torrata.*

" At this season, when so many folks are frightened by a " prospect of invasion, we should animate our spirits by recol- " lecting how nobly the Greeks repelled their Persian invaders."

" *Friday Morn, 7 o'Clock.*

" I am just preparing to cross the hills and enquire after my young friends, whom I left at Petworth. George is learning the science of defence with the broad sword, on horseback, from a very active serjeant, who is instructing our noble friend's troop. I convinced this adroit soldier, when I was last at Petworth, that our old favourite weapon, the small sword, is much superior when the antagonists engage both " on foot. After a sportive experiment (not attended with " peril) he allowed that I could pierce him twenty times, " before he could give me a single gash. Adieu!"

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *March* 13, 1797.

" Many thanks to my very dear Bard, for two kind epis- " tles. I went on Saturday to ask our friend in Cavendish- " square, how he did, and to see if he had any idea about the " time of our setting out. He said he had seen Bunce the " day before, who hoped to attend him in about a fortnight. " I hope it may be the case, for I long to be with you. Let " me now tell you how happy I am in the prospect of seeing a " new production of my dear Bard's, on so noble a subject as " the wooden walls of Old England. I will certainly forward " it as much as I can. I have been very busy lately, but I will " not give the history of my works, till I can have the pleasure " of doing it face to face. Mr. Long has been so kind as to " give me a *sculpturing job*, as he calls it, which will require " Job's patience to execute well.

" He has got a piece of Stonehenge, which he has a fancy to
" have carved into a Druid's head, in bas-relief, something like
" the head of the *Druid Penny*. Now I find this stone is as
" hard almost as granite, and two strokes will take off the
" edge of our carving tools, so that it will take *some little*
" *time*. Nevertheless, if I can hit his fancy, as he has been so
" kind to me, I shall be happy. I am glad to hear you have
" lengthened the life of the good old shepherd a little. I have
" a great veneration for that fine elderly couple. I am going
" to Payne's. Mr. Flaxman says he will add a postscript, seal
" my letter, and send it to the post, so farewell!"

" EARTHAM, *March* 16, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" In return for your pleasing services, in dispatching to
" me the naval books that I wanted, I will transcribe for you,
" on the last page of this paper, a sonnet that I have recently
" addressed to our brave countryman, Captain Murray, of the
" Colossus.

" Heroes and artists should be ever animated with affec-
" tionate praise; and as I thought my old acquaintance (whom
" I have not seen since he was a lad, but whom I offered to
" nurse at Eartham, in an illness that befell him some time
" ago) would be pleased with a joyous poetical salute from an
" old bard, on his late glorious victory, I dispatched my verses
" to him in such a manner, that they will probably reach him
" in the first or second packet sent from the Admiralty to

" the fleet of Sir John Jervis. Now let us inspirit our *Caro*
" *Pittore*. As he is so desirous of travelling with his own steeds,
" pray inform him, with my love, that at the commodious
" *Hotel of Eartham*, called *The Faithful Spaniel*, (the most
" admired sign in Christendom,) he will be accommodated with
" stabling for three horses, and a bed for his postilion. I trust
" your next letter will announce to me the day fixed for your
" setting forth. I presume you and our little architect will ride
" the pony, *àpropos!* alternately, to accommodate each other.
" May our good stars guide you all safely and happily to

" Your most affectionate

" W. H."

" SONNET

" TO CAPTAIN GEORGE MURRAY, OF THE COLOSSUS,

" MARCH, 1797.

" MURRAY! brave victor in the bless'd career
" That Fame and Friendship will unite to praise!
" My heart aspires, in joy's triumphant blaze,
" To crown thee with a wreath to courage dear,
" Laurels that live through every changeful year.
" Thou, where thy leading star his light displays,
" Thou, near thy Jervis, shalt with kindred rays
" Shine as his satellite in Glory's sphere.
" How timely your exploit! In gloomy state
" A spiral mass of public fear was nursed,
" Dark as the column whose disastrous weight
" Threatens the ship surprised with sudden fate:
" Your cannon this portentous cloud dispersed,
" And bright from brief eclipse Britannia's spirit burst."

" Buckingham-street, *March* 20, 1797.

" Alas! my dear bard, you expected me, and I hoped to " be able to tell you in this epistle what day would convey " us to you, but (*non mirabile dictu*) the motions, nay even the " ideas of the two gentlemen, (Messrs. Romney and Bunce) " whom I depend upon, are changeable and uncertain as the " wind. But to explain myself:—with them the matter rests " at present. I fly like a shuttlecock from Cavendish-square " to Little Queen-street. Thus far have I scrawled and not " thanked you for your beautiful sonnet, which delights me. " Heaven grant us soon a joyful meeting! Perhaps Mr. Rom- " ney's kind offer of his pony may tempt you (it does me) to " wish to wait but a week for their determination, and set off " then. I think if I ride the pony without Mr. Romney, I " will sleep at Kew, and, by passing through Bushy Park to " Cobham, I shall reach Petworth with ease. What a glorious " thing is independence! God bless you!"

" Eartham, *March* 24, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Παίδων,

" It was indeed a bitter disappointment to my fancy and " my heart, to hear of those infirmities of spirit in your in- " tended fellow-travellers, by which you have been so pain- " fully perplexed. It is grievous to see great infirmities of " spirit in those we love and admire; but a tender contempla- " tion of such infirmities, though painful, may be salutary to " ourselves; and let me entreat my dearest disciple, to cul-

"tivate through life that invaluable steadiness and vigour of "mind, which, I trust, nature and education have conspired "to make a principal feature in his highly amiable and manly "character; but no more of this till we meet; and Heaven "grant, as you also pray, that our meeting may be speedy and "happy! Adieu."

"BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *April* 6.

"I should have obeyed your welcome summons, and have "been with you, my very dear Bard, by this time, had not a "pre-engagement which I had made with my fellow-travellers "taken place; to keep to which, I think you will agree with "me is best. Now, thank Heaven, there is a prospect of our "arriving all together at Eartham, according to your first in- "tention of holding a friendly consultation, and laying the "first stone for the cottage of comfort and economy.

"Ever your most affectionate

"T. H."

"*Friday, April* 7.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"I have just met your welcome letter at Chichester, and "rejoice in the prospect of seeing the dear trio of artists to- "gether; the more so, as some other guests whom I expected, "have postponed their visit; so set forth with the painter and "architect as soon as you can, and Heaven bless you all in "all your movements, social or separate. I scrawl in extreme

" haste, surrounded by various speakers, but I wish to give " you a rapid assurance that the coast will be clear for the " dear trio to sport in their marine gambols of architecture. " I love our kind Praxiteles for giving our tardy Palladio so " seasonable a lecture, and we will love Palladio for being " lectured into doing as he ought to do, which few men of " genius will allow themselves to be. Let me have a com- " fortable letter by the post of Tuesday, if you do not before " that hour reach the impatient parental arms

" Of your affectionate

" W. H."

The day, often postponed, of an excursion so eagerly wished, and so vexatiously delayed for several weeks, at last arrived, but the tardiness so often complained of in the movements of the architect, seems to have infected the horses of the road. By some mismanagement of time, the day passed, and the night came, before the travellers appeared at Eartham. Indeed, they were so completely benighted, that the inhabitants of Eartham imagined they must have postponed their journey once more, and in that idea had all retired to their beds, which they eagerly quitted, about midnight, to welcome the dear visitors so unusually belated. The journey had been ill conducted in many points, and in one particular that was probably more injurious to the travelling youth than either of his companions could surmise or his own lively spirit would allow him to perceive at the time. The architect had not only retarded

the hour of their setting forth, but not sufficiently attending to his promise of relieving the young horseman by mounting Romney's pony every other stage, he exposed the free-spirited youth to an excess of fatigue, which it was too evident he felt severely, though he was too much animated by the delight of reaching Eartham, to complain.

The mischief of that fatigue to the frame of the juvenile sufferer, was probably felt in a future period. At present, after a few hours repose, the party appeared refreshed, and in high spirits. The architect and the young sculptor attended their host to Felpham in Romney's chaise, on the first morning after their arrival, and fixed the following day for the interesting ceremony that all were now eager to witness. Hayley, on horseback, escorted the three artists to the little spot he was preparing to embellish; and on Saturday the 15th of April, 1797, the juvenile sculptor laid the first stone of the little marine turret, which had so long amused the fancy of its projector, as a cheerful affectionate vision, and which he now hoped to render a scene of lasting social enjoyment, to the very dear little circle of friends, who enlivened, with the most cordial and animated good wishes, the promising season of its foundation. How tender to man is the dispensation of Heaven in denying him the knowledge of future events! What anguish of heart must have seized the cheerful group engaged in founding this fanciful little structure, had any prescience informed them, that all the three beloved artists taking so kind an interest in the fabric, would be sunk into the grave, before the brief

period of six years elapsed from the day of its foundation! The poet had said to those who rallied him on his building so late in life, "I build a house not to live in, but to die in. My doing so may appear, I confess, very strange to many; but I have felt so strong an impulse on my mind to it, that it seems to me almost like a command from Heaven."

He was very far from supposing, when he spoke thus of himself, that his own life would be extended beyond the much dearer and more promising life of his son. Providence, however, seems thus to have supplied him with a most useful and seasonable asylum for his afflicted age. He regarded it as a blessing, and endeavoured to shew a deep sense of its being so considered, by employing the quiet and leisure it afforded him, in the most zealous attempts to render affectionate justice to the memories of those who were most deservedly dear to him. But let us return to the youthful artist. As he regarded the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the turret as a memorable æra in his life, it shall terminate the fifth part of this biographical compilation. It may, however, be proper to include within this division of the present work, that little time which he now passed in Sussex, before he returned to the pursuit of his profession under his excellent master. The amiable youth having thus begun a building for the future residence of his father, employed his active spirit in a variety of projects for its gradual decoration. He modelled a minute and excellent resemblance of the pleasant little round man of art, on whom the poet had bestowed the title of his Palladio. The

architect and the painter left their young fellow traveller, for a longer visit to his favourite scene, and returned to London together, on Tuesday the 18th. On the following day, the Godfreys arrived at Eartham, a family to whom the young sculptor was tenderly attached, and for whom he was particularly interested at this time, as he entered with the most friendly zeal into the benevolent project of his father, for establishing this family at Eartham, for the purpose of educating the children of their noble friend and neighbour of Petworth. It appears from the Diary of Hayley, that his project had gradually unfolded itself to his sanguine fancy, with a fair prospect of success, which vanished on the sudden. The projector's account of it is contained in the following close of his Diary for April 1797.

"This month terminates with the demolition of a castle "in the air, that my heart and imagination had formed in "favour of my meritorious relation, Captain Godfrey. Yet I "may applaud myself for having cherished the vision, without "blaming any one for its melting into air. Had the vision been "realized, many unpleasant and some painful sensations might "have arisen unavoidably to all parties concerned, and Provi-"dence has, I believe, graciously acted for our general good, "in forbidding the airy fabric to take a solid foundation.

"Bene est cui Deus obtulit
"Parcâ quod satis est manu."

The Godfreys were unable to extend their visit at Eartham

beyond a few days, on account of their engagements at Woolwich; but the young artist remained there about a fortnight after their departure, and employed himself both as a sculptor and as a painter. He began and finished a portrait in oil colours, not so large as life, with great fidelity and force of pencil, and he modelled a bust of his father. It was finished towards noon on Saturday the 6th of May, a morning frequently recalled to the memory of each by a circumstance too remarkable to be omitted here. Highly pleased with the completion of the bust, the artist and the poet hastened to refresh themselves with a social walk in their favourite part of the garden, gently ascending the hill to the south, because movement in that direction began to affect the lungs of the young sculptor, though perfectly free from every consumptive appearance. There was a large mass of sailing clouds in the sky towards the west, and one of them suddenly assumed a shape so wonderfully like the portrait of Michael Angelo, that both the old poet and the young sculptor exclaimed in the same instant, "There 's an apparition of Michael Angelo!" The singular incident delighted them both, as a happy omen, and it gave rise to a sonnet, which will appear in the next series of letters from the father to his son.

Enchanted as the parent was at this period by the genius, the affection, and the social endearments of his child, he yet suffered a painful degree of anxiety, from an evident alteration in his son's power of supporting exercise. But he was comforted for a time, though deluded, by the mistaken opinion

of all his medical friends, who considered the little variation of health in the young artist, as a matter of no moment, and such as need not obstruct him at all in the pursuit of his profession. His excellent master was at all times most laudably solicitous that so promising a disciple should adhere closely to his settled plan of study; and to a principle so just, his father was ever ready to sacrifice his own personal gratification, by resigning the society of his dearest and most delightful companion.

On Sunday the 7th of May, as the weather was wet, he attended the returning artist in a chaise to the suburbs of Chichester. It was their custom to part, on these occasions, at the pillar that stands as a boundary to the city.

Here the anxious father once more bade the young adventurer adieu, and mounting his led horse, rode back to Eartham in a very gloomy evening, and, to borrow an expression from his Diary,

" Digressu parvi confusus amici."

END OF THE FIFTH PART.

PART THE SIXTH.

" Tenor idem animo moresque modesti."

The young student returning to his art, was so perfectly sensible of his father's extreme anxiety for his welfare, that he dispatched a hasty billet on the evening of his arrival in London, and their correspondence proceeded with its usual tenderness.

" EARTHAM, *May* 8, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" As I well know how anxious your truly filial heart will " be to hear that I suffered not in my health, from a wet " ride home, after the affecting moment of my bidding you " farewell, I send you a more speedy account of myself than I " promised. It will gratify you to be assured, that neither the " old Hermit, nor his older Sancho, appear to have contracted " any cold from the incessant shower, and a sharp north- " easterly wind. Perhaps, when the heart is full, the frame is

" not so easily affected by any external enemy, and my anxiety " for the dear traveller, whom I quitted, might preserve me " from suffering in my own person, as it certainly took from me " all solicitude about myself.

" Your health, indeed, is infinitely more interesting to me " than my own, and I entreat you to consider it as the most " precious thing to me upon earth. I do not mean to say that " you should attend to it with an unmanly solicitude; but pray " observe the medical suggestions of our dear Guy, and do not " fail to consult our friend Dr. Latham, if the shortness of your " breath does not grow better by your present regimen and " the good effect of warm weather. As you propose to read " some part of Cicero's Orations against Verres, for the sake " of the curious detail they contain, relating to statues, let me " recommend it to you to begin with an account of the process " against Verres, as you will find it in Middleton's Life of " Cicero. After this preparation, as your time for Latin is " brief, I would not advise you to devote any of it to the " copious and less interesting commencement of these spirited " invectives, but begin at the part peculiarly interesting to " you: liber 4, oratio ix. 'Venio nunc ad istius, quemadmodum " ipse appellat, studium; ut amici ejus morbum et insanium; " ut Siculi latrocinium.'

" The weather has been sadly unfavourable to architecture; " but we advance. Pray tell me some news of our silent Pal- " ladio, and when he thinks of giving us another glimpse of " him in the South. I salute him every day in your little ex-

" pressive medallion, which is truly the man himself, as much " I think, as a diminutive piece of dry clay can be so. Your " bust also is much admired, as a very striking resemblance. " Heaven grant you energy of health to advance happily in " a career of art, for which nature and Providence seem to " have conspired in your favour, to lead you, I trust, to excel- " lence, honour, and happiness. That Heaven may grant you " as complete possession of these blessings as the condition of " mortality will allow, is the fervent prayer, my dear little " artist, of

" Your most affectionate

" W. H.

" Postscript. Remember me kindly to our dear Flaxman. " I long to hear that his works in the Exhibition are admired " as much as they ought to be. What says our friend Romney " to the pictures produced according to the *secret* of Venetian " colouring? Tell me much of art, but tell me more of my " dear artist, and above all, the real state of his lungs. Re- " member all I have said to you on that most interesting topic. " Adieu."

" *May* 14, 1797.

" A thousand thanks, my very dear bard, for your speedy " and welcome intelligence of your safe return on that wet " and melancholy evening when we parted. I feared very " much that you would suffer, but am happy in the assurance " that you escaped cold, as well as the honest Sancho.

" The Guys were, as usual, very kind and hospitable.

" Francis attended me to the coach about five o'clock, and " after a warm ride I arrived in Cavendish-square sooner than " usual. While I was scribbling the few lines I sent you, Mr. " Cumberland came in, by appointment, to eat a mutton chop " with the painter, before he went to see the success of a new " play of his, which came out that evening. When I arrived " in Buckingham-street no one was at home. I determined, " therefore, to go and spend my evening with the painter (as " he had been so kind as to invite me), and to talk over all " the news we might each have to impart. I have now some " questions to ask you for an amiable, and as yet, unseen " friend of yours; I mean Lady Jones. She is, I think, a " very amiable woman. I am sure you will be delighted with " her, as I am, for she always asks very kindly after you, " and says she wishes very much to see you. I must now " speak to you on the arts. I went on Thursday evening to " the Exhibition. The first work that struck me as I entered, " was a large figure, ten or eleven feet high, over the chimney. " This was no less a personage than Satan in the act of calling " up his host, by Lawrence. I will give you an idea of it by " a slight sketch. The light comes from a gulf under his " feet. You know the effect a figure or bust has, if you hold " a candle under it. This has the same on a larger scale. " There is much merit in it. Satan has a blaze of light on " him; the other figure is kept down with a dark shadow.

" There are many other works that have much merit; but " on the whole I do not like this Exhibition so well as the

" last. There are an immense number of pictures. Six only " were sent back. Our friend Howard sent ten, which were " all received. I must now talk to you of myself. I have " followed all Mr. Guy's and your advice. I take a walk " and a halfpennyworth of new milk every morning, and I " drink whey, which does me good. I have had headachs " several times, for which Mr. Flaxman and I agreed a visit " to Kew would, most likely, be a remedy; and I am writing " to you in the parlour at Kew, where all are well. My lungs " are not quite easy, but I have fixed my regular morning " walk up a gentle hill in the fields, so that I may constantly " exercise them, and soon perceive any alteration or amend- " ment that may take place.

" I am safe arrived in town. Many thanks for your advice " concerning Cicero, which I will follow. I am very glad to " hear the turret of tranquillity advances. I long for autumn " to see it completed. I have called on Palladio, who says he " will certainly visit you in his way to Portsmouth. Adieu."

" EARTHAM, *May* 18, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" The delight I received from your very kind and com- " fortable letter, was proportioned to the severe anxiety I en- " dured, in sending you again to your professional studies, not " completely yourself in health and alacrity, yet so free from " any visible malady, that I should have deemed myself inex- " cusable, had I suffered the excess of my parental tenderness to

" detain you longer from the regular pursuit of your enchanting
" art, under the guidance of your friendly and indulgent mas-
" ter. Your own account of yourself affords me a cheerful
" hope, that the languor of your frame, which I have so
" much lamented, will be dispersed by due care and moderate
" exertion. Our excellent friend at Kew assured me, that your
" countenance expressed a considerable amendment in your
" general state of health, and I therefore cherish the animating
" expectation, that the advance of summer will gradually re-
" move all traces of that depressive effect, which your severe
" cold of the winter had produced. I trust you do not want a
" physician; but it will yet be a gratification to my heart to be
" assured by our amiable friend, Dr. Latham, that you have
" *no such want*, and that the singular tenderness, and want of
" freedom and energy, which you still perceive in your lungs,
" will be relieved by time, by warm weather, and moderate
" attention. I therefore enclose to you a brief billet for our
" medical friend. Catch him at home early on Sunday morn-
" ing, and give him a full history of yourself, and of my double
" solicitude about you; solicitude for your health, and solici-
" tude not to impede you in professional study and improve-
" ment, at a time of your life so very important to your future
" success. Dr. Latham has good sense and delicate sensibility.
" He will kindly enter into all the complicated feelings of a
" parent on such an occasion, and probably lighten my anxiety,
" by giving me his ideas concerning the deficiency of your
" breath. I enclose to you also a letter to that highly respect-

" able lady whom you justly admire. I am pleased with you " for interesting yourself so gracefully in her project of visiting " our coast. I shall keep this place perfectly free to settle " any system here, that upon full deliberation in the course of " next autumn, and the following spring, we may think most " eligible.

" I dispatch by the post of to-day, a letter to my noble " neighbour and friend, to apprise him, that I mean to relin- " quish the care of his son at the end of next month. We shall " then have lived two years together, and I shall have rendered " to my amiable little friend, I trust, such important services " in *that* time, as may have given a very useful bias to all his " future life. His mother will be pleased to have her children " educated for some time at home; and I flatter myself I have " rendered our friend Sockett sufficiently qualified to act as " their domestic preceptor. Thus I hope to accomplish a con- " siderable portion of the good I wish to them all, though not " exactly in the mode, nor indeed to the full extent of the " design, that I had formed for their advantage.

" Having experienced considerable anxiety on this point, I " shall be particularly glad to feel perfectly disincumbered, and " at liberty to regulate all my own plans for entire ease and " comfort, in my evening of life, which I hope to render serene " and cheerful by the regular enlivening visits of the dear juve- " nile artist to that turret of tranquillity, whose foundation he " laid, I hope in an hour propitious to much future enjoyment " of our reciprocal affection. Let me now thank you for your

" kind account of the exhibition, which I could have wished to " survey with you.

" There is a painter in an humble line, whom I used to ad- " mire for simplicity and feeling; his name is Biggs. Does he " make a good figure this year? I thank you for your sketch " of Satan, which gives me a strong idea of the picture. In " return, I present to you the following

" SONNET,

" On a figure in the sky, (exactly resembling the portrait of Michael Angelo,) seen " by the Author and his Son, Saturday, May 6, 1797.

" ART thou a phantom but of lifeless air,
" Or the kind spirit of that matchless man
" Who his bright course of threefold glory ran,
" While wonder bless'd his powers, and crown'd his care
" With triple wreaths, beyond example rare,
" Which from three arts in life's well-order'd span,
" Patient of toil, and true to nature's plan,
" His mighty genius joy'd to win and wear.
" Hail, hallow'd form of Angelo! express'd
" In solemn shadows of a cloudy sky,
" When the young sculptor, by a father bless'd,
" Finish'd his filial work! Dost thou attest
" His worth, art's sainted sovereign! Oh from high,
" Watch and protect him with a parent's eye!

" Thus, my dear diminutive Phidias, I recommend thee to the " good genius of thy divine art, and cheer myself with the per-

" suasion, that departed and living Excellence may be both en-
" gaged as thy patrons. With two such protectors as Michael
" Angelo and our dear Flaxman, I trust thou wilt be secure
" from evil, in what shape soever it may approach thee. Hea-
" ven bless you all! *Adio.* I rejoice that the production of
" your pencil travelled without any material injury. What says
" the *Caro Pittore* to it?"

" *London, May 22,* 1797.

" My very dear Bard,

" I begin to scribble to you this evening, to thank you for
" your kind epistle. I intend to obey your orders to-morrow
" morning, and call on my medical friend to explain all my sensa-
" tions, &c. though I *do not,* and hope I shall not need his assis-
" tance. I will also call on Lady Jones, as early on Monday
" morning as London decorum will permit. But I must skip
" to the end of your epistle, to tell you how much obliged to
" you I am for the charming sonnet. It delighted us all amaz-
" ingly. It was a singular incident, and you have commemo-
" rated it, I think, with singular felicity. You say you have
" written to the noble earl, on the subject of his son. Pray tell
" me in your next, what sort of answer he returns you for all
" the trouble and anxiety you have had. You ask me how the
" *Caro Pittore* liked the picture I conveyed to London. I must
" tell you how kindly and generously he behaved about it. I
" carried it to him, soon after I arrived, and he approved it
" highly. I left it, and said I would come the next day and

" mend the parts that had been injured a little by its journey,
" under his direction. I went accordingly. We took out all
" the marks of the paper, and he varnished it for me, which
" makes it look very smart; but when I offered to bring it away,
" he said he had ordered a frame for it, and begged I would let
" it remain there till the frame-maker put it in. Was not this
" very kind and obliging? He is a good creature as ever lived,
" notwithstanding all his oddities.

" I have called on my friend Dr. Latham, who told me he
" would write to you soon, and said there is nothing to appre-
" hend from the present state of my lungs. So I hope, my dear
" bard, I shall be able to race up-hill with you in the autumn.

" God bless you!"

" EARTHAM, *May* 25, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I thank and love you for your kind and very comfortable
" letter. Heaven grant this sudden burst of sultry weather
" may not weaken our dear convalescent! A friendly letter
" from our good Dr. Latham to-day, adds to my comfort. Do
" not fail to visit him as often as he wishes, and impart to me
" every little advance you feel towards perfect recovery.

" Our building grows nobly. What think you of our having
" got thirty-one pillars (for the long arcade) six feet high, out
" of two cuts from a single oak of my own, that grew in
" Eartham? O rare! The Nymphs, the Nereids, and the
" Dryads, all seem propitious to our new structure, in spite of

" our fugitive architect. My carpenter is an excellent indus-
" trious fellow, and my work is a blessing to him and his family
" in a time of necessity.

" To my letter of resignation, I had no written answer from
" our noble friend, because I intimated my design of appearing
" in person soon after the arrival of my epistle. Every thing,
" however, passed as I could wish. My recommendation of my
" young coadjutor was well received, and he is now settled in the
" great house, as sole preceptor of our young friends. Thus, I
" trust, I have secured the prosperity of a very industrious, de-
" serving, and grateful orphan, for life. I feel marvellously re-
" lieved in being thus pleasantly and entirely disincumbered of a
" too anxious charge. I shall visit my *ci-devant* fellow-students
" occasionally, and hope to be still of some little use to them.
" I have so much to enclose for our dear Flaxman, that you can
" have but a scrap of a letter at present. I will make you
" amends in my next dispatches, when I will tell you a speech
" of George concerning you, that delighted me much, and did
" honour to the hearts and minds of both. Thanks for your
" pleasant account of Romney. *Vale Carissime.*"

" London, *May* 29, 1797.

" Your letter, my dear bard, was short and sweet, as it told
" me what I was much pleased to hear; first, that our kind
" friend Dr. Latham has written you a comfortable letter, to
" assure you, as he does me, that nothing bad is to be appre-
" hended from the little obstruction that has taken place in my

" lungs. I breakfasted with the Doctor yesterday, and am to " do so again some morning next week. I called on Mr. Long, " to shew him my model for his Druid's head, which he had " not seen. He liked it very much. I have begun the marble " for it, but the Stonehenge stone is so very hard, that I shall " find it difficult to make a good job of it. *Apropos* of marble " jobs! Mr. Flaxman likes your idea for the chimney-piece of " your new library. I will work for you two fine antique masks " at each corner, the pilasters and the top to be ornamented " with nothing more than a single bundle of reeds or fasces; " and when I am able, I will compose for you a bas-relief of " several figures, to go round your circular top. Mr. Flaxman " says he will make a model of me for you, but whatever he " does, he is determined to receive nothing for it; therefore, if " he models the bust, I will get it so forward in marble, that it " shall be fit for him to give the finishing strokes, whereby it " will be, as it were, his own work. And if you like my bust of " him when you see it, I will copy that for you; if not, I will " make you another. Mr. Romney promised me to sit to me " whenever I please, so that I think, my dear bard, we can put " your favourite plan into execution in good time. I long for " September, that I may see the cottage of tranquillity com- " plete. I am very glad to hear that it goes on so well, and " that your trees are so productive.

" I make a practice of reading two chapters a-day in Pater- " culus, and I have begun to read Hesiod regularly through, " to Mr. Flaxman. As you say you had no written answer

" from Petworth, pray let me know what the verbal one was, " when you went. I long also to know what George said of " me, that delighted you so much. Remember me to all. " Adieu."

" EARTHAM, *June* 1, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I hasten to gratify your wish concerning the speech of " our little friend George, with which I expressed myself " pleased so highly, as it displayed a degree of *magnanimous* " *friendship for you.* The incident arose in the following man- " ner. I had written to my Lord the letter, of which I enclose " you a copy; and when I imparted to George my intention of " resigning the care of him, he burst into tears, and said, 'Oh " then I shall be sent to a school again.' I began immediately " to console him, and replied, that I could almost promise he " should not be exposed to such a mortification; but I could " not engage to retain him in this house under my own eye, " because I felt that it would be both my duty and my desire " to go *to Lisbon with you* in the winter, if the complaint on " your lungs should take a more serious turn. To this he " answered, with a spirit that I shall always love and admire, " 'I had rather be sent to school again, than that Tom should " die.' Here was a double example of great tenderness, and of " great magnanimity. The dread of school was so horrible to " his feelings, that it made him burst into abundant tears, yet " he nobly subdued this terror, oppressive as it was, and he

" was willing to embrace the evil, formidable as he felt it to be,
" rather than obstruct any measures that might be proper to
" preserve the life of his little friend. I was enchanted with
" this genuine stroke of infantine heroism, for as such I regard
" it, and described it with infinite delight to his parents. You
" desire to know the answer of my noble friend to my letter.
" He answered it by immediately accelerating the event that I
" had expressed a solicitude to accomplish, and settled the
" little studious domestic establishment under his own roof, as
" I related to you in my last. I went over on Monday, to give
" an eye to the little recent academy, and found, to my great
" comfort, that all things seem to proceed as I could wish, in
" point of regularity and attention.

" The young preceptor, to whom I have given some advice,
" will, I trust, be equal to his office, and prosperous in the
" discharge of a very delicate duty.

" Here is Friday morning arrived, but no architect, although
" an evening coach came last night from Portsmouth, by which
" the lost little man might have reached us according to his
" promise. Whether the riotous sailors have tossed his round
" body into the sea, to make a buoy of it, Heaven knows; but
" if they have, I hope he will arrive at Feltham, riding like
" Arion upon a dolphin, with his compasses, instead of a lyre
" in his hand. It is well that I have a little more temper than
" our *Caro Pittore*, to support these disappointments with sere-
" nity. I have the best of comfort, in good tidings of the

" *piccolo scultore;* for a kind letter from Rose assures me *you* " *look well.* *Apropos* of our dear Rose, as he expresses a " kind solicitude to know how I relinquished a very delicate " charge, that began to be too heavy for my shattered health. " You may shew him (whenever opportunity happens to " arise) the copy I send you of my letter to my Lord, and the " sonnet to our medical friend. You may tell him also, that " in spite of all difficulties, I am not only *building*, but at the " same time buying an estate! ay, verily buying an estate by " the sea, which, considering the reports of invasion, is like " the spirit of the old Roman, who bravely bought the very " ground in Italy, on which Hannibal was encamped.

" It will please you, I trust, to hear that I have in truth " agreed for the very important field that lies in the line of " sight between our new turret and the sea. It is to be paid " for towards the end of July; and if cash does not flow into " my own purse before that time, (as I have reason to expect " it will, from the detached pieces of ground that I mean to " sell,) a kind friend at Chichester has promised to advance " the purchase-money of my new and highly satisfactory ac- " quisition. Thus, between my heart-of-oak friends and my " friendly oaks, I proceed boldly and cheerfully in the forma- " tion of that marine hermitage, which will conduce, I hope, " to your health and pleasure still more than to mine. But " let us remember that health and life depend upon the will " of Heaven. They are blessings we hold on such a tenure,

at we ought to be equally ready to enjoy or to resign iem. *Adio.*"

Postscript, with a Sketch.

'E son Dessinatore anch' io.'

"Yes, I also presume to design, in emulation of my dear 'artists, and I am vain enough to fancy that my disposition "of the favourite trio of busts would produce the happiest "effect. But, like the sign-painter of famous memory, I must "add words to explain my images. First, then, the grand "busts on each side, are Romney and Flaxman; and in a circle "under each, the insignia of their respective arts. By the side "of the painter, an old lion couchant, and at rest if not asleep. "Near Flaxman, a lion younger, and perfectly awake. On "each side the juvenile sculptor, two infantine leopards or "dogs, with their paws raised upon the block that supports "the youth. In the centre of the circular part, below these "young animals, a suspended lyre. Under the three busts "I would put the famous Spartan words, in the original Greek, "describing age, middle life, and youth. Thus, I think, the "whole design would afford me a very delightful memorial "of my three beloved artists, and of their respective periods "of life. If you and our dear Praxiteles smile graciously on "*my design*, as I hope you will, pray send me a neater sketch "of it, as a substitute for my hasty and almost *unmakeoutable* "*scratch*. So much for your old bard as a designer. *Adio.*"

Copy of a letter to Lord Egremont, enclosed in the preceding.

" EARTHAM, *May* 19, 1797.

" My dear Lord,

" An excess of anxiety concerning the impaired health " of my dear little sculptor, and my own increasing infirmities, " will oblige me to relinquish, at the end of next month, the " care of your son : a delicate charge of no common solicitude " and delight, which I assumed in the affectionate hope of ren- " dering important service to a highly interesting child, and " which I may resign in the satisfactory persuasion of having " accomplished that hope in no trifling degree. I reflect with " pleasure, that in the two years, which the dear George and I " shall then have passed together, my little friend will have " perfectly enjoyed a period of life often rendered painful, " though Nature intended it for cheerfulness, and he will have " laid at the same time, I trust, the solid foundation of a most " amiable and accomplished character. My chief aim has been " to teach him what I consider as the great art of life; the " art of using his understanding, and of preserving his temper. " His understanding is naturally good, and his temper is na- " turally sweet; but from a peculiar tenderness of nerve, they " will both be much exposed to injury if they are not cherished " and confirmed through the whole course of his youth, by " very steady and very tender attention. I have watched over " him as a child of my own, and I flatter myself his feeling " heart will ever retain a pleasing remembrance of our attach-

nent. My decline of health hardly allows me the expectation of living to see him a man; but that his mature life may prove as happy as his early youth has been interesting and amiable, is the fervent wish and hope, my dear Lord,

" Of your very faithful and affectionate servant,

" W. HAYLEY."

" Postscript. On the present occasion, I should be deficient " in justice, if I did not express my satisfaction in the great " advantage which George has derived from the industry " and intelligence of Mr. Sockett. He is a young man, " who to a strong understanding adds a grateful heart, and " whom I zealously recommend to the favour of your Lord- " ship, not only on his own account, but on that of his younger " fellow student."

SONNET

TO DOCTOR LATHAM.

" DANGER, dear Latham, to the vital flame,
" Distracts a parent; yet betimes to die,
" Is not to perfect love's paternal eye
" The worst of destinies. No! for the frame
" Of blooming youth, when health, and hope, and fame,
" For mental feats should tune the spirit high,
" I deprecate distemper's languid sigh,
" And ills that make aspiring genius tame.

" Friend, whose kind counsels vivid powers impart,
" Whose merits shine where miseries are rife,
" Save thou the filial darling of my heart
" From malady's malign, though blunted dart,
" Arm his just mind for art's ingenuous strife:
" Not to exist, but well to act is life."

"LONDON, *June 3 and 5*, 1797.

" Your voluminous pacquet, my very dear bard, afforded me " much pleasure. I am as much delighted, as you can be, with " George's magnanimous speech concerning me, and with his " sorrow at parting from you. He has an excellent heart, and I " think would make a good man; but unluckily for him he has " too great expectations before him. I am happy to hear that " my friend Sockett is comfortably in his post, and that things " are going on right.

" Buying an estate! I was astonished, but I am glad to find " it so useful a one. It is certainly a great acquisition to your " Felpham establishment, and will be a nice pasture for your " horses.

" I have not yet said a word of your chimney-piece. I have " not seen Mr. Flaxman, to speak to him of it, as he is not in " town. I like your idea of the words under the three busts, " and two different lions, but I will speak to Mr. Flaxman upon " it, when he returns.

" Mr. Flaxman is now returned; but as he has brought a gen- " tleman with him, I must send you the sketch next week. " Your kind epistle, the second, is just arrived. I thank you

" for your speedy, and welcome intelligence. I rejoice that " you have got Palladio to consult and set every thing in a right " train. I long very much to see the progress of your building. " Pray tell me, in your next, how high you are got. I am very " much delighted with your sonnet to the good doctor. I called " on him the other day, and shall see him again to-morrow.

" God bless you all!"

" EARTHAM, *June* 8, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I must begin by leading you to think more justly of our " noble friend's delicate attention to my desire. I wished to " be soon relieved from an arduous burthen. He relieved me " instantly, and with perfect good humour, promoting the youth " whom I recommended to his patronage. It is true the do- " mestic plan he has formed for his children, is not, *in my* " *opinion*, half so good for their improvement, and of course, " for his own future parental enjoyments, as the system I " suggest, with the co-operation of our noble Captain of " Woolwich; a system which, on my part, was certainly liberal " and affectionate towards my noble friend, although it em- " braced the interest of our worthy relation. But we must " allow the rich to act according to their own fancies, and " rather pity than blame them when they do not act quite so " well, or so wisely as we could wish. My friend Sargent, who " rode with me yesterday to Felpham, and admired our rising " turret there, asserts that I shall gain about a hundred a year

" by my Lord's not executing the plan that I proposed for " Godfrey, at Eartham, since he (Sargent) is confident that I " may easily obtain two hundred pounds every year, by letting " this lovely place for eight or nine months, residing here for " three months, in the depth of winter, myself. This the in- " telligent senator thinks a very judicious and admirable plan. " We may give the name of *Marine Villa* to the elegant little " retreat that I am now forming, and I trust very happily " forming, under the auspices of paternal affection. You " are kindly eager to know the progress of the rising " fabrick. It will please you to hear that my industrious car- " penter hopes to fix the joists for the library floor, by the " end of next week. To gratify you with some idea of the " improvement that Palladio and I have made, in our last con- " ference, I enclose you a hasty rough sketch that I have " drawn expressly for your gratification. I think you will be " pleased with the effect of the upper room in the turret. " The bottom of the glass being five feet from the floor; when " you sit, you have an admirable light for drawing or reading, " without having your attention distracted by any visible " object; and when you rise, you have a grand burst of the " whole extensive prospect on every side. The circular railing " at the top (a fancy of mine) will, I think, crown the whole " most agreeably. The head of our imperial friend, Alfred, " who gloriously said that every Englishman ought to be as " free as his own thoughts, will find at last a proper place, I " hope, as a decoration to the retreat of an old poet, who has

ver felt that passion for liberty, peace, and literature, which animated this noblest of kings. What is become of Mr. ——? I sent him a plan for the relief of his unfortunate departed friend's family, and asked his advice, but received no reply. Oh the miseries of opulence! That you may never be too rich, my dear Phidias, is one of the cordial prayers of

"Your affectionate

"W. H."

"London, *June* 12, 1797.

"I thank you, my very dear bard, for your kindness in "setting me to rights with regard to your noble neighbour. "We ought, as you say, rather to pity the rich, than blame "them. I join you sincerely in the prayer you kindly make "for me, I mean, that I may never be *too rich*, but luckily, as "Mr. Flaxman says, there is no very great likelihood of that "evil falling upon me, in the profession which I have engaged "in, especially if I act honestly and uprightly, as I hope I "shall. I am glad to hear Mr. Sargent approves of your plan, "with respect to your two estates; for he being a man of the "world, is a good judge of such matters. I agree with him in "thinking that you will not only gain in cash, but also gain "more peace of mind, and enjoy Eartham more, by having only "a summer tenant in it, and I sincerely hope *that tenant* (who-"soever it is) may be an agreeable one.

"Mr. Flaxman and myself called this morning on Dr. "Latham to ask his opinion of a plan which Mr. Flaxman

" has been kind enough to think of for me, if my lungs should " not get better, and the Doctor thinks it necessary. It is this. " If Dr. Latham finds that medicine and a blister do not relieve " me, I am to come to you for a few months; but that I may " not lose any time in my profession, I am, with the leave of " Lord Egremont, to study in his gallery, as there are several " works of art in that, which Mr. Flaxman says it would " improve me to copy. But Dr. Latham this morning " assured us, that he thought a blister would relieve me " entirely, and that there could be no necessity for me to " leave town. He seemed firm in his opinion, that the dis- " ease is merely muscular, and consequently of no moment. " He doubted not that it would soon leave me; so I hope, my " dear bard, to visit you at the usual time, *pectore firmo.* " Bless you!"

The last letter is remarkable, as containing a clear account of that fatal mistake in his friendly physician, which produced the subsequent long and severe tortures of this gentle heroic sufferer. Removed from the airy hill of Eartham, where he enjoyed all the exercises of an active boy, to the confinement of London, and much sedentary application, his juvenile frame began to suffer, and the erroneous opinion of his medical friends, who all supposed his indisposition to arise from a trifling injury in the muscles of the breast, afforded time for the real malady to extend its secret and insidious influence in such a manner, that when the visible seat of it (the vertebræ

tween the shoulders) was at last discovered by the keen xiety of his father, it was too late for all the powers of me- icine successfully to contend against the cruel confirmed dis- ase. It is a melancholy truth, that three very skilful and attentive medical friends of this interesting youth, although they certainly endeavoured to promote his health with the tenderest regard, were, in despite of all their care, the innocent instruments of his early and lamentable death. They all considered their general mistake of his case as a wonderful delusion, which they could ascribe only to fatality. It appeared the more wonderful to the afflicted father, when his own medical attention to the latter sufferings of the patient led him to peruse Dr. Darwin's Zoonomia, where he found all the earliest symptoms in the complaint so clearly displayed, that the mistake so fatal to his son appeared to him indeed a subject of the severest astonishment. Had the mistake been discovered at the period now before the reader, it is most probable that the upright form, as well as the life of the highly promising young sculptor, might have been happily preserved. '*Diis aliter visum est.*' Heaven assigned to him a different destiny. The compiler of this Memoir has been anxious to notice all medical particulars relating to the young martyr, in the hope that they may afford useful suggestions to the parents of children beginning to suffer from the same insidious disorder. If this book may be fortunate enough to lead even one father to preserve his child from a similar martyrdom, the labour of the biographer, however melancholy in

some parts of its progress, will indeed have a blessed effect. But it is time to close these reflections, and resume the series of letters that afford a circumstantial account of the studies, the pleasures, and the sufferings of a most amiable and exemplary youth.

" EARTHAM, *June* 15, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Behold me now returned to my own quiet library, and " eager to thank you a little more at large, for your very kind " letter. I cannot help being very anxious concerning your " breast, my dear little industrious artist, although our amiable " physician perseveres in his opinion that all the mischief is on " the muscles, and therefore of little consequence: I yet hope " he is perfectly right, and that it will not be necessary for you " to desert your professional studies, under the eye of our dear " Flaxman, at this important period.

" If, however, an excursion to the country shall appear neces- " sary for your health, we will contrive something for your ad- " vantage, in addition to the gallery at Petworth, by travelling " with you to Wilton, and residing with you there, for some little " time, if the kind Flaxman wishes you to employ yourself in " drawing from statues. I wish, however, to defer such a pro- " ject to a season that may suit us both better, as the workmen " at our marine villa will want my superintendence. In spite of " unfavourable weather, we advance, and, I trust, we shall make " such a figure as to please and amuse you highly in the " autumn. A kind letter from the warm-hearted Dr. Warner

" speaks with the highest praise of your improving talents; he " says he drew tears of pleasure from the *Caro Pittore*, by his " cordial admiration of you, and your works. How then must I " admire and love you *en père !*

" Ever your most affectionate

" W. H."

" London, *June* 18, 1797.

" [illegible],

" I have to thank you, my dear bard, for two very kind " letters. I have called again on my amiable physician, who " has ordered me a blister, which I have just applied. I am to " call on him the latter end of the week, to tell him its effect. " If it has little or none, he says he would certainly advise me " to follow Mr. Flaxman's kind suggestion, and go to you for " some time. In my return home I met Palladio, who is going " this evening to Plymouth. We had a long talk about the " window, which I propose to paint for you, either with a head " or figures, which I think I can easily do when I come to you, " if I do come, as I partly know the method, and can know " more from friends and books. But there is time enough for " this. Only leave a circle of sufficient size in the turret. " Dr. Warner was indeed enchanted with my works; I thought " he never would have finished his exclamations and com- " mendations.

" I believe Meyer is coming from Cambridge; if so, I shall

" go to see him next Sunday. It is amazing how much better " I found my lungs, when I visited Kew last. I thought my " pain was going off in a great hurry; but the next day, after I " returned to town, I found the shortness of breath as bad as " ever. I have not said a word to you on art lately. The " large figure of Wisdom for Lord Mansfield's monument, is " getting forward in clay; and, as for myself, I have finished " Mr. Long's Druid. You cannot think how well it looks. I " am to carry it to him next week. Adieu!"

" EARTHAM, *June* 22, 1797.

" φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I sallied forth early this morning, and surprised the " garrison in the castle of Guy. The *paterfamilias*, after I had " waited some time in his parlour, crept into the room in his " night-gown. I felt his pulse, and protested with his own " humorous solemnity, that it was highly improper for him to " venture out of his warm bed so soon.

" Having rallied him sufficiently, I proceeded to the im- " portant subject of my visit; an idea that struck me con- " cerning our beloved Cowper, from whom I have recently " received a few of the most gloomy and pathetic lines that " ever flowed from the pen of depression. Guy gave me " great pleasure by saying he thought my idea might produce a " striking effect on the mind of our dejected friend. But it " would occupy too much of my paper to explain to you, at

" present, the point upon which I consulted our Cicestrian " oracle. Let me hasten to thank you for your very kind " letter, and rejoice with you in the improving prospect of " assistance and support for the orphans of our departed friends. " It will be a great relief to my mind, if there is no necessity " for the book I had projected for their benefit, as I dislike " subscriptions in general.

" I have not yet touched on the subject nearest my heart, " the state of your breast.

" I am obliged indeed to our kind Flaxman, as I will " say to himself in a separate billet, for recommending to " you a plan of summer study here, if the blister does not " immediately produce the expected good effect. Your " society would be particularly delightful and useful to me, " in this season of important operations; but your health " and your professional improvement are still dearer to me " than any occasional gratifications, that even your presence " could afford me; and I therefore force myself to wish " (as far as I can force such wishes) not to see my little " assistant in architecture arrive here before the regular " period of his autumnal visit. I admire and love you for " your kind and spirited intention of executing with your own " ingenious hand, the painted window I projected. I will " direct the circle to be left as we intended. I visited our " rising structure yesterday, and had the pleasure of walking " on the joists already laid for the floor of the new library. " The openings for the windows were half executed towards

" the east, so I could judge perfectly of the very pleasing effect " they will have in our views of the sea.

" I told you how fortunate we were in respect to the late " swell of rain, which fell short of our works. But here is an " enormous shower (part of which I rode through) falling at " this moment. *Pazienza! Post nubila Phœbus!*

" Your talents and your kindness are the light of my life, and " Heaven grant that no *nubila* of any very dark cast may over- " cloud a light so inestimable to the heart and spirit

" Of your most affectionate

" W. H.

" Postscript. I send you together two things not always " united, rhyme and money. May they both be welcome, and " both useful to the dearest object of my fancy, and the " dearest sharer of my purse. Heaven bless you!"

" London, *June* 24, 1797.

" The post of Saturday is arrived, and no epistle from " my dear bard. What can be the cause? I hope no mis- " chance has prevented your writing. Pray relieve me from " my anxiety soon; and tell me that all is well.

" As I have taken up my pen to tell you how uneasy I feel " at not hearing from you on the usual day, I will tell you " what the good Doctor says of me. I called on him, on " Thursday, as he had appointed, and told him I found my

" breast the same as before I had the blister. Upon which he " said, that I had better follow Mr. Flaxman's plan, and try " what air and exercise may do for me in the country, as medi- " cine has had no effect. Tell me then, my dear bard, if you " like that I should follow his advice, and pursue the plan of " study with you at Eartham, which Mr. Flaxman has had the " goodness to lay down for me.

" Your anxious and affectionate

" T. H."

" London, *June* 26, 1797.

" All's well that ends well.

" Thank Heaven, my dear bard's letter only miscarried, " for it arrived this morning with the second pacquet. The " notes have arrived safe. Pray do not send me any more " notes, as I have quite sufficient.

" I told you in my hasty scrawl of Saturday, Dr. Latham's " decision, after the unsuccessful application of the blister; and " from what you say in your kind letter, I shall probably re- " ceive another from you to-morrow, saying that you wish me " to obey his orders. Mr. Flaxman says the plan he has laid " down for me will improve me much, and prepare me for " the Academy.

" I am just returned from a visit to Kew, where I found all " well. Mr. Flaxman desires me to say, that as he is moving " the finished Lord Mayor into Spitalfields this morning, and " is in a great bustle, he cannot possibly write to-day, but he

" says it is fully his wish that I should come to you and stay " several months, and that we only wait your decision, before I " set off. Perhaps the good Doctor himself may write to you " to say his opinion is still the same with regard to my lungs, " viz., that nothing is to be apprehended from their present " state. He thinks their disorder will leave me with a good " deal of air and exercise, as I have no symptoms which he " does not like, and I feel in perfect health in every other " respect. God bless you!"

" EARTHAM, *June* 26, 1797.

" My infinitely dear Invalid,

" The obstinacy of your malady, and your disappointment in " not receiving the letter which ought to have reached you, " afflict me doubly. But to hasten to the grand point.

" Come, my dearest of visitants, come by all means, since " my eagerness to receive you (which I have only restrained " from a dread of hurting your professional career by an excess of " tender anxiety) has now the sanction of your beloved Flax- " man; come speedily, but come in the manner least likely to " agitate or fatigue you. I doubt not but our dear and kind " Romney, to whom I write also by this post, will escort " you in his own chaise to Cobham, and proceed with you " perhaps farther. I will meet you in a chaise at Godalmin, " either on Thursday or Friday, as may best happen to suit " you both; only let me receive a few lines by the returning " post, to fix the day and the hour, when I may hope to meet

" you there; and say if your breast is in such a state as to bear " a very gentle ride on your favourite Bruno, from Petworth " home, if the weather prove fine; as in that case, my horses " shall wait for us at Petworth. My benediction to you and " the dear Flaxmans.

" Heaven send you happily to your eager and affectionate

" W. H."

The kindness of Romney, on this occasion, most readily answered the expectation of his friend. On Thursday, the 29th of June, Hayley had the gratification of meeting both the old and young artist at Godalmin, and escorting them both to Eartham. Although his own sanguine spirit induced him on all occasions to hope the best, he was painfully affected by the obstinate and ill-understood indisposition of his son, whose lungs were evidently injured, although he was free from cough, and all his medical friends considered his complaint of no serious consequence. The countenance and the spirits of the beloved invalid were excellent, and he was so far from being oppressed by his journey, that on the following day he attended his father and Romney to take a survey of the rising turret at Felpham; and the next day he went with them to Petworth, to escort the friendly painter so far on his rapid return to London. Hayley had infinite comfort in thus receiving his son to his own domestic care; yet he seems to have suffered not a little at this period, from a variety of causes, as his Diary, for June 1797, is closed with the following re-

flection: "So ends a month in which I have done little, but "prepared, I hope, for useful exertion in future, and attended "with zeal to the offices of affection. My heart is grievously "troubled, but I hope, by manly fortitude, to steer happily "through all my vexations."

The first employment of the tender young sculptor, on his visit to the country, was, to draw a selection of figures from the works of Michael Angelo; and while he was so occupied, his father read to him various works relating to his profession, and particularly the life of Michael Angelo, from his several biographers, beginning with Vasari. Air and gentle exercise seemed gradually to improve the delicate health of the young invalid. His fervent spirit was eager to advance in professional study; and in July he began to model a copy of an antient statue in the gallery at Petworth, according to the kind suggestion of Flaxman. That excellent conscientious man had written to the father of his pupil, on the important article of health. The following extract from his letter will do honour to the tenderness of his heart, and to the affectionate fidelity with which he fulfilled all the duties of a master.

"If his lungs are so tender, I cannot think our profession "fit for him, in which he will be continually liable to attacks "from cold, whilst I shall be in a constant state of uneasiness, "because accountable for the life and health of a friend's son. "Now we are on this subject, I cannot omit saying something "concerning the state of Thomas's mind. If I may conjecture

" from appearances, I do not believe that he has been happy in " London; his love of retirement and of his native place seem " always foremost in his thoughts. Thus it is very likely that " the disorder of the mind has added to that of the body. " You will favour me with your sentiments on the subject in " a future letter; for the present, I have laid down a plan for " his exercise in sculpture in Eartham and Petworth, which " will tend to his improvement for a considerable time to " come.

" *July* 12, 1797."

In consequence of this suggestion, the father had a full confidential conference with his son; each spoke to the other without a particle of reserve on this highly important topic. The result of the tender debate, was a perfect assurance from the young artist, that he was cordially attached both to his profession and to his incomparable master, and animated with a lively hope that his improving health would enable him, as he advanced in life, to prove more and more the truth and energy of these his just and genuine sentiments. The hearts of the son and his father were in perfect unison on this interesting subject, and the latter hastened to impart their united opinions and feelings to the benevolent Flaxman. He replied like himself, in the following letter.

"*July* 19, 1797.

" Dear and kind friends,

" Many thanks for the speedy attention which you have " given to the subject of my last letter. The sentiments are, " I assure you, as perfectly satisfactory to me as they are " parental aad friendly; and as they contain whatever is most " essential to the subject, so they almost preclude the neces- " sity of an answer, which I only send that the whole of our " opinions may be fairly stated, compared, and reconciled.

" I wish, my dear friend, that the character of the master " answered in any degree to your highly conceived description. " At the same time that I am humbled with the contemplation " of excellence, which I heartily delight in, but which I am " conscious that I do not possess, I cannot be otherwise than " grateful for your kind partiality, and wish that my conduct, " if it cannot rise to the standard which you have assigned, " may be such, at least, as not to cross or shock your expec- " tations. This, I hope, has been my motive in the whole " of my conduct respecting Thomas. Whenever I have been " anxious for his health or his improvement, your happiness " (and his also) has been my object, and so it will continue " to be.

" When I expressed my doubts concerning his happiness in " London, it was not on account of any discontent or wayward " disposition of his; but only the strong prepossession that " he has for solitude, and his native spot, made me doubt " how far he may ever be reconciled to our great scene of

" action. His conduct, as I have always told you, has been " amiable and pleasing. His even temper, modesty, and pa- " tience, are remarkable; and you well know his talents for " his profession could not fail to satisfy me. I have uniformly " discountenanced time's being frittered in trifling employ- " ments, as the bane of excellence, as we see particularly in " the higher and lower ranks of society. But where the health " requires attention, after having eluded the power of medicine, " as is Thomas's case, it seems that his native air is the only " remedy, and it is my serious wish that he may follow his " present regimen till his constitution is confirmed, which will " give him the best chance of proceeding in the study of his " profession with adequate success when he returns to town. " As to his being removed from our family, believe me, my " dear friend, we never had the most distant idea of it. We " only wish his health to be restored, that we may go on ac- " cording to our first intention, and I wish him as much felicity " and success as yourself, in all his undertakings. I have the " honour to remain,

" Dear, Sir,

" Your most obliged and affectionate

" J. FLAXMAN.

" Postscript.

" Dear Tom,

" Many thanks for the kind care of visiting Mr. Reid, and " sending me the water-lily, as also your solicitude concerning

"the Lord Mayor*. Thank God, we were enabled, after some "difficulties, with which you were acquainted before you left "town, to raise and complete the work in its place, much to "the satisfaction of the inhabitants, as well as of my employer. "The inhabitants and clergyman testified their approbation by "an unanimous desire that I would direct the repairs of their "church, which I undertook with great pleasure, as the inside "is, perhaps, the finest modern building in town. In return "for their extraordinary civility to me, I charge nothing for my "advice, and without adding more than ten pounds to their "expense, I think their church will become an object of great "beauty. So much for self. I can add nothing to the direc- "tions for study at Petworth. The more you follow them, "the greater your improvement will be. I wish you heartily "health, happiness, and success, in whatever you undertake. "Be assured we shall be happy to see you again, when "prudence dictates your return to town.

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. FLAXMAN.

"Mrs. Flaxman's kindest remembrance to the bard and "*yourself*."

Kind and considerate as all the London friends of this interesting youth appeared towards him, on every occasion, it is

* A statue, or a marble monument.

remarkable that they all mistook (though men of great discernment in general) the real condition both of his mind and body. They imagined that his health was affected by an incessant pining for the scene of his childhood, and that his tendency to bend forward in his deportment, was the mere effect of careless indolence. But his spirit was, in truth, most upright and alert, aspiring to advance in his profession. His new propensity to a stooping position of his frame, was the consequence of that hitherto mistaken malady, which had, at this time, so injured the upper vertebræ, as to occasion that singular uneasiness of the lungs, which Darwin has so clearly described as an early symptom of his cruel disorder. Had his medical friends been so fortunate as to discover it, at this period, it is most probable that the incipient infirmity might have been perfectly relieved and eradicated; since, mistaken and improperly treated as it was, it seemed, in a great measure, to have been soothed and suspended by the influence of rural air. He was able to walk and ride, though caution was required in each exercise; as a walk up hill, or the rough trot of a horse, produced an immediate and a painful difficulty of breathing. As these effects had been erroneously ascribed, by his medical friends, to a trifling supposed injury on the muscles of the breast, they did not sufficiently alarm either himself or his father; and a zealous desire to improve himself in art, according to the kind directions of his master, induced him to begin modelling from statues at Petworth, before the middle of July. Being ever a welcome guest in the house of his noble friend, he frequently

slept there for two or three nights, and returned occasionally to Eartham. So tenderly attached to each other were the father and son, that although separated for only two or three days, they did not suspend their correspondence. The following letter was dispatched from Eartham to Petworth.

" *Saturday, 2 o'clock, July* 15, 1797.

" Φίλτατε φίλων,

" As I am always eager to communicate pleasure as " speedily as possible to your benevolent heart, I hasten to " impart to you the glad tidings concerning our beloved Cow- " per, which arrived by the post of yesterday. I will transcribe " passages from our dear Johnny's letter, and desire you to " communicate them immediately, but privately, to my Lord, " as he has a heart to sympathise in our joy and hope on this " singularly interesting occasion. I now give you the very " words of our Norfolk friend.

' I have only time to say, that the perusal, *by himself*, of your ' marvellous vision, and the hearing it read to him again by ' me, after ten days had elapsed, had a much better effect on ' our beloved bard, than either you or I could have flattered ' ourselves it would have had. I do from my heart believe, ' that if any of the letters could be brought about, so as to ' greet him in the same manner as the vision relates, it would ' not only stagger him, but might give such a turn to his ' distracted thoughts, as would make us jump for joy. I have ' infinite pleasure in assuring you, that he never looked better

'in his life, as to healthy complexion, than he does now. He 'has been recovering his former plight ever since he took 'half a pint of ass's milk every morning, an hour and a half 'before rising, and the yolk of an egg beat up in a glass of port 'wine at twelve every day, both inventions of mine.'

"Thus far our good Johnny of Norfolk, who concludes with "pressing me to visit the dear sufferer again this summer, "which, he says, he is perfectly sure would gratify Cowper "very much; but I hope to serve him more effectually at a "distance.

"Pray thank your noble host, in my name, for a very kind "letter just arrived. I rejoice to hear that you go on well "with your statue.

"Do not fail to assure Mr. Bolteby, that I shall be happy to "see him with you, this evening, if he is as much inclined to "pass his Saturday night in this hermitage, as he seemed to be, "and if he finds it will be perfectly agreeable to his noble pa-"tron. Remember me kindly to all friends."

The reply of the young artist was, his arrival in the evening at Eartham, where he remained till the Wednesday following. He now began to divide his time between Eartham, Petworth, and Felpham. His father, ever partial to sea-bathing, had written to his physician, Dr. Latham, on this subject, and the doctor had strongly recommended it to his young patient, whom he now considered in the clear road of perfect recovery. His health, indeed, at this time appeared to improve; and though working at a distance from his excellent master, his talents also

improved, and were animated to constant exertion by cordial applause from a variety of friends.

On the 7th of August, Romney arrived again at Eartham, with James Clarke, the young divine, who had engaged from his childhood the regard of Hayley; an hereditary friendship, as Hayley had passed many social hours of his youth in the house of James's grandfather, William Clarke, the residentiary of Chichester, of whose exemplary character he presented a sketch to his friend Dr. Kippis, which that benevolent biographer inserted in his edition of the 'Biographia Britannica.'

The young sculptor gladly embraced an opportunity of modelling a bust, a little less than life, from his old friend and encourager, the admirable painter, whose powers of application to his own art were now beginning to decline. The architect Bunce also passed some time at Eartham, in this month, so that the society there was more numerous than usual, yet cheerfully industrious, and pleasant.

On the 18th, Romney and Clarke proceeded to the east of Sussex, whence the painter returned alone, on the 24th. The young sculptor devoted the residue of this month to sea-bathing, and to finishing the bust of his old friend, whose declining spirits he exerted himself to cherish and enliven.

This was also the constant endeavour of his father, who grieved not a little in observing a great diminution of mental vigour in his dear annual guest. To illustrate this remark, I transcribe a passage from the Diary of Hayley.

"Thursday, August 31st, 1797. Tom attended the nervous "Romney in his chaise to Felpham. I remained at Eartham,

'to meditate upon the infirmities of my friend, and upon my "own. Let us both endeavour to rally our declining facul- "ties, and still execute some laudable works with the pencil, "and the pen.

"I deem it a satisfactory occupation to improve, and invi- "gorate the too tender health and spirits of a very infirm, yet "admirable artist; and do not despair of rendering him able "to exercise his enchanting talents a little longer: perhaps "for two or three years, if I live so long. Hope is always to "be cherished both in regard to this world, and the next. "My gratitude is most signally due to Heaven for having given "to me, in all my manifold troubles, a disposition remarkably "inclined to cheerful hopes. *Coraggio!* I may yet advance "better than I have done for several months past in my various "suspended works. Hope and resolution."

The affectionate attention which the young sculptor and his father exerted in trying to cheer and inspirit their old friend the painter, was rewarded by the delight they felt in seeing him not only sensible of their kindness, but animated by their encouragement to attempt, and accomplish, new works of the pencil, which he had almost despaired of ever being able to resume. He made an excursion from Eartham to London, on the 6th of September, but returned on the 10th, and painted there with spirit and success, to the end of the month. By a little sea-bathing and a little exercise on horseback, he so strengthened his tremulous nerves, that he became able to execute, what at first he was disposed to decline, a portrait of Miss Le Clair, who

came and sat to him repeatedly, in his favourite painting-room, within the riding-house at Eartham.

The month of September appeared propitious to the works both of the young and of the old artist; for the juvenile sculptor finished in the course of it, his bust of the painter, and a new bust of Lord Thurlow, who, happening to reside at Bognor this season, visited Eartham repeatedly, and was so graciously indulgent to this promising youth, as to sit to him with great patience, while his little unpractised hand was employed in modelling, perhaps the most awful features that an artist so young ever aspired to represent. This memorable bust was finished on Tuesday the 12th of September, and honoured with very warm applause, not only from the Peer himself, but from his daughters and Romney; all most kindly conspiring to encourage the modest yet enterprising youth, in his hopes of attaining future excellence of the highest degree. The present performance had certainly great merit, considering the youth of the sculptor, and the fidelity of the portrait. It was a singular production, and singularly honoured, for a cast from the original bust was placed as a favourite decoration, in the midst of an entertainment given by the Princess of Wales to some of the nobility; an anecdote that Lord Egremont, who was present, communicated with good-natured pleasure to the father of the juvenile artist.

Some years afterwards, the youngest daughter of Lord Thurlow happened to visit Hayley, at Felpham, and asked him (on perceiving this image of her father) if he had ever

seen the bust of Lord Thurlow by Rossi. "Yes, madam, I have," he replied, "and I felt that the bust then before me was the work of a man, and this of a boy, but a most extraordinary boy."

The lady sympathised in a very pleasing manner, both in the justness, and the tenderness of the remark.

Let us now return to the paintings of Romney, at Eartham. He now began there two historical pictures representing his friends, the father and son, in the characters of Tobit and Tobias. The first, in which the youth prepares to heal the blindness of the old man, was considerably advanced, in both the figures. The second, in which Tobias looks with exultation on the restored eyes of his aged parent, is little more than the sketch of half an hour; but the face of the youth (slight sketch as it is) has such felicity of expression, and appeared so sweetly perfect as a resemblance of him who stood for the figure, that his father preserved it with the greatest care and delight. He valued it as the singular production of such happy moments as genius itself cannot command or recall. It happened to be executed while the painter's spirit was under the influence of a sudden and warm burst of joy and gratitude towards his friend of Eartham, who had been so fortunate as to obtain for the great artist, an assurance of his receiving a considerable sum which had been long due to him from an old Peer, and of which he had almost despaired. His debtor was the late Marquis of *******, and the enlivening promise of prompt payment was obtained by the painter's friend, from

the pleasing and accomplished Marchioness, whom Lord Thurlow had introduced as a visitor at Eartham. Hayley gives a brief description of this lady, in the following billet to his son, who had resumed his suspended work in the gallery at Petworth.

"EARTHAM, *Thursday Morn, Sept.* 28, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Various incidents have conspired to prevent my crossing
" the hills as I intended, to take a view of your work to-day.
" Lady * * * * * * * was with us yesterday, with her sister and
" Maria Thurlow. The visit was so pleasant to all parties,
" that the Marchioness comes again to-day, to make a drawing
" of this scene. She sketches with spirit from nature, and has
" learned a mode of painting on glass, which she has very
" kindly promised to impart to you. She very graciously
" offered to execute a part of our projected window. She is
" (as Lord Thurlow described her) an easy, good-natured,
" graceful, and sensible woman. She soon gained my favour
" by a lively admiration of your works. I dispatch Sancho
" early, that you and our pleasant William of Kew (whom I
" suppose to be now with you) may return as early as it may
" suit the dear sculptor's professional occupation, to

" Your most affectionate

" W. H."

It happened that Meyer was not arrived at Petworth, but the young artist returned alone, stood again for one of the

portraits of Tobias, to Romney, and the next morning attended the painter and his father to breakfast with the engaging Lady * * * * * * * in her lodgings at Felpham, after which the ladies were escorted by their visitors to survey the prospect from the summit of the unfinished turret. The morning was windy, and the ladies rather afraid of mounting so high; but the poet entreated them to ascend without terror, in the name of their tutelar St. Patrick, and the fair Hibernians displayed the spirit of their country, by ascending immediately, in consequence of that invocation. The morning of this day (September 30) appears to have been social and pleasing in no common degree, but the evening seems to have been a little gloomy, even at Eartham, as the eve of Romney's departure:—an idea derived from the following expressions in the Diary of his host:

"Romney preparing for his departure to-morrow. I close "the month in paying my last attentions to my old infirm "friend, as after cherishing him on this favourite spot for "twenty-two years every autumn, I must now consign him to "more opulent protectors. Having through life been highly "attentive to the interest of my friends, and rather too careless "of my own, I must try to correct my error, to preserve the "evening of my day from indigence. Courage, industry, and "hope, be my constant companions! Amen, good Heaven!"

With these reflections Hayley closed the month of September 1797; little aware of the trials that awaited him. From his remark concerning Romney, it seems to have been his own intention at this time to quit Eartham entirely, in the early p[illegible]

of the next year. Unexpected and important events prevented the execution of that design. Before we enter on these, we have yet to notice the works that occupied the young artist while he continued his studies in Sussex.

On the first of October, he and his father escorted their friend Romney on his road to London as far as Petworth.

The juvenile sculptor remained there, to proceed in his copy of a sitting philosopher, dignified with the name of Seneca. On the fourth he returned to Eartham, and proceeded to Felpham in the evening, to receive there, the next day, his father, and the architect of the turret. It was a day of tender, temperate, and cheerful festivity, being the birthday of the young sculptor, and a season when the little party had additional cause of rejoicing together, in the pleasing progress of the fanciful structure, so interesting to them all. The poet and the architect returned to sleep at Eartham, but revisited their young deputy at Felpham the next morning, where they all were amused with preparations for the Druidical seat in the garden, a kind of architecture peculiarly interesting to the fancy of their friendly Palladio, a man of great social gaiety, of an elegant mind, and a generous heart. His visit to Sussex was at this time longer than usual, but he departed on the ninth; and the preceding day the diligent young sculptor, refreshed by sea-bathing, returned to his unfinished statue in the gallery of Petworth. While he was employed upon it, he was repeatedly visited by his father, and his young friend of Kew. Some parts of this fine antient statue had been restored

by a modern English artist, but the additions did not satisfy the taste of the juvenile sculptor, who had confidence enough in his own powers (modest as he ever was) to think he could surpass them by working from nature, and his father most willingly gratified his wishes, by sitting to him in the gallery, as a model for a naked arm on this occasion, a circumstance that led the poet, and his guest from Kew, repeatedly to Petworth, whence the sculptor was recalled by the following billet:

"*October* 19, 1797.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"I hoped to send for you early to-day, but a mischance "of our friend Meyer has made us very late. His fine mare "had a most severe fall with him, in our way to Felpham, "yesterday evening. Thank Heaven, he has escaped with "trifling injury, compared to what I had reason to apprehend. "I contrived to get him blooded speedily, and Guy has seen "us at Felpham, this morning. He assures me there is no "serious mischief to be apprehended, but the face of our friend "is disfigured for the present. Pray ride carefully, and "Heaven guide you safely to

"Your most affectionate

"W. H."

The heart of Hayley had been severely alarmed for his interesting young companion, who appeared to be utterly destroyed in the moment of his fall.

He soon revived, though with considerable marks of the mischance. His old friend resolved, on this account, to conduct him in person to his excellent mother, and at the same time to have a conference with Flaxman, concerning the return of his pupil to his professional studies in London.

For these interesting purposes he made an excursion from Eartham, with his two young companions, on the 25th of October. They reached Kew to dinner. The next day the Hayleys visited Romney and Flaxman, and decided the important point concerning the speedy return of the dear disciple to Buckingham-street. His medical friends were all firm in their opinion that no reason existed for any fearful delay; and his friendly master was nobly solicitous that no time should be lost, being anxious to introduce his pupil as a student into the Royal Academy, with all possible advantages. The heroic youth very tenderly informed his father, that, from his internal sensations, he had doubts concerning the stability of his health, and requested his opinion concerning the measure of returning to live in London, as a point of duty, declaring that if it appeared to be so, no dangers should deter him from pursuing it. His father replied, that the united opinions of all his medical friends, and of his master, seemed to ascertain the point.

The considerate, but undismayed youth, then decided for himself most cheerfully, and after passing a few hours in London, the party returned, with the addition of Romney and Mrs. Flaxman, to Kew. The young sculptor and his father

proceeded, the next day, to Sussex, and after saluting their friends at Petworth, conveyed the new little statue of Seneca in their chaise to Eartham. Thomas now made the most active preparations for his return to London, and before his journey, completed a portrait in oil colours, a picture of singular merit, both for resemblance and pencilling, considering the inexperience of the artist. The head is rather less than life; but so forcibly and neatly painted, that it might pass for the work of an old German master. Hayley, in closing his Diary of October, describes his memorable parting from his son in the following terms.

"Tuesday 31.—Assisted the dear sculptor in preparations "for his journey. Rode with him, in spite of a severe wind, "the greater part of his way to Petworth. We parted with "mutual emotions of tenderness. I have faithfully and re- "solutely discharged a very painful parental duty, in settling "his return to his incomparable master, although my appre- "hensions for his health suggested to me the idea (with a "secret and suppressed wish) of his remaining in the country "till the Spring. In closing this month, I have to regret the "suspension of studies, in which I had hoped to make a con- "siderable progress; but the higher duties of friendship and "paternal affection have engrossed my time; and having ful- "filled these to the best of my limited and declining powers, "I look forward with cheerful hope and good intentions to "my favourite season for study, the Winter."

Such was the prospect that presented itself to the fancy of a literary recluse. In resuming the series of his letters, with those of his son, we shall soon perceive how very unfavourable the events of the Winter must have proved to those quiet plans of study, which he had proposed for himself.

" EARTHAM, *November* 2, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" As we parted with mutual emotions of tenderness, I am " confident we sympathise in the eager desire to receive good " accounts of each other.

" I conclude the coach did not reach London so rapidly as " you expected. Heaven send me comfortable tidings of you " to-morrow, and bless you with a confirmation of reviving " health, to emulate the professional ardour of our admirable " Flaxman. The post of to-day, instead of bringing me the " cheerful news I wished for, brought me information from " Mr. Long, that Mrs. Hayley has a severe indisposition, and " is attended by him and our kind friend Dr. Latham. You " will have the goodness, therefore, to call on her, and render " her any services in your power. My cold continues very " heavy upon me. There is one advantage in indisposition, " it makes us properly sensible of attentions due to the sick " and the poor. This remark suggests to me an addition to " the commissions I gave you. Ah! *Carissimo Tobiezzo,* you " cannot imagine what a gratification I feel in contemplating " the sketch of you in that character, since you have left me.

" To speak of it in the expressive words of the young Pliny,
" ' Pergratum est mihi hanc effigiem subinde intueri, subinde
" ' respicere, sub hâc consistere, præter hanc commeare.'

" The more I look at it, the more I am delighted with the
" varied feelings that it most happily expresses; and had our
" dear Romney executed only this single rapid sketch, in the
" whole summer, he would have done enough to reward me
" for the vexation (great as it was) which I frequently endured
" from his mental infirmities. Heaven bless him and preserve
" him from the plagues that his fancy is often inclined to in-
" flict upon itself. Adieu, dearest of dear artists; cultivate,
" above all things, benevolence, cheerfulness, and energy of
" mind. With benedictions to you and the dear Flaxmans,

" Ever your most affectionate,

" W. H."

Mrs. Hayley's indisposition continued to increase, and on the 8th of November, terminated in her death. In writing to his son on the subject of that event, on the following day, Hayley concludes thus;—

" I wish you to remain under the tender consolation of your
" excellent master. I shall most probably not move from this
" spot, till all decent rites are paid here to the deceased. It is
" my intention to honour her remains by placing them next to
" her angelic friend, my own excellent mother, in the vault
" here, and by a monument to her memory, by our dear
" Flaxman. God bless you! I will write to you again to-
" morrow. Adieu."

"EARTHAM, *November* 10, 1797.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"My heart, as long as it continues to beat, must be ever "full of paternal tenderness towards you, a point upon which "I am confident your own feelings, my dear and most de- "servedly dear child, will do ample justice to mine. 'Some- "thing too much of this,' as Hamlet says, after pouring forth "his heart to the dearest of his friends. Let me now thank you "once more, for all your kind and excellent advice to me, par- "ticularly seasonable and welcome to the troubled state of my "spirits. I say *troubled state*, because nature on these awful "occasions exacts a proper tribute from every feeling bosom, "and I could not but be deeply affected by the decease of our "poor Eliza, though I consider it as a merciful decree of a most "gracious and compassionate Providence. But I must pause "for the present, and quit you, the dearest of my dear corre- "spondents, to relieve my confused and aching head by a turn in "this tranquil and still pleasant garden, that, from the astonish- "ing brilliancy of the weather, is very far from having a Novem- "ber appearance. God preserve and bless you!"

"EARTHAM, *November* 12, 1797.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"My wishes would have transported you to me, but in "reflecting on the subject, I conceived it most kind to you, "and most proper, after your long absence from our beloved "Flaxman, that you should remain as steady in your profes-

" sional studies as possible, especially as I may probably have " the gratification of seeing you in London, within a few weeks.

" It will be a great relief to me, when the mournful rites of " the funeral are decently completed, as I hope they will be. " My best reward for the pain of attending to them here, will " be the gratification I hope to enjoy from meeting you well in " town, and finding you with Flaxmanic energy and spirit " advancing in your divine art. Heaven bless you, and those " dear friends who are now consoling and instructing you!

" Ever your most affectionate

" W. H."

" EARTHAM, *November* 16, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Having composed a brief occasional discourse for our " friendly pastor to recite, at the funeral of my poor Eliza, I " am induced (because I believe it may be a pleasing attention " to you, and such as the departed spirit would approve) to " dispatch it to you so speedily, that you may (if it proves " convenient) recite it yourself to our dear Flaxmans, at the " very time when it will be delivered to the good people of " our village. My eyes are fatigued by their labour in your " service. So adieu."

" EARTHAM, *November* 19, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" As I am persuaded your feeling heart will be anxious to " hear how all your friends have passed through the awful " affecting scene of Friday, I hasten to assure you that the

"LONDON, *Nov.* 19 *and* 20, 1797.

"I long for the end of next week, that I may have the "pleasure of conversing with you on several subjects. I met "the good painter yesterday morning, riding to Hampstead. "He kindly hoped that you would make his house your "residence in town, whenever you come. He seemed in "tolerable health and spirits. Mr. Flaxman is gone to Epsom, "to put up Dr. Parkhurst's monument, which I wish you "could have seen put together, as it is, I think, one of his "happiest productions.

"Ever your most affectionate

"T. H."

"EARTHAM, *November* 22, 1797.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"I hope in some propitious day to visit the church of "Epsom with you, as I perfectly agree with you in the idea "that the monument of Dr. Parkhurst is one of our dear "Flaxman's most happy compositions. The simplicity and the "grace of it are truly admirable, and perhaps I love the "monument the more, in recollecting a morning agreeably "passed with the respectable man of God to whom it is de-"voted. I must now hasten to such intelligence as I presume "you will hear with pleasure, I mean the day fixed for our "meeting. I believe it will be this day se'nnight, but you shall "hear from me again before I arrive. *Adio!*"

Hayley travelled to London, according to his intention, before

the end of November, and during his stay in town resided in the lodgings of the departed lady, not only because that residence was most convenient for examining the numerous papers of the deceased, but from his feeling a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the scene she had inhabited, and being led by it to hear many particulars concerning the close of her life. The sentiments of pity, tenderness, and admiration, that he felt towards a being so singularly interesting, are expressed in his Diary on closing this and the following month. I will transcribe the passages, because they appear to be genuine effusions of the heart, in a season of tender remembrance and awful sensibility. Before I insert the two extracts from his Diary, it may be proper to observe, that in the first copy of the present Memoir, those transcripts were followed by a description and character of Mrs. Hayley, with the verses composed by her husband to be inscribed on her tomb; but as both the description and the epitaph have lately found a place, that appeared more appropriate, in a biographical account of their author; this sixth part of the present compilation may terminate with those sentiments of the poet which he recorded in his Diary, while their influence was recent and powerful.

" Wednesday, November 29, 1797. Travelled to London, " and found my son waiting for me in the lodgings of my " deceased Eliza; an evening of pensive tenderness. In closing " the month, I feel impressed with awful gratitude to Heaven " for the merciful manner of conducting all incidents leading to " the unexpected fate of my long suffering Eliza, whose decease

" I ought to regard as a blessing to herself, and a gracious " decree of providential compassion towards the evening of my " troubled life. May Heaven direct me to feel, and improve as " I ought, the kindness of this affecting dispensation!"

I pass over the regular current of events, to anticipate the similar reflections which Hayley threw upon paper, concerning the death of this memorable lady, at the end of the year. His Diary of December 1797 concludes with the following words:

" I cannot close the last day of the departing year, without " feeling a renewed sensation of gratitude to Heaven, for the " merciful manner in which an unexpected event of the year " has been conducted. In lamenting the cureless sufferings of " my unhappy Eliza, I have great reason to treat her memory " with tenderness, and even to admire and imitate the very " noble spirit of reformation, in her economical conduct of the " last twelve months.

" May Heaven grant me powers to think and act in such a " manner, as may be most pleasing to her spirit in a purer state " of existence. In these awful times, every mortal ought to " fortify the mind against the future evils that seem to threaten " this island.

" Magnos accinctus ad actus
" Fert animus quascunque vices."

The poet seems to have spoken here prophetically of calamities both domestic and national, which at this time he was himself very far from foreseeing distinctly. When he after-

wards became most painfully alarmed for the life of his son, in whose childhood Eliza had so greatly delighted, he found additional reason to consider her decease as a most seasonable blessing, and to apply to her the tender and pathetic verse of Virgil.

" Felix morte tuâ, neque in hunc servata dolorem."

END OF THE SIXTH PART.

PART THE SEVENTH.

" Ostendent terris hunc tantùm Fata."

It was a welcome gratification to the young artist, to have a little of his father's society in London, and to assist him in the dispatch of some melancholy business, which arose from the event recorded in the last chapter. Hayley's solicitude to devote himself again to the advancement of his suspended composition, and to animate the juvenile sculptor by an example of industry, in a work that interested him peculiarly, and relating to his own art, made the visit to London but a short one. Having carefully packed a few memorials of the deceased, and particularly her favourite portrait of Alphonso, in the character of a fairy, on the 13th of December, the old traveller gave a farewell benediction to his son, at the foot of Blackfriars bridge, and with no companion but the portrait that he took into his chaise, proceeded on his return to Sussex.

" CAVENDISH-SQUARE, *Dec.* 17, 1797.

" My very dear Bard,

" I take up my pen at Mr. Romney's, because I have been " at work here the best part of to-day, on my copy (in oil " colours) of your head, and I am now waiting to receive " Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman, who are coming to drink tea with " the painter this evening.

" I am extremely obliged by your kindness in giving me such " speedy intelligence of your safe arrival at dear Eartham, and " happy that you accomplished your journey so quickly. I will " take care to execute your commissions, and convey the " Chancellor to Mr. Rose on the first opportunity.

" I must now wish you a good night, as we are in momen- " tary expectation of the visitors. I will add a few lines to- " morrow. Adieu.

" Our evening passed very pleasantly, for the painter was in " high good humour. I am now at work in his figure-room, " copying in bas-relief the group of Castor and Pollux, which " Mr. Flaxman intends that I shall present to the Academy, to " gain my admittance as a student. After a morning's work at " Mr. Romney's, and running for Mr. Flaxman, I found on my " return home a kind letter from you, which is always a refresh- " ment to me. I have only time to add my best thanks for your " epistle, and that I will attend to all you say in it.

" Ever your most affectionate

" T. H."

" EARTHAM, *December* 21, 1797.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I am pleased to hear you have been so nobly busy with " the arts, under the roof of our *Caro Pittore.* I am persuaded " you will gain considerable credit by your bas-relief, intended " for the Academy. By the way, let me observe to you, that " Winckelman, in his *Monumenta inedita,* gives some ingenious " reasons why we should rather take these admirable figures, " commonly called Castor and Pollux, for Pylades and Orestes. " As you are now so interested in the question, I will transcribe " what he says on the subject, and send it to you, whenever I " get a frank. The weather has only allowed me one excursion. " Yesterday I visited Felpham. The road like a lake. The " view from the turret more beautiful than ever. The air was " tranquil, the light and shade exquisite: I ascended twice into " the enchanting circle, and wished to have transported you, " Flaxman, Romney, and Palladio, to share with me the peculiar " sweetness and lustre of the scene. The weather was more " like June than December, but December is returned to-day.

" I have just seen, in the newspaper of to-day, an account of " the procession to St. Paul's, and I hope, though you talked of " avoiding the crowd, that you were with the respectable party " who visited, on this occasion, our good old friend of the " Strand. At your time of life, and with your profession, it is " right, I believe, to survey every public show, although I wish " you never to lose your native modest and retired disposition. " Adieu."

The reply of the young sculptor, written at Kew, has, by some mischance, escaped from the series of his letters, which were not indeed collected with that orderly care, which the affectionate Alphonso displayed in preserving every thing addressed to him by the pen of his father.

"EARTHAM, *December 29*, 1797.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"Your good tidings from Kew were doubly welcome, as "they informed me of your own welfare, and that of our friends. "I have transcribed for you, with pleasure, the passage you re- "quest from Winckelman, concerning your group, with addi- "tions from Euripides. This transcript has led me to re-peruse "his Electra. The moral sentences of this pathetic poet "are admirable. Here is one that would make an excellent "motto for any scene of industry.

Ἀργὸς γὰρ ἡδεὶς θεὸς ἔχων ἀνὰ στόμα
Βίον δύναιτ' ἂν συλλέγειν ἄνευ πόνου.

'No loiterer, having heaven but on his lips,
'Can win a livelihood exempt from toil.'

"If the passage from Winckelman puzzles you a little, the kind "Nancy, accomplished as she is, will assist you in construing "the Italian, a language so useful to an artist, that I advise you "to make it a rule to read a few lines of it every day, and some- "times transcribe a moral air of Metastasio in your diary. I am "glad you have a pleasing young fellow-student, under the roof

" of our *Caro Pittore*, and shall be glad to be continually in-
" formed of all your works. Give my love to the *Pittore*, and
" tell him, I do not write to him, because as you are so fre-
" quently at his house, you can kindly and agreeably convey to
" each of us, an account of the other. I hope to hear that he is
" active and cheerful, daily employing himself on some noble
" work of art. Pray is the picture that we hunted for, through
" his grand chaos of unfinished designs, yet discovered? The
" portrait of a certain fairy looks delightfully in the *quondam*
" library of the said fairy, where I have placed the books also
" in high order. How advances our dear Flaxman in his marine
" monuments? He is, I trust, applauded, as he deserves to be,
" at the Admiralty. With my benediction to you all.

" *Adio.*"

" EARTHAM, *January* 18, 1798.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" These lingering pains that seize you, afflict me in no
" trifling degree, yet I derive considerable comfort from an
" assurance that your spirits are animated by a noble desire of
" professional improvement. I am persuaded that a strong
" passion to excel in an art like yours, where Nature has given
" faculties for the acquisition of excellence, is as favourable to
" health, as it is to reputation; πᾶσα γὰρ τέχνη ἰσχυρὸν τὶ ἔχει καὶ
" θαρσαλέον ἐν τοῖς ἑαυτῆς.

" I trust, therefore, that the dear juvenile artist will struggle
" through the uncomfortable sensations of unsteady health, by

" the vigour of well cultivated genius, and that the virtues of " his mind, with the favour of Heaven, will gradually inspirit, " and fortify the tenderness of his frame.

" Let me now thank you for the articles arrived. The gloom " of my last excursion to London gave me a most uncomfort- " able confusion of head, which I cannot yet perfectly shake " off, nor shall I be able to do so, I believe, till my heart is " more at ease concerning your health. The weather is so " unfavourable to long rides, that I have not reached either " Petworth or Lavington for a long time. I ventured, how- " ever, to Felpham again yesterday, in spite of clouds that " threatened heavily, and escaped better than I expected. You " will, I know, be highly pleased with the progress we are " making in various parts of these marine premises, when you " arrive in the Spring. Heaven grant us a happy meeting, and " health and spirits to fill the interval of time with laudable " mental, and manual labour. God preserve and bless the dear " Trio of Buckingham-street. *Adio.*"

" LONDON, *January* 20, 1798.

" My very dear Bard,

" I must begin by thanking you for your kind solicitude " concerning my health. I have not yet got rid of my rheu- " matic pains, so that I have not resumed my model at Mr. " Romney's, which I have now left untouched for near a month, " having employed myself in drawing anatomy at home. This " has grieved me very much, for I began that bas-relief with more

" pleasure than any I have hitherto modelled, with the idea " that it was to procure me the privilege of studying in the " Academy. Soon after I began it, I was rendered unable to " proceed with it, and I perceive that Mr. Flaxman is not less " vexed than myself, for, wishing, as he kindly does, to ad- " vance me in my profession, and fearing at the same time to " endanger my health, he is in continual solicitude about me. " But I trust I shall soon get free of these pains, and be able to " prosecute my studies once more, as I am now much better " than I was. I rejoice to hear so good an account of the pro- " gress you are making at Felpham. I have been at work here " in Cavendish-square, and in oil colours, all this morning. " Mr. Romney desires me to say he will write soon.

" Ever your most affectionate

"T. H."

" EARTHAM, *January* 25, 1798.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" It grieves me to the bottom of my heart, to find you " are still an *invalid*, though you kindly assure me your strength " is increasing, and a friendly letter from Long endeavours to " persuade me that I need not be uneasy about you. But I " cannot help feeling the truth of our old Latin maxim,

' Res est soliciti plena timoris amor.'

" And of all affections, parental love is most subject to tender " anxiety. The suspension of your work for the Academy,

" to which our Flaxman so kindly directed you, and which you " began with such laudable and delightful alertness, is a serious " trouble to me; yet I hope you look forward with noble reso- " lution to a more favourable season for application, and say " in your private meditations, to your professional patroness, " Sculpture, (with the spirit of young Henry, addressing his " father,)

' I will redeem all this,
' And in the closing of some glorious day,
' Be bold to tell you that I am your son.'

" *Apropos* of old fathers! I am sorry to find you are pestered " with solicitations to furnish a biographical account of yours, " for those importunate gentlemen, who publish magazines.

" I cannot think of asking a friend, as they curiously suggest, " to be my biographer, so my life shall be left to their discre- " tion, and if these humble writers can make a dinner out of " it in these hard times, much good may it do them! I have " no appetite for their praise, and no dread of their censure. " I believe parental solicitude is a perfect cure for poetical " vanity. It would delight me more to be assured that you " are well, and advancing happily in noble works, than to be " flattered for any composition of mine by all the critical " biographers of Europe. It will gratify you very much to " hear that I am going to drink a cup of coffee with the obliging " knight of Bognor*, who has expressed a benevolent dispo-

* Sir Richard Hotham.

" sition to indulge me with a piece of his land in Felpham. " I have thus a prospect of forming an acquisition, which will " render our marine premises every thing we can wish for the " united purposes of pleasure, economy, and comfort. Heaven " grant they may prove fruitful to you, of all these blessings, " some forty or fifty years hence! Many thanks for the elegant " pallet and lyre, with the beautiful little figure of Temperance. " May Heaven speedily restore and bless you. *Adio.*"

" LONDON, *January* 27, 1798.

" I obey my dear bard's commands, in sending a few lines " by this post. I have the pleasure of telling him that, " thanks to Mr. Long's attention, I am much better; he has " given me James's powder every night, by which I have " sweated away my pains. I thank you sincerely for your kind- " ness in sending your letter a day sooner than usual, as your " letters always enliven my spirits. As I do not go out myself, " I must seize an opportunity of sending this to the post by " one of our workmen, and must hasten to finish it with begging " you to banish your anxiety about me, as my pains are merely " slight rheumatic pains, and they are now much better.

" Ever your most affectionate,

" T. H."

" EARTHAM, *February* 1, 1798.

" The welcome accounts of your recovery from obstinate " and tormenting complaints are received as the best blessings " Heaven can send me.

" My horse is now prepared for a marine excursion. I am " going to examine if the late furious storms have shattered the " windows of our turret. You shall have fresh tidings of the " favourite marine villa on my return; so adieu for some hours.

" Huzza! for the safety of the brave little turret, which " stood without receiving any kind of damage from a most vehe- " ment storm of wind, thunder, lightning, and rain, that abso- " lutely tore the great windmill in pieces, and almost overset it.

" The tempest broke some glass at Bognor, but entirely " spared us (thank Heaven!), exposed as we are to all the vehe- " mence of a tornado, beyond our neighbours. These tidings " will please you and Palladio, who will have reason, I hope, " to take an honest pride in the solidity, in the grace, and in " the good use of his works. Heaven grant that the scene " may prove conducive, as I trust it will, to the revival and " confirmation of your strength and spirits, whenever you visit " the Hermit of the ocean. *Adio.* Love and a thousand thanks " to the dear Flaxmans for all their kindness to you."

" London, *February* 5, 1798.

" My very dear Bard,

" I am delighted to hear such excellent accounts of your " proceedings at Felpham, and doubly delighted with the " strength of the turret in resisting the tempest.

" Mr. Bunce called here again to say that he had taken his " place for Portsmouth, and that he should come to you on " Tuesday. I shall wish myself with you on that evening, to

" enjoy your merry meeting, for merry I am sure it will be;
" but I must content myself with viewing you in my mind's eye.
" You say there is a chance of our seeing you with our bodily
" eyes. To what circumstance do we owe this pleasing expec-
" tation? Whatever it is, I need not tell you how happy we
" shall be to see you here, come when you will. I am now
" barking myself into strength and vigour. I have just bought a
" copy of Albinus, with which I am delighted. It will be of
" great use to me. Titania will add a few lines. *Adio!*"

Postscript by Mrs. Flaxman.

" I thank you, my dear bard, for your sweet violets, and
" am happy to tell you that your fairy boy is all but perfect
" both in his health and manners. Any *extra* care or trouble
" he may have occasioned me, both you and himself are per-
" fectly welcome to.

" Could things be as I wish, Tom should never be ill, that
" you, my dearest bard, might never be unhappy. Flaxman
" desires to be affectionately remembered to you."

" EARTHAM, *Feb.* 7, 1798.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" The blessed tidings that you are restored to liberty
" and health made me caper like a boy with delight. Hidalgo
" has capered with me, and also the Signor Palladio, on six
" feet, all short, indeed, but lively. So much for joy! and yet
" a little more, as I trust it will make you also caper with

"joy, to be told that I and Palladio are coming to rejoice with "you, in person, on your recovery. I hope you will see us on "Saturday. Some pecuniary matters of importance render it "prudent for me, I think, to pass a week or two in London, "before the Spring advances, and I shall eagerly seize the "occasion to congratulate you on your revival. How Palladio "and I wished for you and the dear Flaxmans, on the top of "the marine turret, to-day, for the view was enchanting, and "the weather like summer. My love and thanks to Titania, "for her kind and delightful postscript. Heaven bless you "all, and grant us a joyous meeting!"

The travellers arrived in London, as they proposed, on Saturday, the 10th of February; but the paternal gaiety with which the poet prepared for this journey, was changed into severe alarm and affliction, when he beheld the countenance of his son; for, notwithstanding the joy which illumined that expressive countenance, on their meeting, it shewed too clearly to a father's eye, that the general health of this beloved youth was by no means in the improving state that his medical friends imagined. The anxious parent was now convinced that they had all mistaken the nature of his illness, and, of course, treated it improperly. He said to his physician, "You per-"suade yourself that your young patient has no alarming "symptoms, and consider his complaint as nothing but a "trifling accidental injury on the muscles of the breast, but "I perceive, from the alteration in his appearance, though I

" know not his real malady, that if he remains at present in " London, he must sink rapidly into the grave." His humane physician replied, " I protest I cannot see the danger you men- " tion; but, if you have such an apprehension, for Heaven's " sake remove him with you into the country." " That indeed " I consider as my duty," said the afflicted father. On the 18th of February, he conveyed the darling invalid to Eartham, and the progress of his disorder soon proved too forcibly the just penetration of paternal solicitude.

The journey, though he travelled in a postchaise, evidently fatigued and oppressed him. On a consultation with his medical friend of Sussex, Mr. Guy, that excellent surgeon still adhered to the unfortunate opinion of the medical gentleman in London, who had considered this obstinate complaint as seated only in the muscles of the breast. On this idea, a large blister was applied, but it produced no good effect. His father was most painfully alarmed, and expressed his own feelings in the following passage of his Diary:

" February 28, 1798. Composed, before I rose to-day, a " devotional sonnet; a prayer occasioned by the illness of my " dear child. It is impossible to contemplate his countenance, " without being alarmed for his life, and impossible to lose him " without feeling that I lose every thing for which I have " wished to live. Under such trials, there can be no support " of any value, but religion."

The trials impending over this anxious parent and his affectionate child were, indeed, so long and so severe, as to require

no common share of fortitude and piety. To what extent they both possessed and exerted these qualities, the course of this narrative will shew. The next month opened with an incident likely to awaken the most lively hopes, in a spirit so sanguine as Nature had given to the poet. On the 5th of March, he said to his friend Guy, " There is surely some unfortunate mistake in " the opinions and practice of all you accomplished medical " men concerning this beloved sufferer. His complaint cannot " be seated in the muscles of the breast. Pray, my good friend, " let us carefully examine together all the upper part of his " frame." The proposal was instantly followed by a minute examination of the back bone, and the father was the first to observe that a small obliquity appeared in the spine, between the shoulders. The appearance was so very slight, that the surgeon did not at first imagine that the conjecture of the anxious parent was right, for that anxious parent had immediately exclaimed, " Here is the long latent source of all which " this dear patient has endured." In a few days, Mr. Guy was perfectly convinced that the physician and the surgeons consulted had all most unfortunately mistaken the case. By looking into the best medical writers on disorders of the spine, all the symptoms of the sufferer were completely explained, and the comforted father began to hope that this new discovery was a ray of light from Heaven, that would lead to the perfect restoration of his child. The malady of the patient was at this time so oppressive, that he could with difficulty attend to any book that was read to him. His anxious father remembered

his son's early passion for comedy, and tried, in this depressive season, to make it a source of amusement to the invalid. His general languor had, at this period, almost overwhelmed his faculties, which a good comedy seemed to re-animate. It appeared to be his favourite cordial, and looking up, with inexpressible tenderness and gratitude, in the face of his old vigilant companion, as soon as evening returned and candles were lighted, he used to say, with a faint voice of irresistible petition, "Well, dear Papa! when does the comedy begin?" for his father was now in a course of reading to him, every night, such comedies as were best calculated to dissipate the extraordinary languor that oppressed him, a languor which, at this season of his malady, appeared to damp his native energy of mind, much more than it did when he had utterly lost the use of his limbs. It is, in general, far from being the duty or the interest of a biographer to expatiate on personal complaints, that have a great tendency to make the reader disgusted with his subject; but in the present case, it seems proper frequently to notice the sufferings of a young martyr, not only to display his most exemplary patience and fortitude through a trial of tremendous length, but to put all parents on their guard against that insidious mischief, a distortion of the spine, which is so apt to steal upon childhood unnoticed and unsuspected. As soon as the source of the young sculptor's illness was discovered, his father began himself to peruse the most eminent medical writers on the complaint, particularly

Darwin and Pott. The celebrated works of the latter chiefly guided the practice of Mr. Guy, in the new treatment of his much beloved, though long ill-treated patient. The new remedies appeared at first to succeed. The anxious father concluded his Diary of March 1798 with the following reflections:

" In closing the month, which has been devoted to attend-
" ance on my dear patient, I discern more and more reason to
" be grateful to Heaven, for the improving prospect of his
" recovery."

As the Spring advanced, it was hoped the invalid would derive great benefit, first from marine air, and afterwards from sea-bathing. With this view, he removed, towards the end of April, to the new building at Felpham, and at this time he had the gratification of receiving the following polite and animating letter from an amiable literary traveller, whom he had long regarded as a friendly correspondent of his father.

TO MR. THOMAS HAYLEY.

" St. Valeri Bray, *20th April*, 1798.

" Dear Sir,

" Your Minerva reached me this week, and now graces my
" library. It does honour to your chisel. You have given to a
" face of exquisite beauty, the solemn touch of wisdom. The
" execution amazes me. It is worthy of a Venetian artist. If
" you continue to advance with such rapid strides, you will soon
" reach the head of the elegant profession you have chosen.

" With the medallions of your friend Romney, your father, " and yourself, I am delighted. They shall hold a distin- " guished place in my library. As poetry, painting, and sculp- " ture, are the three arts which I adore, it will be highly grati- " fying to me to have an opportunity of occasionally contem- " plating the portraits of three living professors of these arts, " two of whom are already pre-eminent, and the third promising " to be so. For all these inestimable effusions of your genius, " accept my warmest thanks. I should be happy to learn that " your health is re-established. Do not, my dear sir, neglect it; " I know its value from its frequent absence, and therefore will " beg leave to recommend it to your peculiar care. Give a " certain portion of each day to moderate exercise. Exercise " your mind also, as well as your body. I do not mean in " literary pursuits only, but in the society of such men as your " father, Mr. Romney, and Mr. Flaxman.

" Mr. Flaxman I had the honour to know, very slightly indeed, " at Rome, and it has often been matter of deep regret to me, " since, that I did not cultivate his acquaintance. He is, in my " opinion, not only the greatest artist that has appeared, since " the days of Michael Angelo, but a man of great opulence and " elegance of mind. You have great reason to congratulate " yourself on having been placed under such a master.

" Have the goodness to assure Mr. Flaxman, that I feel the " highest respect for his virtues and his talents. Make my " kindest compliments acceptable to your amiable, accom- " plished father; and while I repeat my thanks for the valu-

" able accession to the treasures of my library, allow me to " assume the title of your friend,

" JOSEPH COOPER WALKER."

The young invalid, now stationed by the sea side, was continually visited by his father, who thought it most eligible to reside himself at Eartham, and closed his Diary of April with a hope that he should soon be enabled to resume his long suspended literary projects. But his attention to his beloved patient left him little time for studious application. When he was not riding to visit the object of his incessant solicitude, he was often employed in writing a letter merely to amuse him; such appears to have been his design in the following.

" EARTHAM, *May* 4, 1798.

" Dear Convalescent,

" You will be surprised to hear that a military gentleman, " on a prancing horse, rode up to my gate about ten minutes " ago, desired to speak with me, and said, as his first salutation, " ' Sir, I come to know if you are ready to fight a duel with " ' me.' I looked steadily on his serious countenance, and re- " plied, ' What, Sir, is your weapon ?' He exclaimed, ' Pistols.' " ' Mine,' I answered, ' is the sword; and as you are a soldier, " you cannot object to it.'

" While I was speaking, he prepared to take something heavy, " and of brass, from his pocket. ' There, Sir,' my visitor then " said, ' You must accept these or fight me.' To keep you no

" longer in suspense, my odd questioner was Captain ——, and " the brass he produced, a pair of curious hinges for a door, with " the nature of which our carpenter is acquainted. I now send " them to Felpham for your amusement. The captain, who is " a man of singular humour, had a mind perhaps to try the spi- " rit of his neighbour for a moment, and, as a frolick, accosted " me with so stern a visage, that (as I have heard he is subject " to strange fancies) I did not absolutely know whether he was " in jest or in earnest; but our conference ended very plea- " santly on both sides. I enclose a very kind letter from the " excellent Flaxman, which was an agreeable treat to me yes- " terday, after my hot ride. Adieu! Let me receive a few " lines by the bearer, to tell me what Guy thought of your gra- " dual improvement from the marine air. Heaven re-animate " and bless you!"

The lively hero of the petty anecdote mentioned in this letter had a little villa and farm, near Eartham, which he had talked of selling. William of Kew had greatly admired the scene, and expressed a wish that his good mother would purchase it, for the residence of her family. On this account, Hayley invited his amiable old friend to pass a little time in his retreat, and take a considerate view of the estate that her son kindly wished her to acquire. She came with one of her daughters, on the 10th of May. They enlivened the beloved invalid at Felpham with repeated visits, and they surveyed the estate that was thought of as a purchase; but all hopes of the acquisition soon

vanished, on a frank declaration from the humorous captain, that his wife had recently told him, that it would make her wretched to relinquish the premises, and he had therefore resolved to play the part of an obliging husband, and sacrifice his own project to her entreaties. So ended a whimsical negotiation.

Hayley was desirous of consoling his guests for their disappointment, and determined to escort them home to Kew, as a considerable supposed improvement in the health of his son allowed him to be absent from Sussex, on a short excursion; and as he had hopes of rendering essential service to some of his friends, by passing a few days in London. During his brief stay in town, he received very cheerful and encouraging accounts of the reviving invalid. He had the pleasure of having the company of his architect, on his return to Eartham, on the 27th of May. The travellers rode to the marine turret on the morning after their journey, and the anxious father has said in his Diary, that he thought the features of the supposed convalescent considerably improved.

Early in June, they began to try the effect of sea-bathing. Hayley, particularly fond of this salutary exercise, and sanguine in his hopes of its beneficial influence on his son, generally attended him into the sea, although he still made Eartham his own residence, and received Meyer there as his guest, towards the end of June. To this interesting guest, the hereditary friend of Hayley and his young artist, the poet read his long

suspended poetical Essay on Sculpture, and he closed his Diary of June with the following words.

" We both continue to think well of this interrupted poem, " to be resumed and finished, if the health of the dear invalid " and my own may re-animate the long silenced poet with a " renewal of parental hope and delight.

" In closing another month, in which all study appears to " have ceased, I must not repine, but rather feel and express " becoming gratitude to Heaven, for my present prospect of " seeing that dear sufferer restored, whose faculties have been " so severely injured by his obstinate and cruel malady, which " is yielding, I trust, to the salutary influence of the sea. " *Speranza e Coraggio!*"

Meyer left his friend at Eartham early in July, but an amicable plan was settled that he and his family should arrive there towards the end of the month, and establish their residence for the residue of the summer, under the roof of the solitary poet. His Diary on the 10th of July, has the following words: " Added a postscript to Tom's excellent and affecting letter to " Flaxman."

From the following reply of his benevolent master, it appears that, weak as this young sufferer was, he had expressed an eager desire to employ himself in sculptural labour. His kind intention was to execute two medallions in marble, representing the heads of Homer and Michael Angelo, to decorate a new entrance to the marine turret of his father.

" Buckingham-street, *July* 20, 1798.

" Dear Thomas,

" The circular marbles which were prepared according to " the order of Mr. Bunce, I hope you will find such as you " wished for. The quality of the marble is excellent; but I " have no conception how you will be able to work on them, " in your present languid state, for surely you will find carving " marble requires much more exertion than carving wood. " However, your industrious spirit will be gratified in making " different trials, and I assure you that I heartily rejoice in your " spirits and strength being so much recovered as to enable you " to delight in any exercise of the mind, or body, because your " exercises are always commendable and virtuous; and when " this is the case, life presents a charming prospect before us, " and even death, instead of terror, presents us with a view of " endless happiness.

" I thank you for your kind congratulations on my employ- " ment in making models for the public monuments. Messrs. " Bacon, Banks, Nollekens, and Rossi, all men of distinguished " talents, have likewise been employed by Government, to " make models for the five public monuments. I have done " my best, and whether I shall have one of them to execute " or none, I shall be contented, because all dispensations of " Providence are for the best. I think you were pleased with " my composition, which is to be introduced in Miss Cromwell's " monument for Chichester. It is from a *bas-relief* which I " exhibited.

" When you are stronger, I shall beg you to look out a fine " light in the Cathedral for this small piece of sculpture, which " is one of my chief favourites.

" Farewell, dear Tom! when I can send you any thing that " will assist your progress, or soothe your mind, let me know, " and it shall be done. Titania's love with that of

" Your affectionate

" J. FLAXMAN."

This very kind letter to his disciple accompanied the following request to his friend the poet.

" *July* 20, 1798.

" Dear and kind Friend,

" I heartily rejoice with you on the progressive recovery of " our dear Thomas, whose languor seems gradually to abate, by " his returning ability to write and desire to labour. All must " commend, encourage, and receive instruction from the Chris- " tian and paternal spirit with which you consider the poor lad's " malady and its effects, and with which you watch over him, " and exert your endeavours to promote his restoration.

" You are sure (as well as myself) that your labours will not " be lost, because we are convinced that whatever we do in " sincerity to God and our fellow creatures, must ultimately be " advantageous to ourselves, however he may think proper to " dispose the event. But I write to Thomas, and shall now " proceed to trouble you on another subject.

" Mrs. Lushington (of Devonshire-street) has employed me

" to make a monument, upon the sole recommendation of seeing " Collins's in Chichester Cathedral (thanks to you, my worthy " friend, for that work). Mrs. Lushington is a lady under " circumstances of extraordinary calamity, and has lost her " eldest daughter, her nearest, dearest, and most intimate " friend, at the age of twenty-five. She was particularly struck " with the verses upon Collins's monument. She is an enthu- " siastic admirer of your muse, and always procured your works " as soon as published. Without knowing that I had any " acquaintance with you, after shewing me verses from Johnson " and Charlotte Smith, she lamented, in the most pathetic " manner, that she had no acquaintance with you, that could " give her a plea to beg you would write an epitaph for 'her " beloved angel.' I was struck with a sympathetic feeling in " the most heartfelt sorrow that I had ever beheld, and told " her I would entreat my worthy friend to add this kindness to " many others, as an obligation to me. If you consent to this " request, you will contribute consolation to a very amiable " mother, really bowed down by sorrow almost to the grave, " and you shall call on me, whenever you think fit, for a com- " position, either historical or of any kind or description that " you may have occasion for. If you should be inclined to " gratify this unfortunate lady, you will have the goodness to " signify your intentions in an answer, and I will send some " documents to furnish subject for the inscription.

" I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

" Your ever obliged and affectionate

" J. FLAXMAN."

Hayley, ever inclined to sympathize with the afflicted, was perfectly willing to co-operate with his friend in soothing the sorrow of this interesting parent. The course of this narrative will shew when he accomplished the request.

On the day when Flaxman's letter was dated, his friend at Eartham was receiving there the cheerful family from Kew, and the next day making signals on the mount, according to a plan settled with the dear sculptor at Felpham, to announce to him the safe arrival of a party, for whom he justly entertained a very tender regard. By the following billet, it appears that the beloved resident at Felpham was at this time busied in his removal from the old cottage into the new turret.

"EARTHAM, *July 25*, 1793.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"I long to hear your tender health has not suffered from "these deluges of rain. The good Sancho, who brings this to "you, with a variety of articles for your use, will give you "our history. I am particularly anxious to hear that your "*first night* in our new and engaging abode, proved a night of "tranquillity and comfort. Heaven, I trust, will make this "interesting mansion a source of good to us all, and of health, "particularly, to my dear invalid.

"We hope to be with you early to-morrow. *Adio.*"

It appears from the poet's Diary, that after writing this billet, he sat to one of his present guests, Matilda Greene, for

that portrait in black-lead pencil, which some of his friends regarded as the most pleasing resemblance of a head very frequently drawn by different artists, and repeatedly delineated in a variety of characters by his old friend Romney. The portrait in pencil was highly commended by the young artist, who agreeably surprised the party of Eartham with a visit on the 30th of July. His father ended his Diary of the month with these cheerful reflections:

"I cannot close the month without expressions of gratitude "to Heaven for the prospect of restoring my dear invalid, who "gains strength and spirits in a visible degree. I ought also "to regard it as no common blessing, that I have a fair pros- "pect of rendering important services to the family of my dear "old departed friend Meyer; and therefore, although I have "done nothing in literature, I must not consider my time as "ill employed."

August began with such an appearance of reviving strength in the young sufferer, that his father and his friends entertained very sanguine hopes of his perfect restoration. He was reanimated by seeing the portraits that Miss Greene drew in this month at Eartham, of two favourite guests of Hayley, Captain Godfrey and Counsellor Rose. The young sculptor was highly pleased with these portraits, and they probably tempted him to resume his own pencil. He sketched, but not with recovered powers, a head of Godfrey, and another from his own bust of Flaxman. The society of a family so dear to him as the Meyers, and the moving occasionally with some part of

his family, and his father, to change the scene from Felpham to Eartham, and again to the coast, amused the fancy and beguiled the internal sufferings of the dear patient, who was very far from being in such a convalescent state as all who loved him were willing to suppose. On the 10th of August his father rode in the evening to the turret to sleep there, for the purpose of composing the requested epitaph, which Mrs. Lushington had now enabled him to execute, by letters that expressed her strong maternal feelings and the merits of her departed daughter. The poet wished this compassionate epitaph to be his first poetical attempt in his new mansion. He composed it at the dawn of day on his pillow, and had the gratification of hearing it applauded at breakfast, very cordially, by his dear filial critic, whose approbation was ever to him not only a cordial delight, but a sure presage of general applause. On the present occasion his chief aim was to soothe the wounded spirit of a disconsolate mother, and the epitaph produced this most desirable effect in as high a degree as even the poet could expect. The health of Mrs. Meyer requiring a nearer residence to the sea, that good lady had removed to Felpham, leaving her family at Eartham. Her son received there a young foreign visitor, Mr. Schmann, a travelling Swede, a man of graceful manners, and much attached to music and literature. Meyer and Hayley escorted him to the marine turret, where the party were delighted to find that the dear disabled artist had rallied and exerted his shattered powers with singular spirit and felicity. He began in oil colours a

small portrait of Mrs. Meyer, that might be called a masterpiece, for the force and fidelity of the resemblance. In the course of this month, Lady Donegal and her sister Maria made several pleasing visits both to Eartham and the turret. Her Ladyship, herself an artist in landscape, executed several interesting views of the scenery at Eartham. In spite of such fascinating society, the anxious father began to be more alarmed. His Diary on the 25th of August has the following words:

"A rough morning. The dear invalid not able to attend "me into the sea. I am grievously afraid, that in spite of Guy's "assurances, he will lose the power of moving his lower limbs."

On the same day Captain Godfrey returned to Eartham, and benevolently suggested a project of conveying the beloved patient, in his one-horse chair, to pass a few days with him in London, and hear the deliberate opinions of his medical friends there, on his present condition.

The sanction of Guy, and Dr. Andre, of Petworth, was obtained for the journey, and, as an easy experiment, to ascertain how far the invalid could support the movement of such a carriage, his friend Meyer drove him to Petworth, on the evening of August 26. His father and Godfrey rode to rejoin them there, early the next morning; and the courageous invalid, persuaded in his own mind that he could well support the fatigue and pain of the excursion, was permitted to travel under the guidance of his brave and tender relation.

The half-crippled youth arrived safely in London, and sent to

his father very cheerful accounts of himself and his friends Romney and Flaxman. An extract from the replies of the anxious parent will sufficiently explain the sensations of both.

"EARTHAM, *August* 29.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"Most cordial thanks to you for your very kind and com-
"fortable accounts of yourself. On the receipt of your last, I
"burst into showers of tears, and exclaimed to myself, 'I hope
"I am grateful enough to Heaven for this blessed account.'

"God bless you all! Write every post."

"EARTHAM, *August* 30.

"You will be glad to hear that Romney is safely arrived at
"Eartham. I was trebly glad to be assured that he had seen
"you rather improved than hurt by your journey, and in excel-
"lent spirits. I am glad to hear you had a sight of Dr. Latham
"so soon, and I am particularly pleased to find that the amiable
"physician had the candour to say he had totally mistaken your
"complaint.

"We can never be too thankful to the gracious Providence
"that guided me to the detection of so dangerous and general
"a mistake, in a moment so very critical for your preserva-
"tion. I am more and more confirmed in the delightful
"hope that we shall at last make a strong, and valuable, though
"not a straight man of the dear invalid. I rejoice that Long
"returned to town in time to see you."

" EARTHAM, *August* 31.

" It delights me to find that you have an animated desire to " increase your library with a voluminous, and highly useful " book, and I enclose you a draft to enable you to purchase any " articles you may wish for, because I cannot consent to your " too kind idea of sparing my purse, by selling a few articles of " your furniture in London for the purchase in question. Do " not think of such a measure, I conjure you; for to my mind " it would have an ungrateful appearance towards our beloved " and revered Flaxman. It would seem to dissolve abruptly " and harshly that bond of connexion between you, which was " formed by his mature virtues, and your early talents, and " which ought to be terminated only by the express will of " Heaven, in the yet undiscoverable process of your future " health, and your ripened faculties. At present, you have " nothing to do but to bend gently, and with perfect resignation " to Heaven, under the severe visitation of infirmity, which may " be only so transient, that, in the course of a year, with the " blessing of God, you may yet feel (like your incomparable " master) an uncommon energy of mind and body, and all your " early ambition may be rekindled to distinguish yourself in a " most engaging and honourable art, to the exercise of which " you once appeared to be called, as it were, by the voice of " Providence itself, with a wonderful concurrence of animating " circumstances in your favour. It may be the will of Heaven, " that a prospect so delightful to the eyes and heart of an affec- " tionate parent, should be blasted for ever, by bodily weakness;

" and I will not murmur, if time shall prove this to be the case.
" But recollect, my very dear child, from what very singular
" states of sickness and depression, it has pleased God to raise
" me repeatedly, in the course of my life; and recollecting
" this, exert, I entreat you, a seasonable degree of patience,
" to wait for those future blessings of returning force, and facul-
" ties, which Heaven may yet graciously design tc bestow on
" your advanced life. Determine nothing precipitately, con-
" cerning your future pursuits, which ought to depend on those
" future turns in your health and strength, which no human
" eye can at present foresee with any tolerable precision. Above
" all, I repeatedly conjure you to do nothing which may even
" slightly appear to dissolve your connexion with our dear
" Flaxman. Pray shew him this hasty scrawl, for, however
" hasty, he will see in it the heart of

" Your anxious and affectionate

" W. H."

" London, *September.*

" Many thanks to my dear bard for his kind letter, and
" many for his kindness in sending me the draft. I do not like
" to take it, for I do not want any thing but the books; and if
" I do not change it for any thing else, I will let the books re-
" main till another opportunity. Captain Godfrey will have
" the goodness to convey me to Brighton on Friday, and kindly
" leave his carriage for my use, so that I may proceed to you
" with our quiet Dido, if you send her and William to meet

" me. As we sleep at Brighton, you will perhaps like to
" ride with William, and pass the evening with us there. If
" so, you know we shall be happy to see you; but if you ap-
" prehend it may be too much for you, pray do not think of it.
" Mr. Long will write to you, so will Dr. Latham. I still con-
" tinue in good spirits, though my legs are much as you saw
" them. Believe me ever

" Your most affectionate
" T. H."

Romney, who had taken a lodging at Felpham, kindly attended his old friend to meet the beloved cripple on his return. They reached Brighton to dinner, on Friday the 7th September, and passed there an anxious evening, without seeing the expected travellers. The following day is thus described in the Diary of Hayley.

" Saturday, Sept. 8.—Composed a few devotional verses be-
" tween five and six; passed a morning of fruitless expectation.
" Romney wished to return, if the travellers did not arrive
" before three o'clock. At length he consented to wait longer
" for them, and pass another night at Brighton, if I would set
" forth with him at five the next morning. We waited for dinner,
" till after five in the evening. No travellers arrived. We sallied
" for a walk towards the sea, and before we had proceeded
" many paces, I espied the cheerful cripple driving Godfrey in
" his chair. Joyous and tender meeting! The dear sufferer

" has a countenance that seems to promise health, though " he has lost the use of his legs.—Social evening."

Hayley, with his old and young artist, returned to Felpham the next day; and his son, who had still the command of his hands and arms, took pleasure in driving the one-horse chair which his kind relation tenderly devoted to the service of the interesting invalid, for whose future health all who knew him now became more and more solicitous. This solicitude was far from being diminished by the kind medical letter which his London Surgeon, Mr. Long, (who was himself much wounded in his mind by the general mistake concerning the malady of his young patient) sent to his anxious father.

That letter only served to shew the friendly benevolence of the writer, and the extreme uncertainty of medical knowledge. That kind and experienced surgeon expressed infinite astonishment and grief, that he and all the attentive medical friends of the sufferer, had failed to discover the real disorder in its early and striking symptoms. The primary calamitous mistake afforded time and power to the cruel malady to extend its ravages in the dark. But as the malady was at last clearly ascertained, and as the books which treat of it record such cases of recovery as furnished abundance of hope on the present occasion, the father was now sanguine in his persuasion that he should yet have the delight of restoring this inestimable object of his care. He assisted the beloved cripple in his sea-bathing, while the weather allowed him to bathe, and

in this month of September, began to think of amusing himself and his son, by resuming his long-suspended Essay on Sculpture, intending to compose the poetical parts of it in his new library of the turret, and the prose annotations among the more ample collection of books that he still retained at Eartham. It required some fortitude to make any studious exertions in his present state, affected as he was by the sufferings of his son, and by the increasing infirmities of his old friend Romney. The poet, however, was cheered a little, in the close of this month, by a visit from his pleasant architect, and by the sympathetic family of the Meyers, who still lodged in Felpham, and encouraged the beloved cripple to resume the exercise of his pencil. The architect and the poet were surprised and delighted by a sketch that he contrived to execute, in their absence, of Fanny Meyer; a sketch with a black-lead pencil, and wonderful for the truth and grace of the design, considering that the artist was, at the time, so shattered in body, that he could hardly place himself for a few minutes in any easy position. His father said, on finishing his Diary of September:

" In concluding this month of peculiar anxiety concerning " my dear invalid, I cannot fail to feel thankful to Heaven for " the hope, that I have lately found reason to cherish, of his " recovering health and talents, in a course of time; but this " recovery will probably be slow, and require the utmost vigi- " lance and care. His present situation and my own peculiar " condition in life, press with restless weight on my mind, and

" render me hardly fit to resume any works of literature. Pa-
" tience, however, whom I have invoked in rhyme to-day, may
" conduct me, I trust, to a happy termination of our present
" various solicitudes and perplexities.

" Quocirca vivite fortes,
" Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus."

Hayley retouched and enlarged his poetical address to Patience, and recited it to enliven the little party of intimate friends, who assembled in the turret to honour the birth day of the young sculptor. As these occasional verses relate to him, they shall terminate this seventh division of his Memoirs, with the addition of a ballad, that arose suddenly at this time, on a very memorable occasion, of which the poet speaks thus in his Diary.

" October 4th. Concluded the Invocation to Patience. Af-
" fected to tears of delight, by Nelson's description of his
" glorious victory. Rode to Felpham in the evening, to keep
" the birth day of the dear cripple to-morrow, for which I
" composed a rapid song, the moment I had swallowed a soli-
" tary and hasty dinner."

The song had music adapted to it by the ladies of Kew, still residing at Felpham, who had the kindness to sing it in the turret.

INVOCATION TO PATIENCE,

Recited on the Birthday of a dear Invalid, October 5, 1798.

" THOU guide divine to that diviner fair,
" Who in pure charms, impassive as the air,
" Through Nature roves, with Empire's plastic rod,
" Her home—the bosom of her parent, God!
" Patience, sweet guard! Perfection is thy queen,
" Whose sovereign grace is rather felt than seen.
" But to revere her influence, and own
" An ardent wish by thy support alone
" To step, with awful love, yet nearer to her throne,
" Is man's best aim, in all his varied hours,
" His mental armour against evil powers.
" Come then, sweet Patience, beautifully mild,
" Thy parent Probity, and Love thy child!
" Come, ever listening to thy votary's prayer,
" In every labyrinth of earthly care,
" Come, and conduct with tutelary hand,
" Through each rough province of thy wide command,
" Me, no new supplicant to powers divine,
" And dearer than myself, a youth benign,
" More worthy of thy aid, and more a ward of thine.
" Artist and invalid, each honour'd name
" To thy pure guidance forms a perfect claim;
" For whether man in health's aspiring hour
" Courts genuine fame by intellectual power;

" Or, bent by malady's oppressive sway,
" Resigns to dull repose the sickly day;
" Thee, Patience, thee, or active or sedate,
" Most aptly he invokes in every state.
" Thy presence of his aims improves the best,
" Ennobling energy, and sweetening rest.
" Fountain of force, with all thy clear controul
" Soothe and invigorate a father's soul;
" Who, when he hoped in Art's sublimest sphere
" To mark his youthful darling's bright career,
" Beheld him thence by cruel sickness cast,
" And all his vigour as a vision past:
" While languor crept through every vital part,
" And palsy threaten'd to benumb the heart—
" That cherish'd heart where filial virtue glow'd,
" Pleasure's gay seat, and purity's abode.
" Now two long twelvemonths, slowly roll'd away,
" Have proved sad witnesses of dark decay;
" Through twice nine years, since probity and truth
" To manhood's vestibule have led the youth,
" On this revolving morn that gave him birth,
" For ever honour'd for his filial worth,
" Descend, angelic Patience, from above,
" Bring me supplies of vigilance and love,
" That in this failure of well-grounded hope,
" With strong calamity I still may cope;
" And, unsubdued by anguish of the heart,
" Act with alacrity a father's part;

" Prop nerveless limbs with cheerful succour kind,
" Impart new light to a reviving mind,
" And in firm trust that Providence will bless
" Th' unmurmuring thrall of undeserved distress,
" Attempt to teach him, for life's future plan,
" All that may guard the youth and grace the man.
" So, when, each arduous task fulfill'd at last,
" Parent and child have every trial pass'd,
" May'st thou, sweet Patience, losing then thy name,
" But still a friend beneath a seraph's frame,
" Join us for ever in that blissful sphere,
" Where Retribution's brightest scenes appear,
" The Son, whose sufferings a lost world redeem,
" Restored in glory to the Sire supreme,
" And hail'd as Man, who on this earth alone
" Sat unpresumptuous on Perfection's throne.

OCCASIONAL SONG,

Sung after the recital of the preceding verses.
October 5, 1798.

" ENOUGH of the solemn! of brows darkly bent,
" It is time that you kind-hearted creatures,
" Whom Nature, we know, for gay tenderness meant,
" With a smile should relumine your features.

" Of our dear cheerful cripple, we joy in the birth,
" That justly may claim celebration;
" When, though cripples, our seamen, uncrippled in worth,
" Have revived the sick fame of the Nation.

" The brave little Nelson, of one arm bereft,
" Teaches France to confess from his fire,
" That a Briton, though maim'd, if his heart is but left,
" Is superior to others entire.

" To Nature, to Fortune, impute not a fault,
" For a cripple, while Glory will court him,
" Still Genius and Love on their wings may exalt
" Him, who had not a leg to support him.

" At a season like this, when we all should be gay,
" E'en gravity gracefully tipples;
" Drink with me then, dear friends, for the toast of to-day
" Shall be health, love, and honour to cripples.

END OF THE SEVENTH PART.

PART THE EIGHTH.

" Purpureus veluti cùm flos, succisus aratro,
Languescit moriens; lassove papavera collo
Demisêre caput, pluviâ cùm forte gravantur." VIRGIL.

ALTHOUGH the birthday of the beloved invalid was celebrated with social cheerfulness, and sanguine hopes were entertained of his restoration, it became every day more evident that the native elegance of his figure must be cruelly deformed. He possessed, however, a strength and sweetness of spirit that enabled him to contemplate the prospect of deformity, without feeling it as a vexation. The idea that he had lost for ever the graces of an upright, airy, and active person, never affected the invariable suavity of his temper; and he surveyed with cheerful applause a portrait of himself, which his friend, Miss Greene, drew at Felpham in the course of October, and which, while it exhibited the sprightly tenderness of his features, very forcibly expressed the distortion of his frame. His anxious father was incessantly employed in devices to amuse the beloved cripple, whom he supported in his arms, (as we learn from his Diary of

October) while the cheerful invalid, now utterly unable to stand alone, entertained himself with planting a mulberry tree in the new garden of the turret.

Though he had entirely lost the use of the lower limbs, both he and his father were sanguine in the hope of seeing them restored—a hope not only encouraged by their medical friends, but at this time agreeably increased by an accidental discovery of the poet, who found a proof, in a few Greek verses, that this severe malady had been not only studied, but absolutely cured, by the physicians of antiquity. I transcribe the original, and a translation from a card which the translator used to carry in his pocket-book, as a perpetual incentive to hope and expect the restoration of his son.

Κομήτα σχολαστικα.

Νωθρὸς ἐγὼ τελέθεσκον ἀπ' ἰξύος ἐς πόδας ἄκρας,
Τῆς πρὶν ἐνεργείης δηρὸν ἀτέμβομενος·
Ζωῆς καὶ θανάτοιο μεταίχμιον Ἀϊδι γείτων,
Μῆνον ἀναπνείων, τἆλλα δὲ πάντα νέκυς.
Ἀλλά σοφὸς με Φίλιππος, ὃν ἐν γραφίδεσσι δοκεύεις,
Ζωγρήσε, κρυερὴν νῆσον ἀκεσσάμενος.
Αὖθις δ' Αντωνινος, ἀπέρ πάρος, ἐν χθονὶ βαίνω,
Καὶ ποσὶ πεζεύω, καὶ ὅλος αἰσθάνομαι.

" Benumb'd from loins to feet, mere senseless clay,
" Long robb'd of all my former strength I lay,
" A neighbour to the grave, 'twixt life and death,
" A very corpse in all things but in breath

" Philip the sage, whose statue you behold,
" Restored me, and dispell'd the deadly cold,
" Now Antonine again I tread the ground,
" Walk on my feet, and feel completely sound."

The anxious, yet still hoping father, said, in the end of his Diary for October,

" I cannot close this month without thanks to Heaven for " supporting my spirits through the various pains my heart has " suffered concerning the dear invalid, and for animating me " with better prospects of various kinds. May Heaven direct " the residue of my life, for the general good of all who ought " to be dear to me!"

An ardent desire to accomplish the object of this affectionate prayer, by acquiring all the insight he could into the best methods of promoting the recovery of his son, induced Hayley to quit his favourite retirement and make a long visit to London in the beginning of November. As the dear cripple continued to drive himself abroad in the one-horse chair, so kindly lent to him by Captain Godfrey, he had intended to pass some hours with his father at Eartham, on the day preceding the projected journey of the poet. Not arriving according to his appointment, his absence excited a most painful alarm; and William, the trusty and kind-hearted old Sancho of Eartham, was dispatched to the coast, and returned with such tidings as quieted the fears of his master. The following corre-

spondence displays the mutual tenderness and attention that the father and son never ceased to shew to each other.

"*November 2*, 1798.
"*Friday Morn, 5 o'clock.*

"The good Sancho returned safe, though almost in the "dark, and your kind account of yourself afforded me infinite "comfort. I have been alert this morning in jumping up "before four o'clock, and I trust in time my dear cripple will "jump also, as I shall, for joy on his recovery, if I retain my "own powers of movement. Heaven guard and bless you! "I hope to send you good tidings of my travels to enliven you. "*Adio.*"

"London, *November* 3, 1798.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"I arrived safe, and have this morning visited houses of "joy and sorrow, which in this chequered world are frequently "neighbours. I found our friend Rose rejoicing over a new lively "boy, and another friend mourning over a little breathless girl, "who only entered the world to expire. I found our kind Dr. "Latham at Long's, and gave them both a history of you. "They spoke of you with tender interest and firm belief in your "future recovery. I have since visited our excellent Flaxman, "found him alone, and drank a social cup of noontide coffee "with him, after surveying his recent highly promising works; "particularly the large model for the monument of Mrs. Lush- "ington's daughter, which is in an admirable state. We "walked to Stothard's together, where I was also highly pleased

"with a recent work of art, an excellent picture of female "charity children in procession; the scene a church, and the "multitude of figures admirably designed, especially the "children. The post of to-day brought me two kind letters "from Godfrey and Palladio. The latter writes from Ports-"mouth, but hopes to reach home to-day, and expects to find "your mechanical chair ready for his final inspection. I shall "be glad to survey it with him before it sets forth on its travels "to you.* The good folks of all the houses I have visited "express the kindest solicitude for you. I will write as often "as occurrences afford me any interesting matter for your "amusement. *Adio.*"

"London, *5 o'clock, November* 7.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"Just arrived from an expedition to Kew, with the *Caro* "*Pittore.* All well. I have just met two letters, one from "Palladio, detained at Portsmouth, the other from his mecha-"nist, to say the garden chair made by his order, is sent to "Chichester, directed to me. This is unlucky, as both Pal-"ladio and I wished to examine the chair before it travelled "to you. However, I hope you will find it every thing you "can wish. Yet I am concerned that, by the goodnatured "eagerness of the maker to send it, Palladio and I cannot have

* The benevolent architect (himself an admirable mechanist) had kindly engaged a worthy old German artist of his acquaintance to make a curious mechanical chair, in which the young cripple might move himself both in the house and the garden.

" an opportunity of improving any part of it tha
" think in want of improvement.

" All salute you with kindest wishes, and I w
" benediction. *Adio.*"

" Felpham, N

" My very dear Bard,

" Many thanks for your comfortable letters,
" had excessive high tides this week. I go dow
" at high water, to admire the grand yet desola
" and see the waves beat over the cliff. The wh
" mist from the spray and foam. Men and boys r
" ward and forward on the beach, to try what t
" up. The wind blowing their hats off, and the
" of a wave wetting them from top to toe. The
" up and floating near the shore, and lastly, the
" of the wind and sea, make altogether a scene
" me highly. I send you a present for the archi
" piece of that ore which the stormy ocean thr
" which he so much longed for. I hear the me
" is at Chichester, and I hope to see it to-night
" to all our friends,

" Ever your most affection

" London, *Nov*

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I derive infinite satisfaction from your spirit
" your marine scenery, as I consider it as a good

" that you are so amused by a sublime spectacle, and able to " describe it so forcibly. I have talked much with medical " men, and have read much of medical writings on your malady, " since my arrival in town; and all convinces me that you are " now in the right road to perfect recovery. But I will say " more of this hereafter. Let me now amuse you with an " account of our friend Romney, and your fellow student the " promising young Pocock. As I found our *Caro Pittore* much " dejected in his new noble mansion, for want of occupation " and society, I advised him to resume his pencil, and employ " the good Isaac to read to him. My prescription has suc- " ceeded happily. Isaac is an excellent youth, and seems to " promise highly for art. He is making large copies in water- " colours of the Milton and the Newton of our friend.

" Romney's own apartments in his lofty structure, are in " excellent order, and he ought to be contented and happy; he " talks of you with great kindness, and hopes yet to see you " a great painter. I am eager to hear that your garden chair " proves the very thing you want and approve. Yet I have " some apprehensions, from the idea that Palladio gave me of its " mechanism, that the springs may be such as to work your " arms rather too much; and if the moving them excites the " least pain or uneasiness in your chest or back, pray abstain " from the exercise; for I am persuaded by all I have recently " read of your disorder, whatever agitates the injured bone, to " produce any uneasy sensation, must be very unfavourable to

" the speedy recovery of the patient. *Adio.* Con
" liven me with good accounts of yourself."

" Felpham, Nov

" Thanks to my dear bard, I have now a litt
" power, which is in a high degree delightful, aft
" long depended on others for the least movemen
" perceive by this exordium the chair is arrived. It
" ease through all the doors, so I traversed all th
" of the house to review it, which I had not do
" time. I have not yet tried it in the garden, fo
" wet, I should be hardly able to move myself a
" are grown so irregular at the post-office, about
" that it is with difficulty I can get yours, or forw
" This embarrassment arises, I fancy, from the
" the small pox, now general in this village. I
" hotel, this morning, to inform myself of their
" tions, as they send letters only three times a
" could not learn at what hour. To return to my
" there is but one fault I find with it, which is thi
" board, which projects about a foot from the chai
" the ground, that it runs against any sudden ri
" wheels can clear it. Now, to obviate this diffic
" there might be one, two, or three small wheel
" part of the board, and the board fastened to
" hinges, which would permit it to rise and fall
" the ascent or descent of the ground it meets wi
" sent, even a mat on the level floor stops its prog

"it would be impossible for me to ascend the bank round the "house, from the plain. But I submit this idea to Palladio's "superior mechanical knowledge, and I assure him, it is a very "nice piece of workmanship altogether. I have hardly left "room to say adieu."

"London, *November* 14, 1798.

"Φίλτατε φίλων,

"I did not tell you, I believe, in my hasty scrawl of yes-"terday, that I had just seen an interesting curiosity; one of "the intercepted letters from Bonaparte to his favourite "brother. A confidential domestic letter, and a curious ex-"ample indeed, of the vacuity left in the heart, even by suc-"cessful ambition. This enterprising warrior, who is now, they "say, in spite of our victories, proceeding in his project of new-"modelling Egypt, is wretched from domestic troubles. I have "received a new novel from my old friend Madame Genlis; "and what strikes me as very remarkable, the hero of it ex-"presses sensations very similar to those expressed in the pri-"vate letter of the celebrated General."

"*November* 15.

"I rejoice in your finding the mechanical chair so much to "your relief and satisfaction. The little addition you suggest "will, I think, be a considerable improvement. On finding "your lively description of it, when I returned this morning "from a visit to Dr. Warner, in St. John's Square, I posted "immediately to Palladio, and not meeting him at home, I "left in his apartment, as my visiting ticket, the excellent spe-

" cimen of ore that arrived for him in the basket from Felp-
" ham. It will prove, I know, a most agreeable surprise to
" him, when he comes in, fatigued from his attendance at the
" Admiralty. In trying to penetrate into the primary cause of
" the disorder, that so insidiously attacks the bones, I have
" nearly convinced myself, that it originates from the waste of
" saline particles in the bones, which escape by urine, and may
" not be supplied with sufficient dispatch, in the process of
" nature, by which the different parts of our frame are con-
" tinually consumed and renovated. This theory will account
" for benefit derived from sea-water. As I am so strongly im-
" pressed with the truth of this theory, you would oblige me
" by drinking a little sea-water daily. In rejoicing that the
" chair provides so well for your feet, I am busy in making a
" provision for your head, that will not prove less welcome to
" you. I am preparing for you an excellent copy of the Ency-
" clopedia, that you wished for, when you were last in London.
" Heaven preserve and bless you!"

As many passages in the letters of Hayley to his son, describing the situation and employment of their friend Romney, are printed in the Life of that eminent artist, they are here omitted. Some letters from the young invalid at Felpham, describing involuntary and forcible movements in his disabled limbs, have escaped from the collection.

"LONDON, *November* 24, 1798.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων

"I have just left a dromedary and two tiny monkies "playing their gambols before my window, for the pleasure of "telling you, that I have been more enlivened by the arrival of "your kind letter to-day, than by their feats of gaiety. The "continuance of these lively movements in your legs, makes me "ready to dance for joy. I conversed on the subject early yes- "terday morning with Dr. Latham, who confirms my happy "persuasion that they are indubitable '*signa salutis.*' I wrote "yesterday to our dear Guy concerning you. It grows so dark "I cannot see to add more, but I enclose a sonnet for your "amusement, composed this morning before daylight.

"Flaxman and I are more and more pleased with Mrs. Lush- "ington; she is very desirous to be acquainted with you, of "whom Flaxman speaks most kindly. *Adio!*

"Yours ever, in darkness or light,

"W. H."

"SONNET TO DEVOTION AND TRANQUILLITY,

(Two pieces of Sculpture intended for the Marine Turret.)

"YE powers most kind to man's autumnal day!
"When life is in the sear, the yellow leaf,
"And time on talent plays the subtle thief;
"Ye guardians of the mind, divinely gay!
"Devotion! and Tranquillity! display
"Your heavenly right to give repose to grief,
"To health enjoyment, to disease relief,

" Safety to strength, and mildness to decay.
" In this fair scene, by love parental plann'd,
" Friends of all seasons, in the last be mine!
" Here let your sculptured forms, my Lares stand,
" The friendly masterpiece of Flaxman's hand;
" Here let your lustre in my conduct shine,
" Grace my retreat, and soften my decline."

FELPHAM, *November* 29, 1798.

" Although I did not receive a letter from my dear bard yes-
" terday, I proceed to perform my promise, and write to him
" again for to-morrow's post, which unluckily goes before I
" can receive a letter. My legs still continue to be excessively
" troublesome, and prevent my sleeping in the night. They
" ache at times most terribly, and I am obliged to lay them up
" great part of the day, as they are more easy when they have
" room to move up and down, which they do continually; not
" by slow movements, but by a strong irresistible convulsive
" motion which affects my whole frame. They generally move
" like two buckets in a well, one up, the other down; which
" gives me more pain than when they go together. Pray give
" my kind love to Godfrey, and tell him I sincerely wish him
" joy of the arrangements made so much in his favour: as he
" talked of visiting Sussex early in the winter, I think it very
" probable that you may bring him with you on your return.

" I received on Tuesday a very kind letter from the archi-
" tect, for which I beg you to thank him in my name, and to

'tell him that I will, as he advises me, try the chair abroad "before I have any alteration made in it. It is a source of "great pleasure and convenience to me within doors, and for "that service it would need no alteration; but I think it will "not move freely over the irregularities of a garden: this ex- "perience will prove. I hope to hear to-morrow of the safe "arrival of two baskets that I have sent to you; perhaps you "will have the goodness, when a basket returns, to let a "volume or two of the Encyclopædia come in it, if any of "them are finished.

"Ever your affectionate

"T. H."

"London, *November* 29.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"I begin the day with thanking you for your kind letters, "&c.; and with lively haste to afford you the pleasure of hear- "ing that your Encyclopædia is already arrived in this apart- "ment, in nice order, and will be dispatched to you by the "waggon without loss of time.

"I please myself with the idea of your pleasure in unpacking "and possessing a voluminous work, that you have so much "wished for, and in such excellent condition. I have many "other things to say that will, I trust, give you pleasure. "* * * * So much for the beloved painter, who hopes, as I "do, that you will in time happily exchange your crutch for "the pencil. Your passion for art would have been agreeably

" gratified, had you heard in what fervent terms of applause the " kind Flaxman described your drawings from the busts of Cato " and Euripides.

" He said literally (what Marchant also had said on seeing " them at Eartham) that no man living could execute such " drawings in a superior style. I need not tell you how my " heart glowed with delight, in hearing your early productions " so commended, or with what fervency of gratitude I bless " the goodness of Providence in sending me to London last " February, not only to save your life, but to preserve you " from those most horrible stages of your malady, which I find " poor neglected creatures are suffering in the hospitals here. I " cherish the blessed persuasion, that we have already arrested " the progress of your disorder, and that time and care will " restore you, not only to comfortable health, but to the " happy exercise of extraordinary talents. Our friendly Rom- " ney, Isaac, and Flaxman, join me in a most cordial prayer, that " this blessed event may speedily be accomplished. Here are " yet more pleasing tidings for you concerning your old bard. " You will rejoice to hear that the first verses he composed in " the favourite marine turret, have been thought worthy of a " most brilliant reward. It is not often that poets have oppor- " tunities of declining magnificent presents of diamonds; but it " will not surprise you, that the hermit thought it right to " decline so splendid a gift, when such an opportunity of " shewing the liberal simplicity of his heart accidentally fell " in his way.

" I have desired our interesting afflicted friend, Mrs. Lushing-
" ton, to reward me in a manner more pleasing to my fancy, by
" employing our beloved Flaxman to execute a delicate marble
" head of her beautiful deceased daughter, from a very good
" miniature luckily drawn in such a position, that a bust may
" be made from it very easily. Mrs. L. is so kind as to remain
" a little time longer in town for this purpose; and I will soon
" inform you how Flaxman advances in the model, which he is
" now beginning in white clay. I must hastily quit my pen, to
" make my promised visits of the morning; so adieu for some
" hours.—Evening—I am just come in, tired by a long walk, yet
" pleased with my morning, as a great part of it was passed
" with our kind Flaxman, modelling under the roof of
" Mrs. Lushington, with whom, and her two living daughters,
" we are more and more pleased. They have both great
" talents for the pencil, and you are to be, in time, their draw-
" ing-master in the south. The youngest girl of eleven years
" has the rare faculty of sketching historical figures with mar-
" vellous force and feeling, though without any instruction,
" and, of course, without accuracy of drawing. Flaxman is
" charmed with her rough scratches. There is one, the scene
" of Becket seized at the altar, in which the figure of the
" Bishop is wonderfully expressive. In short, the damsel has
" the soul of art in her native talent, and only wants to have it
" called forth and cultivated. It grows dark, and I must
" abruptly bid you adieu."

"8 *o'clock, Saturday Morn, Dec.* 1.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"Our dear Flaxman is proceeding happily with his bust of "the young lady deceased, and more and more charmed with "the strong native talents that her two surviving sisters display "for the art of design. I am to conduct them this morning, "first to the study of our great sculptor, and thence to the "*Caro Pittore,* on his lofty hill. Did I tell you he has kindly "given me his unfinished sketch of Serena reading the news-"paper?

"*Between* 3 *and* 4.

"Here I am (φίλτατε) just arrived from my Hampstead excur-"sion, with the two amiable young nymphs of the pencil. "Though our tender Romney suffers in his nervous system "from the rainy weather, he was much pleased with his guests, "and amused with the sketch-book of Augusta, the youngest, "which I carried to him as an interesting proof of strong native "talents. Such it appears both to him and to Flaxman, whom "I have just left in Devonshire-street, working on the bust that "I mentioned to you in my last. I hurried home to meet your "welcome letter, and rejoice to find these symptoms of return-"ing life in your legs continue to increase. I accidentally "picked up some information relating to a worse case than "yours yesterday. The patient has been greatly assisted in "regaining health by some machinery which takes the weight of "the head from the injured spine, and contributes to the "general ease of the frame. I shall make myself master of all

" particulars concerning this new light; as one great object of " my residence in this dirty city, which I am eager to quit, is to " gain all possible information that may be useful to me in " promoting your recovery. I must not fail to tell you, that " you have a pleasing little present made to you to-day, by a " lady who seems to know and love you already, and hopes to " be very intimate with you, when she comes into Sussex. I " mean the good Mrs. L., who gains more and more esteem " from Flaxman and me, the more we see of her. She is so " partial to us, as to consider it a blessing to have formed that " attachment to us in her affliction, which appears to be her " favourite source of comfort. But to speak of her present to " you. It is a couple of Daniel's Indian prints. I happened to " tell her, in the morning, that I had selected a few of these " admirable prints to convey them to you. Upon this, she " immediately shewed me some that she had chosen from the " set, and insisted on my taking two that happened not to " be in my little collection. I am pleased to find you are " so eager for a sight of your Encyclopædia, and happy in " having dispatched the complete work, to reach you safely " though not speedily. My paper and the light are both " failing together, so I must close with a cordial God bless " you!"

" Felpham, *December* 4, 1798.

" I have two kind and amusing epistles of my dear bard's " to answer, both filled with very pleasing intelligence.

" Let me first thank you for your kindness in procuring for

" me, and that so speedily, a book so valuable (and one that " I have long wished to possess) as the Encyclopædia. I wait " with anxiety for its arrival.

" I am delighted with your agreeable account of the great " painter. I shall be proud to make one in his new painting- " room, with my promising fellow-student young Pocock, to " whom pray remember me kindly, and tell him I sincerely " hope he may never be interrupted in his career of art, as I " have been. I am happy to hear that you are to be enriched " with a piece of Mr. Flaxman's elegant work, for such I have " no doubt it will be, from his hand. I do not recollect the " picture you mention of Serena. I fancy I never saw it, but " I shall be eager for its arrival. I am also eager to see the " prints of Daniel which you have kindly procured for me, as " well as those of which your amiable acquaintance has been " so good as to honour me with the gift. Thank the good " lady, in my name, and tell her, if ever the little knowledge " and practice in art, that I possess, can be of any benefit, " either to herself or her daughters, I shall be happy to em- " ploy it in their service.

" The history of my legs is still ditto ditto. I think if un- " pleasant sensations, and pains, and aches, and spasms, &c. " &c. are symptoms of recovery, it will not be very long " before I shall have the use of them both once more. *O* " *dies benedictorum!* Return to me soon, and believe me

" Ever your most affectionate

" T. H."

"LONDON, *December* ——

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"I am just returned from another pleasing attendance on "the sculptural work, now advancing to very sweet perfec- "tion, under the roof of our good friend L. The admirable "Flaxman has excelled himself, and formed an angelical little "bust, which delights us all.

"A letter from our gallant cousin tells me, to my great dis- "appointment, that he cannot arrive, as I expected, to-day, "being obliged to wait for the arrival of a brother officer on "military business. I write to beg he will hasten his march "hither as much as possible, because we must meet here on "matters of moment, and of a nature that will not admit of "delay. I now wait here for that purpose alone, and grow "inexpressibly eager to see my dear reviving cripple again. I "read your excellently clear description of your legs and "their extraordinary movement to Dr. Millman, this morning; "and he confirmed me in the delightful presage of your ap- "proaching recovery. Heaven bless and free you from all "complaints! *Adio.*"

"FELPHAM, *December* 8.

"Many thanks, my dear bard, for your kind epistles. I am "delighted with your good account of all our friends. I long "to see the bust that Mr. Flaxman has executed so much to "your satisfaction. When is it likely to visit Sussex? I am "glad to find the great painter still so alive to the beautiful "models of his art, as to have his spirits revived by the sight

" of them. I wish I had been with you. William tells me " Farmer D. is confined by the gout.

" It is singular enough, that when D. was here he admired " my mechanical chair. I told him it would be a nice thing " for him whenever he happened to have the gout. Oh, says " he, I never have had it yet, and I hope I never shall.

" A day or two after our conversation he was laid up with it. " I live in hopes of seeing you soon.

" Ever your most affectionate

" T. H."

" *December* 8, 1798.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Knowing my incessant anxiety for the dear cripple, " you will easily believe that the accidental circumstance of " my receiving no line from you in all the former part of the " week, rendered me solicitous almost to agony. Thank " Heaven, I am now delightfully refreshed by finding the dou- " ble repast of your two enlivening letters on my table. I had " sallied forth early this morning to carry a collection of our " kind Flaxman's and his sister's drawings to our very obliging " friend Lady Donegall, whom I was under the necessity of " neglecting so much, in my incessant attendance on the two " deeply afflicted mourners in Devonshire-street, that she sup- " posed I had left London abruptly, But, in truth, a chari- " table attention to these very interesting objects in extreme " mental distress, has engrossed all the time of the Sculptor " and of the Hermit. I never saw our excellent Flaxman's

" tenderness of heart, or his talents, appear in a more delightful
" point of view, than they have done in his indefatigable spirit
" of kindness and ingenuity displayed in the service of those
" ladies; whose sorrow affected him so much, that I and an-
" other of his friends were seriously apprehensive one evening
" that his firm health was beginning to suffer from the influence
" of extreme compassion. I thank Heaven he is now perfectly
" well, and gratified in having succeeded (as I assured him he
" would) in the completion of the bust. He has also greatly
" comforted the troubled spirit of the afflicted mother, by
" having given her a very generous promise that he will, him-
" self, see the coffin of her deceased daughter removed from
" one vault to another, according to her particular wishes.
" This sad mourner, after postponing her return to her house
" near Bath, day after day, is at length set forth with her two
" pleasing girls this morning. I enclose you one of her billets
" to me, by which you will perceive how gratefully she expressed
" herself for the attention I have bestowed on her distress of
" heart. I saw her yesterday, in my way to Hampstead, but
" did not repeat my visit in the evening, although I was aware
" of her journey's being fixed for to-morrow. I dispatched,
" however, a billet to her, by the evening penny-post, with the
" following benediction:

" Afflicted parent, whom my prayers would bless,
" Good angels make thy travels safe and calm!
" And teach thy lighten'd spirit to confess
" For sorrow friendship is a sacred balm.

" So may the tender damsels, who to thee
" Look up for light and love's maternal care,
" Revere that spirit, and exult to see
" Thy virtues triumph over dark despair!

" I have heard to-day, from the lady who remains for a little " time in Mrs. L.'s London house, that our good friend re- " ceived my billet about eight in the evening, and was gratified " by this poetical adieu. Indeed, I should be ungrateful, had " I failed in attention to her, as her kind solicitude for you has " been infinite. I have no news of our Captain yet. *Pacienza!* " No words can tell you how eager I am to hover over my " beloved cripple again. Heaven restore and bless you! the " constant prayer of

" Your most affectionate,
" W. H."

" London, *December 9 and* 10.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I have not yet seen our Derby friend Mr. Coke, for the " afflicted ladies engrossed so much of my time that I was " unable to execute half of what I wished to do. My atten- " tion, however, has never wandered from your most interesting " malady, and I hope, before I return, to have collected all " possible light that medical experience, and a sight of dif- " ferent objects in various stages of the same cruel infirmity, " can throw upon the disorder. I am particularly comforted " in finding your general health and spirits improve.

" The vivacity of your most welcome letters is, to my heart,

"a most animating symptom of your perfect restoration. I "have been consulting our friends Latham and Long this "morning, in the hope of mitigating the severe pain that you "describe as attending the return of sensation in your legs. "I enclose on this point a billet to our dear Guy. A letter "to-day from our gallant cousin assures me he will, if possible, "reach London to-morrow. As soon as we have adjusted "together the important business that brings him to town, "I shall fly most eagerly to you, whom I long inexpressibly "to behold in a daily progress towards the recovery of your "limbs. I have just transcribed the Greek epigram on your "disorder, with my translation of it, as a memorial of my "regard for Dr. Millman, who requested a copy of this curious "little medical poem. I give it to him with pleasure, in return "for much kindness relating to you, and also for the delight "which a survey of his enchanting pictures afforded to me and "to Romney. *Adio!* I shall insert a book in the returning "basket—no less an author than the famous philosophical "Emperor of Rome, whose Meditations I think you will read "with peculiar interest and pleasure, in your present situation. "I have a few more books for you, when I return. Heaven "grant us a speedy and a joyous meeting!"

"Felpham, *December* 14, 1798.

"My very dear Bard,

"Basket, books, medicine, &c. &c. all are arrived. The "books are safe, and I am much delighted with their appear-

" ance in my bookcase. With their contents I sh
" more so. Many thanks for your kind epistle in
" perhaps I may receive another before I close
" A scrawl it must be, for my fingers are so cold
" hold a pen. Many more thanks for your resea
" case. The opinions of the *faculty* are so diff
" some instances so diametrically opposite, that
" little faith in their prescriptions. By the help
" Guy, I trust, I shall manage myself so as to h
" soon. With respect to the bath, I am convinced
" ther it would do me more harm than good, f
" chilled even with dressing before a good fire;
" pains in my legs, I should have suffered all my p
" to very little purpose, if I could not bear a lit
" pain in them patiently; especially pains that
" runners of returning strength. Adieu, till I
" dinner and received another letter from you.

" I have now done both, and am happy to hear
" tain's safe arrival. Give my kind love to him
" happy to hear that I shall see you next week,
" out the Captain. I should have enjoyed a
" mechanist with you exceedingly. I may one
" thank him for his chair in person.

" Ever your affe

" LONDON, *December* 15, 1798.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Godfrey and I are waiting with tender solicitude for your ex-
" pected letter, which will arrive, I trust, in a few minutes.

" O be joyful! Your delightful letter is this moment ar-
" rived, and has filled my eyes with tears of joy. It enchants
" me to find you enjoy your long-expected books so cheerfully,
" and speak of yourself so manfully. We shall now sally forth in
" high spirits, in spite of the rain: so adieu, till we return from
" an excursion of importance both to the noble Captain at my
" side and myself. Adieu, for a few hours.

" *Past four o'clock.*

" Just returned from a long, and wet circuit; your delightful
" letter has operated as a cordial to my heart in all the gloom
" of the morning. I am too eager to hasten home, to stop a
" night on my road, unless some tremendous fall of snow (which
" kind Heaven avert!) should block up my passage to my dear
" cheerful invalid, whom I am so inexpressibly impatient to see.
" I rejoice again and again in your excellent account of yourself.
" Heaven preserve and bless you!"

" LONDON, *December* 18, 1798.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" Many thanks for a cargo of Panacæa water, as you justly
" term what the kind Nereids present to us. I shall idolize its
" salutary virtue, if it ultimately restores (as I trust it will) my
" beloved cripple to the full native energy of his body and
" mind. I have recently parted from our pleasant Captain. He
" was engaged to Woolwich, and I to my old school-fellow and

" friend Dr. Heath, who seeing me accidentally, yesterday, " in a bookseller's shop, expressed so much warm-hearted " pleasure in the sight of his old fellow-student, and in the " prospect of introducing me to-day to his wife and well-grown " family, that I could not delay my visit to them beyond to-day. " Mrs. Heath has expressed the most tender solicitude for my " dear invalid; and, with an alacrity of good-nature peculiar to " affectionate mothers, has insisted on lending me, for your occa- " sional use, a piece of mechanism for which they gave twenty " guineas. She thinks it may prove a useful relief to you, as it " is contrived to take the weight of the head from a disordered " spine, and may be used for that purpose without the least " annoyance to the injured bone. She sends to Eton for it, and " will perfectly explain the management of it to me on Friday " morning, when I have promised to be at their noontide break- " fast-table again. I had the pleasure of conducting my worthy " old friend the Doctor and one of his sons to Mr. Flaxman's " to-day, where he was so highly amused, that we propose to " treat the female part of the family with the same gratification.

" From much meditation on your case, and scrutiny into all " the peculiarities of this malady, I have conceived an idea, that " to pass, now and then, three or four days in bed, would be " beneficial to you in the main. I find it is not the usual prac- " tice, but, upon my suggesting the idea, Long says it had oc- " curred also to him, and he thinks it worth a trial. We will " talk more of this when we meet. I shall soon fly to you with " most affectionate expedition. *Adio!*"

" LONDON, *December* 20, 1798.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" I have been harassed beyond expression to-day, by a " variety of circumstances that you shall hear on my return; " but, among my troubles of the day, I have had two capital " gratifications. First, I have seen two young patients in an " hospital, with curvature of the spine worse than yours, " restored to the perfect use of their legs, after losing them " for some months. I examined the backs of both, and I am " more and more confirmed in my idea, that to remain much in " bed must accelerate the cure of the disorder. My second " gratification consists in having placed in the house of our " most tender and warm hearted friend Rose, an excellent " copy, by your young friend Pocock, of a portrait by Romney. " It grows dark, and I am much fatigued, but I must not close " without thanking you for a very kind and highly welcome " letter, received to-day. Adieu! The good elder Flaxman, in " his eager zeal for your amusement, has sent off some boxes of " busts, intended for the library of Felpham. I wish, however, " that you would not open them till I arrive, as there is a little " curiosity in the cargo, that I shall have particular delight in " presenting to you myself. Once more adieu."

" LONDON, *December* 21, 1798.

" As my dear bard tells me I may direct one more epistle to " him in London, I hasten to say, that, much as I should rejoice " to meet him at Eartham, I think it will be best not to at- " tempt it, as there is now no one at Eartham strong enough to

" convey me about with ease, and you know it is necessary to " carry me like a child in arms. I am much obliged to the kind " Mrs. Heath, for lending me the mechanism you mention. I " think it may be of service to me at times, for I now and then " feel too heavy for me to bear up, especially when I sit long " at a time, for which reason I lie on the sofa almost all " day. I long to talk with you on a hundred subjects, besides " myself, and to see all the curiosities you have met with in " your expedition.

" I was sorry to see, in the paper, the loss of Captain Mur- " ray's ship, the Colossus, on a rock, though fortunately him- " self and all his crew, save one, are safe. I trust he will be " promoted to the command of another ship, as they speak of " him in a handsome manner.

" My legs as before. With the hope of seeing you arrive " safe and soon,

" Ever your most affectionate

" T. H."

" London, *Dec.* 22.

" Huzza, my dear fellow! Rejoice with us on the happy " prospect of terminating our business to our wishes, at last. " The Captain set off yesterday. I have adjusted the grander " part of our business to-day; a few forms only remain to be " finished on Monday, and on Tuesday I hope to fly off so early " as to reach my beloved cripple in his marine turret by the " friendly light of the moon. Many thanks for your cheerful let- " ter to-day. Heaven bless you! and grant us a speedy and joyous

" meeting. It is now five o'clock! I have been in an anxious " bustle ever since seven this morning, so it is time to rest a " little and dine. I will write again on Monday. Adieu."

The anxious father, so eager to rejoin his beloved cripple, dispatched another billet on Monday the 24th, to certify his intention of reaching Felpham the next day; and on the 25th of December he began his journey before day-light. But the billet of Monday unfortunately miscarried; some petty accidents retarded the traveller on the road, and he did not reach his own door at Felpham till between nine and ten. There was a moon, and snow upon the ground; but, instead of finding light in the house, and an instantaneous cheerful welcome, all appeared dark and comfortless; for the inhabitants of the turret, not having received the expected billet, had retired early to bed; but the dear cripple soon expressed, in that situation, the most animated and affectionate surprise and delight on the return of his father.

The mind of this young sufferer had gradually regained its native energy, and his mind and cheerful fortitude appeared to increase with his corporeal anguish. On the morning when Hayley was hastening to rejoin him, he sent the following circumstantial account of himself to his good old friend Mrs. Meyer.

" FELPHAM, *Christmas Day*, 1798.

" My dear Madam,

" Had I not been informed of your kind wish to hear of " my state of health from myself, I should not have troubled

" you with an account of such a helpless being as I am at " present; especially at a time when all ought to be cheerful- " ness and mirth in your family. You will perceive I allude to " a certain joyous event, which my good father has informed me " is likely soon to take place, and I sincerely hope it will " conclude to the complete satisfaction of all parties.—But to " give you the account you are so kindly anxious to hear. My " general health, appetite, &c. are tolerably good, except that I " have been troubled a good deal with various pains. My legs " still refuse to obey me, and even to support me without " motion, still more than when you left Felpham; as I could, at " that time, stand upon them, which I am now unable to do. " But, thanks to my dear and kind father! by the help of " a mechanical chair, with which he has furnished me, I can " move myself about the room, or, in fine weather, round the " garden, which is a source of great convenience and comfort, " as I was unable, before I had it, to make the least motion, " without the help of others. But my legs are not passive, for " at times they plague me extremely with spasms and violent " convulsive motion, which the learned say are certain symp- " toms of returning strength and obedience to my will. Pray " Heaven it be so! for to remain long so inactive, so helpless to " myself, and so useless, and even burthensome to others, would " be to me, who have been used to active life, a great calamity. " But the will of God be done! My sheet-anchor of comfort " in my present situation, is, that 'Whom he loveth he chas- " teneth,' and I am grateful to him, that although he permits

" my body to be in such an helpless and enervated state, he " preserves to my mind its usual strength and firmness.

" But permit me to speak on more lively subjects. I am " anxious to hear the progress of the art of design under your " roof. Miss Greene's portfolio is, doubtless, much enriched " since she left Felpham, and I trust Miss Frances does not " neglect the pencil. She has a talent for drawing, and it " would be a great pity to suffer it to remain uncultivated. " Tell her, with my love, I have a book (which I think would be " of great use to her) at her service. It is a large drawing- " book by Volpato, containing some very fine heads and figures " from the antique, designed with great purity, and well worth " being attentively copied. I lent it to Miss Maria at Mr. Flax- " man's, who has by this time done with it, and if you will take " the trouble to call on Mr. Flaxman, when you visit London, " he will give it you. I had flattered myself with the hope of " paying you a visit, in the course of the winter; but I fear now " I shall not be able to have that pleasure till the spring, as I " do not expect *to run alone* for some little time to come. " William is returned from Cambridge, my good father tells " me, but he does not tell me whether he visits Sussex during " this vacation. Give my kind love to him, and to all your " lively circle, and

" Believe me ever

" Your affectionate cripple,

" T. HAYLEY."

The reader may perceive from this letter, how able the mind and heart of the young sufferer were to rejoice in regaining the society of a father, whom he regarded, in all seasons, with the sincerest affection. But the joy of his return was considerably overclouded by the occurrences that affected his own health. He could remain only a single day with his son, for illness obliged him to retire to Eartham on Thursday the 27th. He soon, however, dispatched the following account of himself to the turret.

"EARTHAM, *Saturday, Dec. 29.*

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"The very severe cold I caught, by the perverse incidents "attending my return to the south, is gradually passing off, "and I hope to ride to you on Monday morning, and pass a "couple of nights in the turret. I have just written a billet to "our friend Guy, requesting him to meet me there on Tuesday "morning. We cannot begin the new year better, than by "trying to make it the year of your restoration, which Heaven "grant it may prove! as we have most animating reasons to "believe it will.

"I have received, since my return, a most singular intima- "tion in a very kind letter from my old friend, Eyles Irwin— "that I have been honoured in a most unexpected manner by "the Emperor of Russia, who, according to this friendly corre- "spondent, has sent me his portrait, in return for the pleasure "he has received from my publications. I am inclined to "suppose, (as I have heard nothing before of this Imperial

" favour,) that it must be a mere vision of my gentle enthu-
" siastic Irish friend, who is too much a man of serious integrity
" and benevolence to invent such a story, as a source of
" laughable illusion. I had rather see you walk again, my
" beloved cripple, than receive pictures and diamonds from all
" the sovereigns of Christendom.

" Time and reflection have cured me, I trust, of all vanities,
" except the useful vanities of the heart, which it may be
" desirable to retain to the close of our mortal existence.

" I am willing to be vain of your filial virtues, and still more
" of your affection; so let me have enough of both, to gratify
" the great ambition

" Of your sincere and affectionate

" HERMIT."

Hayley, in closing his Diary of the year 1798, thus expressed his own feelings in looking back on the departing year, and forward to the next. " Monday, Dec. 31. Prepared to pass
" two days with the beloved cripple in the turret. I implore
" from Heaven that mild spirit of fortitude, which may best
" enable me to counteract the misfortunes and infirmities of
" others, and my own. In contemplating the close of this most
" trying year, I find great reason to be thankful to Heaven;
" for although the sufferings of the dear cripple have been
" dreadfully severe, I trust the mercy of God may yet restore
" him to the full possession and enjoyment of his admirable and
" long-suspended talents, and reward his mild and cheerful
" endurance of calamity, both here and hereafter. Amen!"

Among the various articles which the poet brought from London to amuse his patient, there was a little pocket instrument, containing a variety of colours, and called by opticians Claude Lorraine glasses. This he presented to the young disabled artist, as a New Year's gift, on the 1st of January, 1799, with the following verses.

" Dear youth, whose patience malady displays,
" And love and pity fondly join to praise,
" To view enliven'd every form that passes,
" Take, as a New Year's gift, these tinted glasses!
" Through these, all scenes are splendid, soft, or gay,
" Though dull the visage of the wintry day.
" Think, while the gloom is turn'd to gorgeous light,
" As these successive colours charm your sight,
" So, through deep ills that all your spirit try,
" So shine your virtues to a parent's eye."

Hayley held a conference, on the same day, with his medical friend Guy, on the state of their patient. The result of it was a determination to proceed in severer discipline, by increasing the drains in his back, according to the successful practice which his father had contemplated in a London Hospital. They agreed, also, to gratify the sufferer in his wish of removing to his favourite scene of Eartham. On Thursday, the 3d of January, he returned to that beloved abode; yet not without suffering by the short journey, as the spasms in his legs were more severe than usual, on the night of his arrival. Hayley, to amuse the invalid, now began reading to

him the long-suspended poem on his own Art of Sculpture. The young artist, shattered as he was, took a lively affectionate interest in this interrupted work, and zealously entreated his father to resume and complete it; an attempt of no trifling difficulty, considering his present anxiety, as he had still to compose the latter half of a long poem, and the whole series of extensive notes. The request of so dear a critic, and the hope of amusing a sufferer to whom amusement of this nature was so singularly valuable, induced the poet to proceed with perseverance. His Diary for January concludes in the following words.

"Thursday 31st. Advanced in my poetical work, and "finished the third epistle. In contemplating the close of this "month, I have great reason to be thankful to Heaven, that "my dear invalid seems to be a little better; and that, in spite "of my continual anxiety for him, I have been enabled, by "the goodness of Providence, so far to animate my own bur-"thened spirit, as to proceed in a plan of salutary solitude and "study, in the marine turret, for two days in every week, and "with some appearance of success; which I heartily pray that "Heaven may enable me to continue and improve, by the "encouragement of most efficacy to my spirit—the revival of "my beloved cripple in body and mind."

In the latter end of this month, the poet's old infirm friend Romney had intimated a wish of passing some time at Eartham, as a refuge against the melancholy that preyed upon his spirits. On the 7th of February he arrived with his young disciple,

Isaac Pocock, an amiable ingenious youth, and a visitor particularly welcome to the invalid of Eartham; as they had been friends and fellow-students under the roof of Romney in London. To encourage both the old and the young painter, Hayley addressed a sonnet to the latter, which he printed in his Life of Romney. The sight of these welcome guests enlivened the cripple of Eartham, and tempted him to resume his own pencil, unable as he was to hold it, except in such positions of his half-lifeless and distorted frame, as allowed but a very little portion of force and freedom to the hand; still his love of art and social study triumphed over his personal calamity: he worked a little himself, and encouraged his visitors (who admired his astonishing patience and alacrity of spirit) to continual exertions of the pencil.

The two young artists and the poet employed all their united influence to reanimate the dejected Romney, and with considerable success. He was inspirited to such a degree, that he began a drawing of his two juvenile friends, and sketched also, once more, a new portrait of the poet.

To shew the fervency of his rekindled spirit, he made an original historical sketch from a scene in Macbeth; and, on the 1st of March, to gratify his host, he began another portrait of himself in spectacles.

The beloved cripple contrived, in his recumbent posture on the sofa, to form an admirable original design of that scene in Macbeth, where the usurper visits the Weird sisters. He derived considerable advantage, in this surprising work, from a

little figure of brass which his father had brought him from London,—the curiosity which the poet, in one of his letters, desired his son not to unpack, that he might enjoy the pleasure of presenting it to him in person. The figure, indeed, was a valuable curiosity, and made by an ingenious brother of Flaxman, the sculptor. It represented a complete suit of brazen armour, made with such an infinitude of little joints, that the figure might be thrown with the utmost ease into an endless variety of attitudes, and, of course, might be of infinite use to an artist in sketching historical designs. Its height, nearly six inches, resembled the figures of which Poussin is said to have availed himself in forming his celebrated compositions. The warm-hearted Romney was particularly delighted with this new animated production of the young cripple, and truly sympathized in the exultation of his father, who regarded it as a happy symptom of his reviving health. The applauded invalid executed, on the 4th of March, his admirable sketch of the dying Demosthenes, to decorate his father's poem on Sculpture; and on the 7th, Romney, having completed his own portrait, returned with his promising young pupil to London, having previously declared himself wonderfully revived by his seasonable visit to the south. His young friend of Eartham, reanimated, in his turn, by the continued kindness and applause of the great painter, employed himself after his departure, in copying the fresh portrait in crayons, which he had left as an additional memorial of himself, at Eartham; and he copied it with such variations, as added to the force of the resemblance;

for Romney, by representing himself in a very placid humour, had injured the intelligent animation of his own features. His young friend's pencil gave him a less smiling aspect, but exhibited more faithfully the energy of his character. After finishing his portrait of the painter, the enterprising cripple kindly executed a few original transparent drawings, at the desire of his father, to decorate the glass door of the marine turret, where Hayley placed them on the 20th of March. On his return to Eartham the next day, he was surprised and delighted with a new portrait, which the beloved invalid had contrived to execute of himself, reclining on his sofa. The activity of his pencil in the course of this month, considering his bodily sufferings, was astonishing. Besides the works already mentioned, he gratified his father with two portraits to be placed as the Lares of the poet's library, his mother, and his nurse. These two pictures, invaluable to a feeling heart, were suspended over his mantelpiece, March the 27th, each person represented having her epitaph transcribed on the back of her picture.

The reviving young artist, who seemed to think that he could never exercise his recovered talents enough to repay the kindness of his vigilant father, began, before the month expired, a new portrait for his gratification, a copy from Meyer's picture of his friend Dr. Warner. The original had been entrusted to the care of the poet, that he might preserve it for a very promising youth, whom that active and benevolent divine was then educating. This interesting little portrait, a work that Meyer, who had a lively friendship for Warner, had finished *con amore*,

employed the zealous cripple repeatedly; for, not being perfectly satisfied with his first copy of it, he began and succeeded completely in a second.

The month of April opened with an incident that gave singular delight to the warm-hearted invalid of Eartham, as well as to his father. Their very dear friend, Samuel Rose, displayed, on the first day of the month, his professional talents for the first time in a manner that seemed to verify all the predictions of two friendly poets (Cowper and Hayley) in his favour. In defending a clergyman, under a malicious prosecution for a supposed unchaste attempt against the virtue of an ordinary married woman, the young barrister recommended himself to the county of Sussex by his eloquence and his delicacy. His client exulted with gratitude in a most honourable triumph; and Hayley, who had listened with infinite delight to the oratory of his successful friend, escorted him to take a hasty but very joyous dinner with the sympathetic young artist confined at Eartham, who felt his full share of exultation in the honour of the triumphant advocate.

The cheerful cripple, although he gained no comfortable accession of ease or strength in his disabled limbs, still contrived to exercise his pencil. The following billet, dispatched from Eartham to the turret on the 18th of April, proves that he was at that time employed on his second portrait of Dr. Warner, which remained among the various decorations that his filial affection bestowed on the marine hermitage of his father.

" EARTHAM, *Wednesday Eve.*

" I scribble a few lines to my dear bard, this evening, that " William may be early to-morrow, and bring you letters as " soon as possible. I shall be eager to hear if Godfrey will " visit us. I have begun a new Doctor (Warner's portrait,) " which I think you will like; but it has been such a dull day, " that I have slept more than I have worked. Many thanks " for the books. If the weather is fine, let William put a few " of the small Brindley classics in his pocket. Success attend " your marine bargains, as well as all the rest of your plans. " Adieu."

The plan particularly alluded to in this billet, was an affectionate project of the writer's father, to make the favourite scene of Eartham contribute to the support of the beloved invalid in every sense. For that purpose, Hayley, having formed a less extensive marine retreat as the nest of his old age, gave his larger villa to his son, in the hope and persuasion that, during his crippled state, he might reside much to his own satisfaction in a small part of the house, and let the rest of it to some friendly tenants; so as to furnish him with pleasant society, and a comfortable moderate revenue. This singular gift, and its intention, are recorded in the two following sonnets, composed at the time.

SONNET I.

" IN thee, sweet scene, salubriously fair,
" From early solitude I sought repose,

" To soothe the pangs of deep domestic woes,
" Which only Heaven could teach the soul to bear.
" Now, after years of life-corroding care,
" Dear Eartham, deck'd by me with many a rose,
" To thee thy Hermit his existence owes.
" In age I quit thee for less healthy air;
" Not from a fickle mind's capricious flight:
" Still thou art charming, but paternal love,
" A tender guide commission'd from above,
" And fond and faithful as the carrier dove,
" Would with thy charms a suffering child requite:
" Prove thou to him, Health, Fortune, and Delight!"

SONNET II.

" ENCHANTING Eartham, on whose airy brow
" Pleasure and Health should hand in hand appear!
" O be it thine to change the lot severe
" Of that loved youth, who as thy master now
" To coy Hygeia breathes a gentle vow—
" Magnanimous, without complaint or fear,
" For him thy laurels and thy myrtles rear!
" His crown the Virtues and the Arts allow.
" Pure is his triumph over lingering pain,
" By the mild courage of a soul resign'd,
" And taste and feeling a new merit find
" In that free pencil, which, in brave disdain
" Of crippling malady's oppressive chain,
" Shews the clear powers of a creative mind."

The poet, so anxious to promote the comfort of his son, was induced, by a variety of motives to visit the metropolis again; and he conveyed with him several recent productions of the reanimated artist, to whom he dispatched a billet on the 23d of April, in the instant of his safe arrival in London. The following letter contains a more circumstantial history of the traveller.

"WARNER'S APARTMENT, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE,
April 25, 1799.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"Not meeting the master of this habitation at home, here "I seize a pen to give my darling invalid a history of my last "day and a half. I yesterday called to leave my violets and a "billet at the door of our new married friend, and have had a "most kind reply, inviting me to breakfast with them to-morrow; "and even offering, in the name of the lovely bride, to receive "me to-day, either in her early bed-gown, or in her hoop for "Court, where she is to pass through the irksome ceremony of "being presented to-day.

"I returned a billet early this morning, to acquaint her (with "my thanks) that I would not trespass on the busy moments "of such a day, but wait on her at ten to-morrow, in the "cheerful assurance

'That a pleasure delay'd is a pleasure increased.'

"26th.—Instead of visiting a young bride, as I proposed, this "morning, I have been devoting part of my time to the exami-

" nation of a good crippled old woman in the hospital; the " large woman who had lost the use of her legs, from your " malady. She gave me a very clear account of the symptoms " preceding her recovery, and I rejoice with you in the very " comfortable hope they afford us, that you are on the high " road to restoration. Her nightly pains and darting forth of " the crippled legs were very similar to yours, and she now " walks very well, although her poor legs have a massive body " to support. She says, the first perception of a little volun- " tary movement in the leg was so delightful, that she burst " into tears of joy and gratitude to Heaven. She is a very de- " cent and sensible woman. I never heard a clearer narrative " of medical facts, and you may be sure I listened to it with " joyous attention. After giving you these blessed good omens " for your health, I must speak of your works. Our dear Flax- " man (on whom I called yesterday morning, and who kindly " came to me in the evening) says your portrait of yourself, in " crayons, is one of the purest works of art he ever saw. It " appeared to him like a performance of Titian.

" Your Macbeth and your Demosthenes pleased him no less; " and he could not survey these works of our beloved cripple, " without tears of mingled pleasure, and concern for your suf- " ferings. I have not yet seen Romney, but I heard yesterday " that he looks well, although the blue devils have tormented " him not a little. Flaxman was infinitely amused with your " grotesque figure of the *Pittore* as a fencer. He says it is admi-

" rably like him, and he laughed at it as if it had been a " whole puppet-show.

" You will perceive, by my seal, that I have happily reco- " vered the favourite engraved Elephant, that I thought had " escaped us. Marchant has been very kind in the business of " obtaining it for me, and I value it now inexpressibly as a gift " from you, for I paid for it with your note; and Flaxman says " it is superior in workmanship to the Lion, for which our friend " Mr. Cracherode gave sixty guineas. I never had so strong a " passion for such a *bijou* before; but I value it from a combi- " nation of very particular circumstances, and as it presents to " me a complete emblem of your character under your long and " severe trial—mildness of spirit, and energy of mind.

" Not finding the Reverend Doctor at home, I have here been " scribbling to you, and diverting myself with suspending your " portrait of his Doctorship over his mantelpiece, in the place " of an oval print. Now, on his return, it will be pleasant to " observe his surprise at an unexpected metamorphosis. But " adieu for a little time, I must fold up my paper and march."

" *Near Four o'Clock.*

" Here I am again in my own lodging, and not without " having had a glimpse of the *Dottore;* for just as I was pre- " pared to quit his mansion, who should arrive but the Doctor " himself. I enjoyed his surprise in discovering his own image " over the chimney. Highly pleased indeed he is with this " pleasant proof of your reviving talents. He enquired, as all " your friends do, with cordial anxiety, for a good account of

" the highly esteemed invalid. All creatures complain of the " unfriendly weather. I long for comfortable tidings of the " dear captive, who must sensibly feel it. Heaven bless, and " confirm to you every blessing!

" P. S. I saw a very clever coloured sketch, at Flaxman's, " of your friend Howard. The subject poetically wild from " Shakspeare.

' And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
' To hear the sea-maid's music.'

" Parts of it would please you highly. He has, I hear, a pic- " ture from it at the Exhibition, which is to open on Monday. " *Adio!*"

" EARTHAM, *April* 26, 1799.

" My very dear bard,

" Many thanks for your speedy and welcome intelligence " of your safe arrival. In making our arrangement before you " set off, we both, I fancy, forgot what I think may be of " use to *me* here, and to you at Felpham: I mean, some of my " furniture in town; especially if we fix on a plan which I have " been thinking of since you left me. It is to fit up the break- " fast-parlour here as my room, for it would have many advan- " tages, considering that I must use whichever room I reserve " to myself as the cobler did his stall,

' Which served him for parlour, and kitchen, and hall.'

" It has good shelves to hold all my books. I shall thus lose " the trouble of being carried up and down stairs when I want

" to go out, which I could do, at my own door, with great con-
" venience. It will also be a fit apartment to entertain all the
" numerous visitors I shall receive, Mr. Guy, &c. &c. In short,
" all things considered, I think it will be a much more advan-
" tageous apartment for me than any other. Let me have
" your opinion. It is a nice light for works of art. Are the
" blue legion in great force at Hampstead? How advances
" Macbeth? and pray how do I do after my journey*? I hope
" I shall not lose my colour in the thick air of London. Pray
" keep me close shut up. I long to hear a good account of
" Mr. Flaxman, and all his works.

" I have put the medicine-chest in order, and hope to have
" all things so by the time of your return, which I hope may
" be not far distant. I am anxious to hear if you have got scent
" of any good tenants. With my sincerest wishes for your
" complete success in all plans,

" Believe me ever

" Your most affectionate

" T. H."

" London, *April* 27, 1799.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" If I had time to relate to you all the warm praise that
" has been bestowed, this morning, on your recent works, and
" my own (by the latter I mean only a sonnet composed
" at four this morning, and inclosed for your amusement),

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* His portrait in crayons.

" I should run a risque of exciting your vanity, had not " the modesty of your nature secured you against *that or-* " *dinary foible of genius.* In truth, my dear Thomas, you " would be pleased as you ought to be by the delight which " the Doctors, Warton and Milman, and your friend Howard, " the painter, expressed very warmly, in surveying my dear " artist so forcibly delineated by himself, and his scene of " Shaksperian enchantment. I have accidentally been precluded " from the use of pen and ink, to-day, to such a late hour, that " I must be as rapid as possible, and probably omit half of the " many things I have to say to you. First, I must tell you " that I am charmed with the bride of our friend, a young little " artless pretty creature, full of simplicity, cheerfulness, and " feeling. On my first visit to breakfast, she got dressed before " her husband, and came into the room with this kind excla- " mation: ' I will introduce myself to you, and tell you that I " have loved you ever since I was ten years old, for then The " Triumphs of Temper was first put into my hand, and I have " ever since longed to call the author my friend.'

" This she spoke with an enchanting sweetness of manner, " rushing into my arms with all the tender innocence and gaiety " of an affectionate child. You will easily imagine that I " shed tears of pleasure, and assured them very truly, that I " felt like old Prospero contemplating the union of Ferdinand " and Miranda, only regretting that I was not so happy as to " have accomplished their very promising union by magic of

" my own. I have been with them again to-day, an
" lar satisfaction.

" Let me now thank you for your kind comfort
" which I came eagerly home to meet, though I cou
" home so early as I intended. I hope to be with
" end of next week; but you shall hear again and a

" From your most af

" P. S. Here is Warner just come in, and
" delighted with your portrait of yourself. *Adio!*"

" Eartham, *Ap*

" Thanks to my very dear bard, for his welcome
" his kind and pleasing account of the encomiums
" my productions by my good friends of London
" my best love to Mr. Flaxman, and tell him I se
" value on *his* praise. I should also highly value a
" with which he would honour my performances.
" to hear you are pleased with the bride.

" Many, many thanks, my dear bard, for your
" I really cannot say what you may puff me up to (
" if you bestow so much encomium on me, your
" me of so much which my too kind friends are plea
" it. However, I think, I am in no great danger *jus*
" do happen to find myself a little swelled with va
" spasm in the legs soon sets all to rights. The
" been so cold and unfavourable, that I have be

" have only done a few hours' work on my copy of the miniature.
" It is quite dark. I will add a line to-morrow. Good night!

" Wednesday. Another dull and sunless morning. How-
" ever, I find myself tolerably well, although my legs ache
" most unmercifully, and grow more and more unmanageable.
" I hope your epistle of to-day will tell me when I shall see you.
" I hope to hear an account of Romney and his works. Re-
" member me to him, and to all my friends; and believe me ever

" Your most affectionate

" T. H."

" London, *April* 30, 1797.

" Joy! much and lasting joy to the dear young proprietor
" of Eartham, who will be happy to hear that the stars seem
" to smile on the paternal Hermit and all his plans. What will
" you say to your *old steward*, if he has engaged lodgers for you,
" at a liberal monthly rent, for nine months certain (to stay
" longer if they like it, *gratis*), and the said lodgers particular
" friends? Well! if you have a father who may sometimes be
" called romantic and extravagant, you have a steward or agent
" who is alert, provident, and successful. You must forgive
" my talking in riddles to-day, as I chanced to be detained, in
" shewing, under the roof of our friend Long, some wonderfully
" fine pictures to Dr. Warton and Baron Thompson, to such a
" late hour, that I have hardly time to save the post. I have
" just recommended our young counsellor Rose to the kind
" notice of the Baron, who politely claimed old acquaintance
" with me, as he was intimate with our excellent departed

" Thornton; and this respectable judge has made me promise " to breakfast with him on Thursday. I have some hopes of " reaching home before the week ends; but, as I find unex- " pected kindnesses and honours from various quarters, it is " possible I may be detained a few days longer, for the sake of " serving a few friends.

" I think I have already almost completed my own business, " although your lodgers are only engaged on a contingency. " They depend upon an event which I am persuaded will " happen exactly as we wish, since Providence appears to have " guided me very graciously in all my steps for your good. " Heaven be praised, your pulse is better! My kind love to " Guy, and a thousand thanks to you for your charming letter " on Saturday, and your equally welcome billet last night. " Forgive my haste, which makes me almost illegible, and ac- " cept my repeated fervent and joyous benediction. *Adio!*"

Hayley returned to his invalid on Friday the 3d of May, and flattered himself that he discovered a considerable improvement in his countenance, though his limbs were as much disabled as ever. On the 6th of May he remarked in his Diary, that the warmth of the morning induced him to carry the beloved cripple into the garden—the first time of his being abroad for several months; and the following letter, which the cheerful invalid wrote on the same day to his old friend Mrs. Meyer, will shew to what gaiety of heart he was raised by the return of his father, and the prospect of sharing his own mansion with a family of friends.

" EARTHAM, *May* 6, 1799.

" My dear Madam,

" When I look at your last kind epistle to me, and ob-
" serve the date of January, I feel that you have much reason
" to accuse me of negligence; but alas! my excuse is but too
" good a one, for since you left Sussex I have suffered much
" pain, which rendered me unfit for any employment. But I
" now address you with infinite pleasure, as I have the delight
" of assuring you how much I am gratified with the idea that
" I shall have yourself and your enlivening family to partake
" with me in the enjoyment of this sweet spot. I sincerely
" hope that all your affairs will be arranged to your satisfaction,
" and that you will find great pleasure and benefit in reposing
" your wearied spirit in these beauteous and quiet scenes, with
" the frequent society of our very dear bard and your affec-
" tionate cripple, both of whom will have great pleasure in
" rendering this situation as comfortable as possible.

" We shall enjoy amongst ourselves the delights afforded by
" the divine arts of poetry, painting, and music, all of which,
" I hope, will flourish in our circle by our united endeavours.
" I shall be happy in the society of my friend William, and,
" in short, I trust we shall be a mutual source of comfort and
" pleasure to one another. Give my kind love to your pleasant
" circle, and believe me

" Your sincerely affectionate

" THOMAS HAYLEY."

It seems to have been a favourite project of the p
der the settlement of the Meyer family with the ch
cripple of Eartham highly pleasing and beneficial t
ties; for it appears by his Diary, that on the 11th
breakfasted at Petworth, *tête-à-tête*, with Lord Eg
received from his noble friend a very kind prom
the course of a few years, he would bestow one c
livings in his gift on William Meyer—a prospect p
lightful to Hayley and his son; yet before this mo
the good lady of Kew had unexpectedly changed h
cerning the plan of settling at Eartham, which at fi
so agreeable to all parties. William came to imp
welcome tidings from his mother, on Tuesday th
departed for Petworth the same evening. Hayl
Diary for May in the following terms, that shew
feelings, and the yet unextinguished industry of
artist.

" Friday, May 31st. I ought to close the month
" sions of gratitude to Heaven, for all we have bee
" do towards mitigating the sufferings, and resto
" limbs, of the beloved cripple, whose present con
" rable as it is, yet seems to furnish an improving
" restoration. Whatever his destiny may prove,
" solicit from Heaven such assistance as may best
" counteract his calamity, and make his life as
" evil, and as abundant in all good, as possible."

The change of sentiments in his old friend of

to have affected Hayley in a very painful manner, and induced him to seize an opportunity of travelling towards London with his friend Mr. Sargent, for the purpose of holding a conference at Kew, on the project lately so delectable to all parties. The following letter gives an account of his excursion.

"London, *June 5*, 1799.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"We had such squalls of cold wind and rain, in our ride "from Lavington to Godalmin in Sargent's one-horse chair, "that we thought it advisable to proceed in a post-chaise to- "gether to Kew, and I prepared him to be an auditor of my "conference with our lady of the Green. We passed an hour "with her, and one of the most uncomfortable I ever passed "with an old friend.

"My concern for our disappointment was soon absorbed in "my pity for her various perplexities, and in painful appre- "hension that our friend William will suffer, in every shape, "from the failure of a project on which, I flattered myself, I "had securely built a foundation for his future prosperity, "united to your advantage. So passes the vision to which "I now bid adieu, comfortably persuading myself that Provi- "dence will soon lead us to something still more desirable for "my dear unmurmuring magnanimous sufferer. We arrived "in London to a late dinner, and to a sight of the grand bustle "on a festive day. There was such a hurley-burley of coaches "in Piccadilly, with Horse-guards disciplining refractory coach- "men with their broadswords, that, in a scuffle, my post-chaise

" (after Sargent had left it to walk through the
" most narrow escape of being overset—so narrow,
" driver said he never in his life beheld a chaise in
" and yet so lucky as to escape. A good omen, I
" shall return to you with cheerfulness, and with
" of finding you more and more revived. I had th
" seeing our friend Rose to drink tea with me. He
" very cordially with us on our recent disappointn
" seemed to think, as I do, on reflection, that it m
" be happy for us, that the benevolent project h
" carried into effect. He is firm in his opinion
" easily and pleasantly derive all the emolumer
" domain that you ought to do. In my round thi
" have visited Rose, Howard, and the Flaxmans.
" house, I met Mr. Hawkins (a favourite scholar
" ton's), who lately arrived with many curious relic
" from Greece; Flaxman and I are to drink tea
" morrow morning, to see a fine piece of ancient
" proposed to your friend Howard, to return
" Saturday, but he cannot move till Tuesday.
" an exquisite drawing from the monument of Mrs.
" daughter. I conducted Mr. Hawkins to his ho
" and introduced the agreeable traveller to yo
" friend. I have such a sorry pen that my scrawl
" legible, but the art of deciphering is one of th
" able arts understood by my dearest correspon
" it, and Heaven bless you!"

"EARTHAM, *June 8th*, 1799.

"Many thanks to my very dear bard, for his kind epistle. "Here is one arrived from Mrs. Lushington; may it contain "something pleasing! I should have written yesterday, but "Mr. Guy said he would write, and I wished to know when "we shall see you again. I am sorry Howard will delay "your return, as I long to converse with you after your un- "comfortable visit on your road. Guy has told you what he "thinks of a new swelling in my shoulder. I hope it may "prove, as he thinks it will, a material benefit. Do as you "please about mentioning it to the London gentlemen; I do "not by any means wish it. I have had a pleasant ride in the "garden-chair, this morning, and feel the better for it, but must "not detain a kind visitor, who waits now for the sake of con- "veying this to the post; so excuse my haste, and believe "me ever

"Your most affectionate
"T. H."

"LONDON, *June 7th*, 1797.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"Courage! Hope! and Comfort! The sight of a table "without a letter upon it directed by the hand of my dearest "correspondent made me feel wretched for some moments, this "morning; but after perusing a friendly letter from Guy, by "myself, and reading it again to Long, at his twelve o'clock "breakfast-table, my spirits have been reanimated, though I "still wish I had received a line from yourself; a wish for

" which those of different feelings think me very unreasonable.
" As to Long, he has charged me to assure you, in his name,
" that he is confident Nature is making an important effort in
" your favour; and he thought me very absurd, I believe, for
" intimating a desire to hasten my return, because I had no
" billet from your hand. To quiet my eager and anxious
" spirit, I recollect that you could not have received my first
" letter when your postman set forth, and I therefore cherish
" a hope of receiving a letter from yourself to-morrow.

" To-morrow I am to breakfast with the friendly and intelli-
" gent Dr. Milman, and shall endeavour to collect from him
" every sort of hint, that may tend to your advantage, in all
" points of bodily ease and welfare.

" I trust your friend Howard and I shall be with you early on
" Tuesday, and have the gratification of finding you much re-
" lieved by this genial change of weather.

" I persuade myself it will be a great pleasure to you to
" receive, as your visitor, this very gentle and feeling artist, who
" was so kind to you in regard to your early drawings, and who
" expresses the most friendly interest in your recovery. I re-
" ceived yesterday a letter from our old friend at Kew, which
" pleased me, and I have written to her a very kind billet in
" reply.

" How I wished to have held you in my arms, yesterday,
" when I contemplated Fuseli's Miltonic Gallery. What a col-
" lection of forcible and frightful fancies! There is much to
" admire, but not a single picture that completely satisfies my

" imagination. How should I exult to see the same subjects " designed by you, as I am certain you would design them, " after a few years of health and historical practice. Fuseli " makes the worst figure, where he attempts to rival our old " friend, in a domestic scene of Milton and his daughters. " You will be pleased to hear that I have at last met with " the books which I have wanted so long for the notes to my " poem on Sculpture. Heaven bless and invigorate you with " all its best gifts!

" Ever your most affectionate
" W. H."

On Tuesday the 11th of June, the anxious father returned to his invalid, and brought with him the amiable artist whom he had led his son to expect. Mr. Howard was enabled to visit Eartham repeatedly, by having a commission to execute for the Dilettanti Society, in the Statue Gallery at Petworth, which induced him to reside for some time under the hospitable roof of Lord Egremont. The gratification that his visits afforded to his old and to his young friend at Eartham, is recorded in the following sonnet:

" HOWARD, whom friendship and fine arts endear;
" Attractive painter, with a graceful mind,
" Enrich'd by fancy, and by taste refined;
" Of tender sweetness, such as woes require;
" I feel thy succour, when, at grief's desire,
" Thy gentle spirit, with attention kind,
" Tries with soft Pity's lenient zone to bind

" The trembling heart-strings of a tortured sire.
" Great is the comfort in thy converse found,
" For thou hast view'd with just affection's eyes
" The talents rare, with rarer virtues crown'd,
" In my sunk darling—once allowed to rise
" With all the powers that on perfection's ground,
" Promise to studious youth her splendid prize."

The long anxiety which the poet had endured for his suffering child had led him into the habit of waking at four o'clock every morning, and soothing his agitated spirit with devotional sonnets, composed on his pillow. As they were the offspring of paternal tenderness, some of them occasionally find a place in this compilation, because its chief aim is to display, in the fairest and fullest light, that example of filial excellence, whose misfortunes they describe, or whose virtues they celebrate. These brief compositions amused and inspirited both the father and his son, at a time like the present, when their more arduous undertakings of the pen and the pencil were utterly suspended.

By the influence of improving hope, or superior resolution, suspended works were once more resumed by the parent and child, whose hearts and minds delighted to make every possible exertion that could afford them a chance of soothing and animating each other.

The affectionate young artist felt a strong desire of having his long confinement enlivened by one visit from his incomparable master. The excellent Flaxman would have taken a melancholy delight in gratifying so laudable a desire, but the imperi-

ous avocations of his art allowed him not leisure sufficient for a journey to Eartham. He wrote, however, the following very friendly letter to his interesting disciple.

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET, *July* 5, 1799.

" Dear Thomas,

" You know what an excellent epistolary correspondent I " am, and how regular, this letter is a proof; for, in answer to " three kind letters from the bard, I address this to you, so that " you see my practice is as uniform as the excuse for what I do. " Sculpture! Sculpture! with its studies, and attendant busi- " ness, leave me little time for any thing besides; so little, my " dear Thomas, that it would not be possible for me to visit you " in this part of the year, without disadvantageous consequences " of a most serious nature, which I could better explain in words " than writing. However, you know the consequence of leav- " ing a large clay figure nearly finished, for several days, in the " heat of summer, together with other models and works which " must be done, because honesty and professional reputation " are at stake.

" I mentioned to you, in a former letter, I believe, that I am " to execute the monument of Captain Montagu; at least you " have heard from the bard, of this national commission. My " whole study, as you may suppose, has undergone a change " since you saw it. I have finished the monument to Mr. Earle, " in Salisbury Cathedral, which Mr. Meyer recommended to " me, and I have the satisfaction to find that it has pleased.

" These and similar concerns keep me from seeing yo
" joying the sweets of Nature in the country at this s
" yet I am not unmindful of you. I was gratified b
" expectations by the drawings your father brough
" The Death of Demosthenes was conceived with a
" cian greatness and simplicity.

" The scene of Macbeth has an uniform terror of c
" and a noble effect of *chiaro scuro*. The Queen of
" her child are elegant and affecting, and the painte
" his spectacles is as fine a characteristic comic f
" striking likeness as ever I saw. Your own portra
" I admired more than them all, not only from its tr
" ture, but because the sudden representation of n
" and patient friend made an impression upon me w
" not soon forget.

" It is to little purpose for me to say any thing on
" of your suffering, but that it is my constant hope,
" wish, that the Almighty may be pleased to give y
" and joyful restoration. But to turn our thoughts
" of fine art, I have troubled Mr. Howard with a pl
" the little bronze lion on my chimney-piece. I sen
" you were pleased with the original, and it is a pro
" of your own magnanimity. I and my father di
" Romney's at Hampstead, last Sunday, by particula
" and were received in the most cordial manner;
" was grieved to see so noble a collection in a state
" so mangled, and prepared, I fear, for worse, an

"You lost little in not seeing the Exhibition of this year. "All portraits; all trifling; *parvum in multo;* and for poor sculp- "ture, it was poor indeed, if it deserved the name. The vene- "rable genius of our art will always shun the gaudy coxcomb "and the trifler. Such are not companions for his simple ele- "vated spirit. Fuseli's exhibition is of another character; forty "pictures, the product of a noble industry, possess at least sub- "lime thoughts, marvellous composition, and great learning.

"I am concerned that the distance between us prevents me "from communicating with you any of those pleasures or acqui- "sitions in art, of which I possess myself, from time to time; "but if I can send you any thing, or do any thing for you, "pray command my services. Mrs. F. sends her love to you, "and unites in kindest wishes to the bard and yourself, with,

"Dear Thomas,

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. FLAXMAN."

Crushed as the young sufferer was in his bodily frame, his spirit was, at this time, perfectly alive to the emotions of friendly and social pleasure. The kind letter of his master was a cordial to his heart, and he had considerable gratification, in the course of this month (July 1799) from having, for a short time, under his roof, two guests whom he highly regarded, Bunce the architect, and Howard the painter.

Hayley said, in his Diary of the 12th of July, "The dear "invalid enjoyed the society of his friend Howard particularly "to-day." In a season of painful malady and long confinement,

the casual gleams of great social enjoyment appear events of importance and of wonder. The poet, who had been filled with dark apprehensions for the life of his son, by his conference in London with that accomplished physician Sir Francis Millman, seems to have hardly allowed himself, in this month, to pass a night at his marine villa; but, as his own sanguine spirit was ever strongly inclined to hope, he appears gradually to have re-animated his fancy with the idea that nature and Providence might yet accomplish, what medicine did not seem to promote, the restoration of this young magnanimous sufferer.

This revival of hope is strongly expressed in the following passage of the Diary so often referred to. "Saturday, July 27th. "Conveyed the dear invalid into the garden, and read to him "there part of the 12th book of Virgil. Visit from Guy. I "hoped he might be enabled by Heaven to apply to our dear "patient the following lines, with which I had just closed the "volume:

'Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magistrâ
'Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera servat;
'Major agit Deus, atque opera ad majora remittit.'

"We agreed in our ideas of his material amendment, and in "the hope that he may yet struggle through this very long con-"flict with a most cruel malady."

This hope had so beneficial an influence on the spirit of the poet, that he bathed again at Felpham on the 30th of July, and the next day resumed once more his long-suspended poem on Sculpture. He said in his Diary, speaking of his friend Guy

and himself, "We continue to cherish our hopes of our dear "patient, perhaps in a manner too sanguine; yet it is better "to hope too much than too little. I have great reason to "thank Heaven for an improving chance of saving him, and for "the infinite virtues he displays in his long and severe suffer-"ings. *Pazienza e Coraggio !*"

It was, perhaps, fortunate for the mind of the poet that he had, at this season, a new and accidental motive to mental exertion, that quickened his powers of application under his present load of anxiety. For the purpose of assisting his worthy relation, Captain Godfrey, in the purchase of a farm, and for his own occasions also, he had engaged a friend to accommodate him with a considerable sum in the funds, which he entered into a bond to replace. By the victories of the Russian Suwarrow, the funds were so affected, that, in replacing the stock of his friend, the poet had to sustain a considerable loss, and he was very desirous of counteracting, if possible, by his own literary labour, the unfavourable turns of time and chance. This motive, added to his strong and incessant wish to amuse his beloved invalid, enabled him to proceed again in his often-interrupted poem on Sculpture. His feelings on this occasion were expressed in the following

SONNET.

"No more assiduous round thy couch of pain
"I watch, dear sufferer, with daily prayer;
"But banish'd from thee into heavier air,
"Lonely I labour by the cloudy main,

" Though with an anxious heart and troubled brain,
" The weight of literary toil to bear;
" That study may a monied loss repair,
" That time and chance will force me to sustain.
" Still, my mild darling, ever in my mind,
" Whether I hover o'er thy shatter'd frame,
" Or, to my studious solitude resign'd,
" Resume suspended work with generous aim,
" My life's prime object! thou art sure to find
" My love and care, though varied, still the same."

If the exertions of the afflicted father were laudable, those of his crippled son were infinitely more so, and indeed astonishing. Though his whole body was now so much shattered, that it was impossible for him to hold a pencil without extreme difficulty and pain, he contrived, on the 3d of August, to sketch an original design of our Saviour and the Woman of Samaria; and his sketch, though a very slight one, with a black lead pencil, exhibits that simple, affecting scene, with admirable grace and energy of expression.

He designed and executed this little work in the absence of his father, and had great delight in surprising him with the new performance, on his arrival from Felpham, whence the poet had brought some recent composition to amuse the invalid. The new production of the pencil gave rise to the following

SONNET.

" STILL highly favour'd by Heav'n's gracious powers
" I deem thee, O my darling! though by fate

" Malignant tortured in the piteous state
" Of young decrepitude. In youth's prime hours,
" When Health should crown thee with her lively flowers,
" The weeds of sickness bend thee with their weight.
" Still thy cramp'd hand can works of truth create,
" In art and fancy's consecrated bowers.
" The fondness of my joy no words can tell,
" Thus to behold thee with fresh skill design
" Scenes of our Saviour's life. Samaria's well
" Learns from thy pencil with new charms to shine:
" Be it to thee beyond all magic spell,
" Water of life! the fount of grace divine!"

In this manner these affectionate spirits endeavoured to animate and encourage each other to new exertions. Yet the paternal solicitude of the poet was so great at this time, that his efforts to study were often ineffectual, and his tears flowed alone instead of the verses he wished to produce. His Diary of August ends with the following devout reflection.

" In closing the month, I ought to reflect with gratitude to " Heaven, on the mixture of good that my beloved patient " enjoys in the trying scenes of his calamity; particularly his " placid sleep and unclouded temper. Heaven, teach me to do " whatever may be most soothing to this dear sufferer, and bear " with resignation and fortitude whatever thy appointment may " be concerning a mortal so long, and so worthily, the object of " my tenderest anxiety!"

The month of September brought some unexpected pleasure

to the interesting invalid. He was much enlivened visit from his compassionate friend Mr. Aiton, the dener, of Kew. He had been hitherto a stranger to scenery of Eartham, and the friendly cripple was with his guest, that he attended him in his garden all his extensive hill.

On the 24th of September, the invalid and his fa happened to be together at Eartham, were both hi fied by a visit from Mr. Hawkins, the elegant trav had passed six years in Greece, and brought a ve collection of drawings from that country, so highly en the fancy of every scholar. Many of these drawings with the traveller, and he kindly indulged the inva sight of whatever he found most likely to interest him; a kindness that gave rise to the following

SONNET.

" HAWKINS! whose youth, beneath Minerva's ca
" Has wisely labour'd to enlarge the mind
" With active toil and studious joys combined:
" Well pass'd your early years in Grecian air,
" In happy search of treasures rich and rare;
" Treasures of art and nature! wealth refined
" By taste and science, and to you assign'd
" By them your guides, in union doubly fair.
" Dear guest! most welcome in a hermit's cell,
" Soothing his sorrows with a friendly spell,
" On you his grateful benedictions dwell,

" The ward of Pallas still where'er you go,
" Graced like Ulysses, be it yours to know
" All his domestic bliss without his woe."

The poet conducted this pleasing traveller to his marine turret, read to him in the evening his resumed poem upon Sculpture, and the next day escorted him to Petworth, passing another social hour with the invalid at Eartham, in the way.

Though the anxious father and his suffering child were now hardly ever more than two days without the sight of each other, they had also a continual intercourse of billets between Eartham and Felpham. As these are little more than accounts of health, or ordinary domestic occurrences, they shall not encumber this work, that has already extended to an immoderate length. Yet the following letter so tenderly displays that mutual affection which these pages were compiled to commemorate, that its claim to insertion is irresistible.

" Φίλτατε Φίλων,

" The key was exactly right, and I send, as you desire, the " contents of your drawers:—a collection that I surveyed with " emotions of tenderness, in perceiving that it partly consisted " of your early literary exercises, under your parental preceptor. " My affection was gratified by your tender care in preserving " all my letters to you; and to shew you how far from di- " minution that affection still is, I transcribe an early sonnet of " this morning, of which, as usual, the dear disciple is the " subject.

SONNET.

" *September 30th, 5 o'Clock in the Morning.*

" THOU dearest object of incessant care,
" For thee before the throne of Heaven I bend,
" Constant as days arise and nights descend.
" Imploring God, who seems thy life to spare
" To give thee only good; and if to share
" That good my worn existence may extend,
" Be it in forming, as thy firmest friend,
" Part of thy bliss, the subject of my prayer.
" Spirits of light, who, tender as the dove,
" On viewless wings o'er earth's rough confines range,
" Forbidding worldly demons to estrange
" Hearts form'd to harmonize by powers above;
" In us for ever guard the sweet exchange
" Of perfect filial and parental love.

" As garnish to these hasty rhymes, I send you two of the " finest peaches on my southern wall, and the only ones that " seem to be near ripe. I send you also ' The fair Syrian,' a " novel of infinite pathos.

" Here is a long letter, after a morning of hard and, I hope, " not unsuccessful work. The high praise that our accom- " plished Grecian visitor bestowed on my present composition, " has encouraged me to proceed with fresh spirit; and I like my " poem the better, ever since I contrived to introduce your " design of Demosthenes, as a decoration for one of the " Epistles.

" I hope you will soon have command of hand enough to

" execute a design for each of the other divisions of the poem.
" In this cheerful hope, I bid you adieu.

" MARINE TURRET, *Monday, Sept.* 30, *between* 1 *and* 2 *o'Clock.*"

The Diary of September shews how eagerly the sanguine spirit of the poet cherished every new gleam of hope, that seemed to promise the recovery of his son.

October opened with some appearance of cheerfulness.

The countenance of the cripple continued to improve, and his pleasant friend, the little Palladio, reached the turret on the fourth, that he might honour at Eartham, on the morrow, the birthday of the young suffering artist. Guy and his son kindly formed a part of the little circle, whom the poet endeavoured to entertain with the following occasional verses.

SONNET I.

" MAY Friendship smile on this her festive day,
" My son, to nature by thy birth endear'd,
" For child more justly loved she never rear'd;
" And sweet, and joyous as the flowery May,
" Grew thy fair youth, with opening talents gay,
" Where all the bloom of excellence appear'd,
" Till malady, too subtle to be fear'd,
" Fix'd on thy frame with undermining sway;
" Now years of anguish by a heart sustain'd
" Magnanimously mild, devoutly brave,
" Seem from thy guardian angel to have gain'd
" Still fonder care, his suffering charge to save;
" To grace thy rescued life, be gifts ordain'd,
" The best that ever God to patience gave!

SONNET II.

" DEAR invalid, when last thy natal day
" Awaked the lyre of thy afflicted bard,
" The power his verse invoked with just regard,
" Was Patience, not in vain! her heavenly ray
" Shed o'er distemper's gloom a soothing day,
" Teaching my mind all murmur to discard,
" Nor deem the darling of my heart ill starr'd,
" But safe in Mercy's tutelary sway.
" Beneath thy guidance grant my present song,
" Pure Gratitude! with all thy grace to flow,
" To Heaven and friendship our best thanks belong,
" Friendship, kind Heaven's dear delegate below,
" Who bids in trying scenes of tedious woe
" Our hearts be cheerful, and our hopes be strong."

The 12th of October appears also a remarkable day, in the Diary of the poet, as he mentions the having completed, on that day, a second manuscript volume of his sonnets, and his having found the cheerful sufferer at Eartham amusing his fancy with a new plan of a cottage for himself, an idea which, as it interested and entertained him, his father was anxious to encourage.

The repeated disappointments which occurred, concerning the project of finding eligible lodgers for the young possessor of Eartham, induced him to think of building a commodious, yet cheap cottage for his own residence.

He imagined that his personal calamity, which he did not suppose very perilous to life, would reduce him to live much

sequestered from the world, and he looked cheerfully forward to a prospect of amusing and supporting himself by the various resources of art and science, which he hoped to cultivate, in a manner very singular, indeed, but not without such success as would perfectly gratify his temperate and laudable ambition. Not satisfied with approving in prose the new idea of his son, the poet applauded it in the two following sonnets.

SONNET I.

" HONOUR and joy to that inventive fire,
" Which, unsuppress'd by desolating woes,
" That banish from the shatter'd frame repose,
" Still beams, dear cripple, in thy mind entire,
" With all that hope and fortitude inspire,
" Whose lucid stream in thy pure soul instils
" Such calm yet vivid grace, as sparkling rills
" Give the sweet vale in verdure's rich attire.
" Thy tender sire approves thy gay design
" To raise thy fancy and engage thy heart,
" On thy own model of Vitruvian art,
" To build a mansion for thyself. Depart
" All evil far from that domestic shrine,
" Where genius, peace, and love, may as thy Lares shine!"

SONNET II.

" THE prudent find their house; the foolish build,—
" So worldly wisdom cries, in words discreet,
" But void of feelings to perceive how sweet,
" How salutary 'tis for spirits fill'd

" With active generous thought, from Heaven instill'd,
" To form, as taste suggests, a calm retreat,
" Where contemplation, in a favourite seat,
" May bless the day that silent virtues gild.
" Thy modest talents, my dear son, delight
" (And so they did from reason's earliest hour)
" In culture skreen'd from pert intrusion's sight.
" May'st thou, long bless'd in health's returning light,
" Raise and enjoy thy well-invented bower,
" Happy in cordial peace and mental power!"

The project of forming a diminutive abode for himself to his own fancy in his favourite village, was not the only amusement that enlivened the cripple at this season. He had the gratification of another visit from his benevolent and beloved relation, Captain Godfrey. It was on the 15th of October, in the presence of that welcome visitor and of Hayley, that his medical friend Guy very confidently pronounced his young patient to be then in a state of certain, though very slow convalescence; words that excited transport in all the sympathetic hearts around him, and gave rise to the following

SONNET.

" BLESS'D be the voice of friendship and of joy,
" That speaks a presage of thy health so bold,
" Dear sufferer, still within the grievous hold
" Of pain, thy tyrant! potent to annoy
" And torture, though forbidden to destroy

" A youth whom his good angel has enroll'd,
" And taught to shine, with men of happiest mould,
" Who rescued life most worthily employ.
" My heart, exulting in thy future weal,
" Anticipates the sweet rewards, my son,
" Which thy exalted mind is sure to feel
" For ills that pitying Heaven now deigns to heal.
" Genius and faith will teach thy days to run
" With pure felicity, surpass'd by none."

These flashes of hope were followed by dark clouds of apprehension. A new abscess was formed and opened in the arm. The patient supported the operation with his usual fortitude and gaiety of spirit. He continued to take a lively interest in the long poem of his father, now advanced towards a conclusion, and most cheerfully pressed him to complete it. He also requested him, with the same pleasant alacrity of spirit, to enclose the sketch he had formed of a cottage for himself, to the friendly architect of the turret, not being able at this time to write a letter with any facility of hand. The latter instance of his cheerfulness occurred in November. On the 30th of the preceding month, his father had thus recorded in his Diary a new alarm from mischief in the joint of the shoulder. " Painful " conference with Guy. I forced myself away in spite of a wet " evening, not to betray my feelings on this new and dreadful " discovery of increasing danger." It required no common exertion of mind to write verses under such anguish of heart; but this the poet continued to do, as an effort of paternal ten-

derness. He closed his Diary of October with the following expressions: "The prospect calls for all my philosophy and all "my religion. Merciful God! whatever the issue of this dear "sufferer's malady may be, I implore thee to enable me to afford "him every possible comfort, that the most deserving of sons can "receive from paternal vigilance and tenderness." On the 1st of November, he thus continued his supplication: "Heaven grant "me powers to amuse his mind to the utmost, that angelic "mind, which no sufferings appear to dispirit!" Heaven seems to have granted this paternal prayer, as the sufferer was particularly interested and cheered by the recent composition of his father, who regularly imparted to him all the progress he made towards the completion of his extensive poem on Sculpture—an event which the young artist had been most zealously eager to witness, and which was at last announced to him in the following billet.

"Felpham, *Friday noon*,
November 22, 1799.

"Φίλτατε Φίλων,

"I had just triumphantly written the last line of my sixth "and last epistle, and I was beginning to plant a few pleasing "trees (that I had reserved to plant as a memorial of the hour "in which I terminated a long poem, so often interrupted) "when the anxiously expected Sancho arrived. I flew to him "with inexpressible eagerness, and am happy to find his tidings "in unison with the presage of my heart, that you look much "better. I hope to be early with you to-morrow, and to

" amuse you and our dear Guy, with the additional touches " I have bestowed on my poetical portrait of

" My young Prometheus in a vulture's grasp."

" O that I were Hercules, to put this vulture to speedy flight, " and restore the captive to perfect ease and joy! Dear little " patient Prometheus, Heaven bless thee!"

The young artist, full of corporeal anguish as he was, yet heard with no common gratification the two last epistles of the poem, so resolutely completed at his request, expressing at the same time a modest apprehension that the warmth of parental feelings might have led the poet to praise him too much; still the tender commemoration of his talents, his sufferings, and his fortitude, evidently inspirited his ingenuous mind. He now began to interest himself concerning the large body of notes, that were to illustrate the poem. On the 30th of November, Hayley said in his Diary, " By very hard work " I finished my transcript of the whole poem, and prepared to " rejoin, as speedily as possible, the dear invalid. I found " him with an improved countenance, and in charming spirits. " I read to him, at his suggestion, several epigrams of Martial, " running through the three first books, with a cursory view, " to find epigrams on ancient statues. We were both much " diverted by the curious adulation of one epigram, describing " an elephant bowing to the Emperor Domitian." Some incidents in November had a cheering effect on the spirits both of Hayley and his son; particularly a letter from their kind

relation, Captain Godfrey, stating the case of a suf after enduring long confinement and tortures very those of the patient at Eartham, was perfectl In November also, the following passage occurs in of the poet:

" I informed the dear invalid of my decision, " morning, not to proceed on my literary business " while his sufferings are so great, a decision that " affectionate heart, although he had generously v " going."

Notwithstanding his recent alarm, the sanguine father still shewed itself in thus ending his Diary of " In closing this month, I am devoutly thankful to " the improvement in the features of the invalid, " help persuading myself, in spite of the darkest " sages, that he will yet struggle happily throu " severe trial, and revive to form a noble ingenuou " racter. But I submit my heart, I hope, with a p " of resignation to the will of the Almighty, cor " darling sufferer, uncertain as it is, and devoutly " to bestow on my patient child, whatever his omni " to be best for the sufferer's eternal welfare, a " tionate reunion in a state of celestial beatitude " implore, in the name of his own blessed Son, ou " Jesus Christ. Amen."

The poet laboured through the dreary month

in compiling his notes to the poem, and reading them, as they arose, to the invalid, whose situation at this season was such, that, as his father remarked in his Diary, it almost overwhelmed the author's faculties.

Still he persevered in his labour, animated by the tender and lively interest that filial affection, in despite of more and more oppressive calamity, continued to take in the conclusion of his work. He perpetually struggled against despair, and expressed a considerable degree of hope in ending his Diary of the year 1799.

The tender-hearted William of Kew kindly came to pass a few days of the new year with his young suffering friend. The invalid was justly sensible of this kindness, but the various burdens of his malady had so increased upon him, the mere daily business of rising, and of going to bed, was become a process of so much pain and tedious trouble, that the considerate cripple very tenderly requested both his father and his favourite young friend, to sleep constantly at Felpham, and indulge him with their society only for a few hours in the course of the day. Yet his spirits were invariably cheerful, and in revising the recent notes to the poem on Sculpture, he discovered such critical strength and clearness of intellect, that his father, who had long accustomed him to revise and give his frank opinion upon his various compositions, as they arose, expressed on this occasion, his very high esteem for the judgment and integrity of the juvenile critic, in the following—

SONNET.

"YOUNG as thou art, and with a frame oppress'd
"By cruel malady's corrosive sway,
"A mind I know not, in this trying day,
"Where judgment, true to nature's perfect test,
"And genuine taste, of rapid guides the best,
"Afford a clearer intellectual ray;
"Light more benign, than what I yet survey
"In thine, dear sufferer, still divinely bless'd!
"Correct my thoughts, erroneous or uncouth.
"Thy cloudless spirit, as a judge, may sit
"In the wide sphere of reason, fancy, wit.
"Whatever point I to thy sense submit,
"I feel thy sentiments, angelic youth,
"An emanation of eternal truth."

The invalid was cheerfully anxious for the speedy appearance and success of his father's extensive work. He delighted in revising and returning the proof sheets to the press; and in spite of his increasing pains, and debility of limbs, he felt a tender exultation of mind, in surveying a proof of his own design, the head of Demosthenes, now prepared to decorate the poem on sculpture. His heart was particularly gratified in such application of his talents. In the last year, he had begun to sketch a few scenes from the manuscript dramas of Hayley, intending, as soon as he had recovered strength sufficient to hold a pencil with ease, to decorate all the plays of his father. He cherished a lively hope that by exerting, in their service, all

the powers of a filial pencil, he might render them favourites of the public. Increasing infirmity precluded him from prosecuting this generous idea. The month of January was chequered by two events that impressed both sorrow and joy, in a sudden and forcible manner, on the hearts both of Hayley and his son. The first was, the unexpected death of their warm-hearted friend, the Rev. Dr. Warner. The second was the arrival of a letter from Norfolk, that seemed to promise the restoration of the poet Cowper, as it contained the passage of Homer, relating to the sculpture of Dædalus, which the translator had new modelled for the use of his Sussex friend. He sent his new version of the interesting passage, executed so gracefully, and written in a hand so firm and delicate, that it excited a transport of exultation at Eartham, as an unquestionable omen of Cowper's recovery.

February soon annihilated the joy that the former month had excited. New danger threatened the life of Cowper; and a fresh alarming abscess appeared in the patient of Eartham. It was opened on the 27th, and Hayley said, in his Diary,

" I close the month with thanks to Heaven, that my beloved " sufferer has passed through the operation I so much dreaded, " with infinitely less suffering than I apprehended for him. " Gracious Heaven,

' Be bounteous still
' To give him only good!'"

The commencement of March was remarkable for the un-

subdued spirit, and fresh ardour of application, with which the young crippled artist contrived to employ himself, on a new original design. From the state of his arms and back, he could not guide a pencil, without much embarrassment and pain, but when his arms were close to his side, he could command his fingers with ease and freedom: and this circumstance led him to amuse himself in forming a little model of three figures, in wax, representing himself returning thanks to Heaven for the supposed restoration of his limbs, supported by his friends, in the instant of his perceiving the return of voluntary movement. He continued to employ himself in this ingenious work, and in revising the sculptural notes of his father, although his malady was making such ravages in his shattered frame, as excited the darkest apprehension, in his medical friend. The Diary on the 8th of March, gives the following account of the patient:

"I found the beloved cripple not so well as I left him; re-
"joiced to meet Guy. We voted for a new operation, which
"our dear sufferer went through, with his usual fortitude, se-
"renity, and cheerfulness.

"Grieved to the heart in hearing and observing new and
"bad symptoms of declining strength, in swellings of the legs
"and body. Yet the countenance and the voice of this magna-
"nimous martyr are wonderful, as well as the firmness and
"tranquillity of his spirit. Read to him, after Guy's departure."

Hayley, who had amused the invalid with the proof sheets of the epistles on Sculpture, hoped to gratify him also with an early proof of a well engraved portrait of the youth himself,

from the medallion which Flaxman had executed of his promising scholar, in the commencement of their connexion. This portrait not arriving so soon as it was expected, Hayley had written to London on the subject, and received a very kind reply from the great sculptor, containing the following passage, highly honourable to his disabled disciple.

" BUCKINGHAM-STREET,
" *March* 26, 1800.

" It is equally surprising and unaccountable, that you have " had no further news of the engravings, for Mr. Howard " finished a beautiful drawing from the medallion of my friend " Thomas, I think, four weeks ago. The copper-plate from it " is most likely done by this time, as well as that of the head " of Pericles.

" I form to myself some idea of the spirit and sentiment " in the good Thomas's wax model. I shall be happy to see " it when it is your companion in some excursion to town. I " lament his helpless condition continually, and feel for you, " as well as for him, the misery and disappointment of his " crippled powers; but, however, it is some consolation, that " Providence has enabled him, in his present state, to do more " than most men in the full possession of all their faculties " are able to perform."

This tender praise had a cordial influence on the spirits of the cripple, and of his father; yet the feelings of the latter became now so painfully agitated, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could force himself to persevere in literary labour.

The poignancy of these complicated feelings he expressed to his medical friend in the following

SONNET.

" GUY, whose humane and salutary skill
" Comprises all that nature, all that art
" Can to the body, or the mind impart,
" Of aid and comfort, under deepest ill,
" Thou long hast seen, and thou art seeing still
" The fearful trial of a father's heart,
" While death's most subtle and slow poison'd dart
" Mangles his darling, yet delays to kill.
" Oh, if in ought that Heaven and earth require
" Of resignation, or of tender care,
" Thy friend appears deficient, tried by fire,
" Still pity and correct the failing sire;
" For love and grief his reasoning powers impair,
" Inflamed by hope, or palsied by despair."

Little as the severity of the patient's new and more complicated symptoms of decay could fairly allow the most sanguine spirit to hope, the paternal heart of the poet could not yet resign itself to absolute and utter despair. His struggles against it appear in the following

SONNET.

" ANGELIC sufferer, whose existence seems
" Supported only by a feeble thread,
" In troubled visions I have seen thee dead,
" And waking scenes, as fearful as my dreams,

" Show me thy shatter'd frame, in pain's extremes;
" Yet unobscured, and nobly free from dread,
" The lucid spirit of thy heart and head
" Outshines Hyperion's unobstructed beams.
" Desponding friendship with compassion cries,
" ' Poor martyr, mild and quick be thy release!'
" So prays not Nature. Hope can never cease,
" In hearts parental, till celestial peace
" Has, by clear mandate from the pitying skies,
" Seal'd with the seal of God his servant's eyes."

The poet ended his Diary of March with the following words:—" I close the month with a heavy heart concerning " the complicated maladies of my dear sufferer, but with thanks " to God that his serenity, fortitude, and cheerfulness of spirit " do not forsake him."

In the beginning of April, the anxious father was inclined to flatter himself that he discerned an essential amendment in the cheerful sufferer; but he remarks in his Diary, " Guy ten- " derly endeavours to damp my too sanguine hopes."

On the 3d of April, he observes of the patient, " His spirits " are wonderfully cheerful, and his fancy amused with his pro- " jected cottage." On the 5th, the Diary continues thus:—

" I concluded my last note to the last epistle, and hastened to " convey it to the dear invalid; found him rather better. He " expressed, in a very endearing manner, his joy on my com- " pletion of the long work, which he had kindly pressed me to " complete for his gratification. Visit from Guy. His appre-

" hensions of the darkest kind. My hopes occasionally too " sanguine.

' Liceat sperare timenti.' "

Again, Sunday the 6th. " Rose at five, to be early with the " dear invalid, and was with him soon after seven. Wrote a " letter to our friendly architect, at the cripple's request, inclos- " ing his own fresh plan of a new cottage, that he has thoughts " of building."

In the evening of Friday, the 11th of April, Hayley had the comfort of receiving his benevolent and beloved relation, Captain Godfrey, in the turret.

The Diary, on April the 12th, proceeds thus:

" Rose at five; escorted Godfrey on horseback to our dear " invalid; remained with him till near three o'clock. Godfrey " justly observed to me, after we left him, that although he " always appeared an admirable creature, he never was so " admirable as in his conversation and affectionate manners " to-day."

Diary,—April 14th. " Found the dear patient revived, by de- " grees, from the oppression of opium; he invited me to pass the " evening with him, to talk over his new plans of building at " Felpham; his invitation acts as a command on my heart. He " was cheerful in the evening, and laid out his little field, with " his projected cottage, extremely well."

This change of idea, in the young artist, and his wish to build his cottage at Felpham, instead of fixing it, according to his first intention, in the favourite scene of his infancy, arose from

an affectionate desire of seeing his father very frequently, without exposing him to the chance of wet rides from the turret to Eartham.

The kind projector thought of placing his cottage in a little field at Felpham, which his father had purchased of Mr. Alexander Williams; but on reflection, another field, near the church, and belonging to Miss Hall, appeared a spot better suited to the little plan he had formed.

He intimated to his father a wish to become the proprietor of this diminutive estate, with his hopes of being able to settle and support himself upon it, by incessant industry in such works of art, as he persuaded himself that, however crippled, he should yet, by the mercy of Heaven, be empowered to produce. Hayley, who delighted in seizing every opportunity of gratifying the wishes of this highly deserving son, immediately promised to purchase the field for him, if possible; and on the 27th of April, he had the joy of presenting to him an agreement, signed by the obliging lady to whom the field had belonged, that rendered the young projector perfectly master of the ground, on which he was so desirous of exercising his fancy. The recumbent cripple raised his head to kiss the cheek of his father, and exclaimed, in a gentle transport of joy and gratitude, "This is "kind and delightful indeed!"

Their mutual exultation was, in the course of two days, turned into sorrow by the afflicting tidings of Cowper's death. The sufferer of Eartham was destined soon to follow his admired, beloved, and revered friend of Weston. He grew daily weaker,

but continued astonishingly free from mental depression. His father said, in ending his Diary of April, "The prospect all "dark."

Thursday, May 1. "I rode early to the beloved patient; found "him still weaker. Visit from Guy. Prospect darker and darker. "I determined to pass the night near him, and lay down be- "tween the blankets."

The fatal Friday, May 2. "I rose before six; the dear suf- "ferer still living. Visit from Guy. Symptoms more and more "deadly. Guy left him, and thought he would live through "the day. His intellect and his voice were marvellously clear. "I hovered over him incessantly; and at half past one in the "afternoon, the dear angel departed, after short but severe "agony. In death, as in life, most admirable and lovely."

Thus perished, in the twentieth year of his age, Thomas Alphonso Hayley, a youth memorable for the variety and extent of his talents, his virtues, and his sufferings. It is very remarkable, that, strong as the symptoms were of his sinking gradually to the grave, he never expressed to any person the idea that he was likely to die. This might arise from two very different causes. He might either be deluded into a firm expectation of recovery, by the common flattery of nature; or, what is much more probable, from the intelligent and affectionate vigour of his mind, he might have resolved never to let any expressions escape him that could depress the sanguine hopes, or painfully agitate the feeling nerves, of his parent. His own serenity and fortitude were so very striking, that in the day

preceding that of his death, while his father was assisting the other attendants on the cripple, who were all employed in removing his shattered frame from his tent bed to his sofa, (both stationed in the spacious library of Eartham), the agitated father exclaimed, in a transport of mingled anguish and exultation, "My God! the courage of Nelson, in the battle of "the Nile, was nothing to what you have displayed, my dear "child, in this trying scene." Enthusiastic, and almost preposterous as such an exclamation may appear, it was probably a literal truth; and its extravagance vanishes, when we consider the extraordinary condition of the young heroic sufferer. His frame, at this time, was so utterly shattered and helpless, that his father compared it to the frame of a seaman lacerated from head to foot by the massive splinters of his ship. In this condition, while four or five persons were holding, or moving together the different helpless parts of his body, all full of pain and debility, with death in his countenance, and without the slightest symptom of fear or perturbation of any kind, he gave the clearest and most endearing directions to all around him, how to manage all the disjointed and cumbrous portions of his frame; so that this distressing scene, as indeed the whole course of his life, abundantly proved him to possess that grace and energy of character, which Homer assigns to the favourite hero of Troy, or, in the words of Pope,

"The gentlest manners with the bravest mind."

Mildness and magnanimity—an affectionate magnanimity—

were indeed the characteristics of his countenance and his conduct; and it surely was no common proof of these virtues, that, in the course of his long torments, he never uttered a murmur, or a syllable of censure on those medical friends whose strange and calamitous mistake of his disorder, in its commencement, destroyed a graceful form, that might have aspired, with more judicious and fortunate care, to a long enjoyment of unclouded health and improving faculties.

He not only abstained from all complaints himself, but once, when his father expressed some degree of impatience at the length of his sufferings, the gentle martyr said to him, "Let "us not complain, my dear father; remember, our Saviour was "sanctified by suffering." A cheerful, sincere, and sublime piety was, indeed, "the key-stone in his arch of virtue," to borrow an expression from the Lord Russel, of his father. His gratitude was not less conspicuous than his piety, and I should rather say, it made a part of it. When his father said to him, "Pray tell me, my dear child, if I omit any thing by which it is possible for me to mitigate your calamity;" he replied, in the most endearing tone of voice, "O no! indeed you do every "thing for me."

Perhaps the records of mankind could afford very few examples of a father and a son in whom their reciprocal affection rose to such a height, and supported itself in so striking a manner, through a series of chequered years. Indeed, this work was compiled for the purpose of exhibiting, in the fullest point of

view, an affection so memorable; and with hopes that the just representation of its soothing delights may, in the progress of time, call forth and inspirit many new examples of filial and parental attachment.

Instead of attempting to draw a fresh character of the deceased, it will be sufficient if this memorial comprises those that are found in the following compositions: first, the verses that describe the young disabled sculptor in the epistles to Flaxman: secondly, a brief meditation, written by the beloved cripple himself on his own sufferings, probably about two months before he expired, but not discovered by his father till long after his decease.

In the Essay on Sculpture, he is thus described:

" THAT youth of fairest promise, fair as May,
" Pensively tender, and benignly gay;
" For Nature in his mind was pleased to pour
" Of intellectual charms no trivial store;
" Fancy's high spirit, Talent's feeling nerve,
" With tender Modesty, with mild reserve,
" And those prime virtues of ingenuous youth,
" Alert Benevolence and dauntless Truth;
" Zeal, ever eager to make merit known,
" And only tardy to announce his own;
" Silent Ambition, but, though silent, quick,
" Yet softly shaded with a veil as thick
" As the dark glasses tinted to descry
" The sun, so soften'd not to wound the eye;

" Temper by nature and by habit clear
" From hasty choler and from sullen fear;
" Spleen and dejection could not touch the mind
" That drew from solitude a joy refined,
" To rouse incentive fire, in silence caught,
" And brood successful o'er sequester'd thought.

" Such was the youth, who, in the flattering hour
" Of Health's fair promise and unshaken power,
" The favour'd pupil of thy friendly choice,
" Drew art, and joy, and honour from thy voice;
" Whose guidance, then his healthy day's delight,
" Still forms the vision of his sickly night.
" Could I, dear Flaxman, with thy skill express
" Virtue's firm energy in long distress,
" And all his merit, 'gainst affliction proof,
" Since sickness forced him from thy guardian roof;
" Thou might'st suppose I had before thee brought
" A Christian martyr, by Ghiberti wrought:
" So Pain has crush'd his frame with dire controul,
" And so the seraph Patience arm'd his soul."

Epistles to Flaxman. 4*to*, 1810. *p.* 160.

The following Meditation was written in a neat and constrained hand, by the young invalid, in a diminutive paper book, found by his father among the orderly manuscripts of the deceased, and regarded by paternal affection as an exquisite sketch, exhibiting most faithfully the mental features of the writer:

" Although it has pleased God to visit me with a long and " enervating illness, by which I have lost, in a great degree, the " faculties of my body; yet, in his mercy, (for which mercy I " hope I am grateful,) he has preserved to me the faculties of " my mind, and I have employed them, during my confinement, " in that study so important to us as a guard against evil in " this world, and as a means of rendering us more fit for the " next, and yet so little attended to—the knowledge of oneself. " I have examined (and, I trust, with an eye tolerably impar- " tial) to what defects and errors of conduct I am particularly " liable; and I hope, by being sensible of those defects, I may " be able to regulate my conduct in life so, that it may be, upon " all occasions, such as becomes a man and a Christian."

The excellent master of the young sculptor, the tender and liberal Flaxman, was eager to co-operate with his friend of Sussex, in commemorating the extraordinary merits of the lamented youth, and requested permission to devote a marble monument, as a gratuitous offering, to the memory of his disciple. He placed it in the church of Eartham, with the following inscription; the prose from his own pen, and the verse from that of the afflicted father.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF THOMAS HAYLEY,

Who, having borne an agonizing distemper with cheerful magnanimity,
Two years and four months,
Resigned a pure spirit into the hands of his Redeemer,
On the 2d of May 1800, in the twentieth year of his Age.

JOHN FLAXMAN, SCULPTOR,
Dedicates this stone to the Virtues and Talents of his Beloved Scholar.

" PARENT Almighty, to thy breast divine,
" The child they cherish'd Love and Faith resign;
" The gift, resign'd to thy unquestion'd will,
" To fond devotion is a blessing still.
" Yes! in our hearts thy all directing sway
" Has fix'd so deep what seem'd to pass away,
" The bright endowments of a darling son,
" The genius he display'd, the praise he won,
" His gentle manners, his exalted mind,
" Modestly firm, and delicately kind,
" His busy use of health, his gay repose,
" His Christian sufferance of a martyr's woes,
" These, though his soul has fled this world of pain,
" Live in our bosom, in our spirits reign.
" God! may these just memorials of his truth
" Remain a lesson both to age and youth;
" So thou, bless'd being, guide to bliss above
" All who embraced thee, with protecting love,
" Who trained the virtues to thy childhood given,
" And saw them torture-tried, the Gold of Heaven."

INDEX

TO THE

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

ANTROBUS, Mr. Edmund, i. 209.
Arran, Lord, ii. 199.
Ashburnham, Sir William, Bishop of Chichester, i. 98.
Asylum, Hymn for the, i. 444.
Austen, Dr. death of, i. 443.
Ayles, Rev. Mr. private tutor to Mr. Hayley, i. 20.
Aylward, Theodore, Organist of Windsor, anecdote of, i. 116. His death, ii. 28. Verses on his tomb, ii. 28.

Baker, Miss, first wife of Mr. Thomas Hayley, i. 2
Ball, Dr. Dean of Chichester, i. 33. Resigns in favour of his son-in-law, i. 107. His death and character, i. 108.
Ball, Miss, letter to, i. 83. Letter from, i. 89. Marries Mr. Hayley, i. 98.
Ballad, Matrimonial, i. 149. For Blake, the artist, ii. 37. Of Little Tom the sailor, ii. 22.
Barlow, Mr. an American poet, i. 425.
Banks, Mr. visit to, i. 118.
Bath Easton Vase, account of, i. 228. Mr. Hayley writes verses for, i. 234.
Bates, Mrs. the singer, i. 298.
Bath, visit to, i. 125.
Beridge, Mr. his friend at College, i. 41. Settles as a physician, at Derby, i. 122. Verses to, i. 157. His death, i. 367. Epitaph on, i. 368.
Betts, Sarah, death of, i. 423. Her epitaph, i. 424.
Blake, Mr. the engraver, ii. 32. Tried for sedition and acquitted, ii. 47. Ballads for, ii. 37.
Boydell, Alderman, engages Mr. Hayley to write the Life of Milton, i. 429.
Booksellers, negotiation with, i. 291, 310
Branstone, the Sussex poet, i. 12.
Bristol, visit to, i. 125.
Brotherton, Mr. Hayley's drawing-master, i 44.
Bruce, Mr. ode to, i. 343.
Buck, Mr. his friend at College, i. 41.
Burgoyne, General, Mr. Hayley's introduction to, i. 358.

Carwardine, Rev. of the Priory Earls Colm, i. 294, 361. Introduces Mr. Hayley to the Chancellor, i. 370. Places his sons with Mr. Hayley, i. 407. Visits Paris with Mr. Hayley, i. 408. His son Henry returns from Eartham ill, i. 411.
Charlemont, Earl of, compliments Mr. Hayley on his Life of Milton, i. 451.
Chatham, Lord, visits Mr. Hayley, i. 127.
Cheerfulness, ode to, i. 147.
Charlotte, Princess, visits Mr. Hayley, ii. 68.
Christian Navigator, a poem, commenced by Mr. Hayley, but afterwards relinquished, ii. 26, 27.
Cipriani, J. B. i. 124.
Clarke, Mrs. Anne, poetical epistle to, i, 77.
——— Rev. James, i. 448.
Clough, Mr. of Eton, his death, i. 42.
Clyfford, Mr. i. 41. His marriage, i. 140. His death, i. 401. Sonnet to his son, ii. 38.
Clyde, Falls of the, visit to, i. 59, 62.
Colman, George, Tragedy of the Syrian Queen offered to, i. 112. Letters from, i. 112, 314. Letter to, i. 315. Visit to, i. 363.
Conway, Captain, i. 271. Presents a horse to Mr. Hayley, i. 334.
Cook, Captain, Mr. Hayley visits, on board the Resolution, i. 118.
Cotton, Dr. Physician of St. Albans, i. 182, 186, 266, 192.
Cowper, Wm. letter to, i. 425. ii. 103. Sonnet to, i. 427. ii. 94, 102. Visits to, i. 430, 447, 457. Obtains a pension, i. 459. Visits Eartham, i. 431. His epitaph, ii. 136. Sonnet on his death, ii. 17.
Cracherode, Rev. Mr. i. 367, 369.
Cullen, Dr. anecdote of, i. 63.

Darwin, Dr. i. 417.
Derby, Countess of, patronizes Dr. Ball, i. 109.
Devonshire, Duchess of, Mr. Hayley dedicates his plays to, i. 312.
Dialogues on Lord Chesterfield and Johnson, i. 350, 354.
Diary, extracts from, i. 475.
Dodsley, anecdote of, i. 290.

Eartham, Elegy on visiting, i. 129. Mr. Hayley removes there, i. 131. Description of, i. 133. Domestic incidents at, i. 422.
Egremont, the Earl of, visits Mr. Hayley, i. 455.
Elegies, Love, i. 65.
Elegy on the Ancient Greek Model, i. 182. On his wife's mother, i. 299. On Sir W. Jones, i. 470. For his servant William, ii. 30. On Romney and Hurdis, ii. 40. On Charlotte Smith and Rev. A. Hay, ii. 59. On Mrs. Thomas, ii. 63. On Mrs. Unwin, ii. 121. On Cowper, ii. 136. On Lady Austen, ii. 143, 145. On Bishop Watson, ii. 185. On Caroline Meyer, ii. 186. On Gertrude Johnson, ii. 188.
Elizabeth, Princess, ii. 57. 150. Sends Mr. Hayley a recipe from Hesse Homberg, ii. 199.
Elmsley, Mr. the bookseller, i. 356.
Epic Poetry, epistles on, i. 252, 274.
Epitaph on his Nurse, i. 424. On Dr. Beridge, i. 368. On Miss Lushington, ii. 7. On his servant William, ii. 30. On Romney and Hurdis. ii. 40. On Charlotte Smith and Rev. A. Hay, ii. 59. On Mrs. Thomas, ii. 63. On Mrs. Unwin, ii. 123. On Cowper, ii. 136. On Lady Austen, ii. 143. On Bishop Watson, ii. 185. On Caroline Meyer, ii. 186. On Gertrude Johnson, ii. 188.
Essay on Old Maids, i. 322, 327. On Sculpture, i. 466.
Eudora, Tragedy of, i. 402.

Felpham, Mr. Hayley purchases a cottage at, i. 414.
Flaxman, Mr. Letter from, i. 319. Assists in fitting up the Library at Eartham, i. 320. Mr. Hayley's son placed with him, i. 466. Returns from Rome, i. 464. Executes a monument for Miss Lushington, ii. 7. Rhymes to, ii. 4.
Foulis the printer, of Glasgow, i. 61.
Fouldston, Miss, Mr. Hayley sits to her for his portrait, i. 373.

Galway, Viscount and Viscountess, ii. 203.
Garnier, Mr. of Wickham, i. 103.
Garrick, Hayley's introduction to him, i. 104.
George III. illness of, i. 369.
Gibbon, Mr. introduction to, i. 356. Letter to, i. 204. Epistles on history addressed to, i. 185. Retires to Lausanne, i. 312. Visit from, i. 274, 445. Death of, i. 452.
Gladwin, Colonel, ode to, i. 123.
Godfrey, Capt. John, his professional conduct applauded, ii. 58. Obtains a situation through Lord Holland, ii. 60.
——— Miss, ii. 199.
Gooch, Dr. Bishop of Ely, i. 4.
——— Dr. of Ditton, Cambridgeshire, i. 35.
Greatheed, Rev. S. of Bishops Hull, ii, 211.
Gwynn, Mr. of Ford Abbey, Devonshire, i. 126.
Guy, Mr. Surgeon, of Chichester, ii. 204.

Hamilton House, i. 61.
Hanway, Jonas, i. 175.
Hardwicke, Lord, letter from, i. 173.
Harrington, Dr. sonnet to, i. 255.
Harris, Mr. rejects the tragedy of the Vice-roy, i. 277. Applies for leave to play Marcella, i. 394.
Hardy, Rev. Mr. ii. 204.
Hay, Rev. A. epitaph on, ii. 59.

Hayley, Rev. Thos. Dean of Chichester, i. 2.
——— Thos. Esq. the poet's father, i. 2, 6.
——— his death, i. 11.
——— buried at Eartham, i. 11.
——— his character, i. 12.
Hayley, Mrs. account of her family, i. 3.
——— her marriage, i. 7.
——— her illness, i. 35; and death, i. 137.
——— her epitaph, i. 139.
Hayley, Rev. John, cousin of the poet, i. 159.
——— his death, i. 329.
Hayley, William. His birth, i. 9. His elder brother dies, 14. Placed at School at Kingston, 15. Has a private Tutor,

Mr. Ayles, 20. First poetical efforts, 22. Placed at Eton, 26. Latin verses there, 29. Quits Eton, 32. Entered at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, 35. His ode on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, 36. Addresses Miss Page, 33. His early poems, 46. Poem of Tigranes and Arbacia, 47. Admitted of the Middle Temple, 50. Letter to his Mother, 51. Leaves the University, 53. Resides in Great Queen Street, 55. Visits Edinburgh, 56. Meets with Okes and Reynolds there, 56. Studies Mathematics, 58. Visits Glasgow, Stirling, and the Falls of the Clyde, 59. Returns by sea. Love Elegies, 65. Political Essay, 68. Engages in a secret correspondence with Miss Page, 74. Poetical Epistle to Mrs. Clarke, 77. First Attempt at Dramatic Composition, 81. Intimacy with Miss Page broken off, 78. Engages the affection of Miss Ball, 87. Plans for his future life, 97. Marries Miss Ball, 98. Tragedy of the Afflicted Father, 103. Introduced to Garrick, 104. His tragedy rejected, 105. Tragedy of the Syrian Queen offered to Colman and rejected, 112. Commences an Epic Poem, 114. Poetical Epistle to the King of Poland, 114. Ode for the Society of Musicians, 117. Verses on board the Resolution, 119. Attacked with opthalmia, 121. Forms an intimacy with Wright of Derby, 122. Ode to Col. Gladwin, 123. Visits Bath, Bristol, and Monmouthshire, 125. Elegy on visiting Eartham, 129. Removes there, 131. Epistle on Marriage, 144. Ode to Cheerfulness, 147. Matrimonial Ballad, 149. Verses to Thornton, 150. Verses to Mrs. Beridge, 157. To Mr. Long, 162. To Marmontel, 171. Epistle on Painting, 172. Tragedy of the Viceroy rejected by Harris, 177. Elegy on the Ancient Greek Model, 182. Letter to Bishop Lowth, 183. Epistles to Gibbon, 185. Ode to Howard, 191, 203. Poem on the Death of Thornton, 203. Triumphs of Temper, 208, 252. Birth of his Son, 209. Verses for the Vase at Bath Easton, 234. To Miss Hannah More, 240. Visits Miss Seward, 242. Verses on the Palace of Lichfield, 247. Epistles on Epic Poetry, 252, 274. Verses to Miss Seward, 278. Plays for a Private Theatre, 283, 311. Visits Romney, 287. Negociations with Booksellers, 291, 310. Elegy on his Wife's Mother, 299. Ode to Wright of Derby, 303. Dedicates his Plays to the Duchess of Devonshire, 312. Lord Russel and the Two Connoiseurs acted at the Haymarket, 319. Builds a Library, 320. Essay on Old Maids, 322, 337. Injury by a fall from his horse, 334. Ode to Bruce, 343. Dialogues on Johnson and Chesterfield, 350, 354. Intimacy with Dr. Warner, 351. Visits Geo. Selwyn, 351. Verses on his Death, 352. Takes chambers in Barnard's Inn, 355. Interview with Gibbon, 356. Introduced to General Burgoyne, 358. Visits Drs. Roberts and Heath, at Eton, 360. Visit to Colman, 363. Verses on King William and Queen Mary, 368. Introduced to Chancellor Thurlow, by Mr. Carwardine, 370. Sits for his portrait to Miss Fouldston and Marchant, 373. The Young Widow, 374. Eulogies on Howard, 377. Brings his son to London. His separation from Mrs. Hayley, 382. The Trial of the Rock, unsuccessfully brought out to raise a monument to Meyer, 397. Marcella played at Drury Lane unsuccessfully, 398; and at Covent Garden with success, 398. Remonstrates with Kemble, 400. Tragedy of Eudora represented without success, 402. Takes as pupils two sons of Mr. Carwardine, 407. Visits Paris with Mr. Carwardine and Romney, 408. Musical Drama of the Resolute Fair, 409. Projects a French Drama, 412. Unable to get it represented in France, 413. Purchases a cottage at Felpham, 414. Progress of his son's education, 415. Expected visit from Madame Sillery and her pupils, 419. Domestic incidents at Eartham, 422. Death of his nurse, 423. Her Epitaph 424. Writes to Cowper, 425. Sonnet to Cowper, 427. Engaged by Boydell to write the Life of Milton, 429. Visits Cowper, 430, 447, 457. Hymn for the Asylum, 444. Visit from Gibbon, 445. Sends his son to Derby, 447. Interview with the Chancellor, 448. Abridges his Life of Milton for Nicol, 451. Complimented by Lord Charlemont, 451. Writes to Lord Spencer, in behalf of Cowper, 454. Visit from Lord Egremont, 455. Visit to Lord Sheffield, 461. Obtains a pension for Cowper,

through the interest of Lord Spencer, 459. Places his son with Flaxman, 466. Projects an Essay on Sculpture, 466. The National Advocates, a Poem, 467. Elegy on Sir William Jones, 470. Extracts from his Diary, 475. Superintends the education of George Wyndham, 480. Settles Mr. Locket at Petworth, as Preceptor, 480. Illness and Death of Mrs. Hayley, 482. Illness of his son, ii. 2. Rhymes to Mr. Flaxman, 4. Epitaph on Miss Lushington, 7. Death of his Son, 10. Sonnets on the occasion, 12, 15, 22. Finishes the Essay on Sculpture, 14. Sonnet on the death of Cowper, 17. Ballad of Little Tom the Sailor, 22. Commences the Christian Navigator, 26, Relinquishes it, 27. Finishes the Life of Cowper, 32. Ballads for Blake the Artist, 37. Visit from Lord Strangford, 39. Epitaphs on Romney and Hurdis, 40. Sonnet on seeing the monument of his son by Flaxman, 43. Is thrown from his horse, 46. Epitaphs on Charlotte Smith and Rev. A. Hay, 59. Obtains a situation for Captain Godfrey, through Lord Holland, 60. Completes the Life of Romney, 62. Epitaph and Stanzas on Mrs. Thomas, 63. Stanzas on the Patriots of Spain, 67. Visit from Princess Charlotte of Wales, 68. Visits the Marquis of Lansdown with W. Meyer, 68. Finishes the Life of his Son, 72. Marries Miss Welford, 73. Ill success attending the publication of his works, 75. Letters to the Editor, 78. Letter to Cowper, 103. French Epitaph on Lady Austen, 145. Verses to Miss Johnson on her Birth-day, 171. Visit from Mrs. Opie, 191. Farewell to his Muse, 196. Remarks on his seclusion, 198. His separation from Mrs. Hayley, 198. His creed, 270, and religious conduct, 209. His death, 215; and general character, 216.

Hayley, Thomas Alphonso. His birth, i. 209. His progress in education, i. 415. His portrait, by Meyer, i. 307. Placed with Flaxman, i. 466. Letter to Mrs. Hayley, i. 379. His death, ii. 10.

Hayley, Mrs. Letters to, i. 192, 193, 194, 211, 242, 257, 272, 284, 330, 353, 356, 386, 392, 399, 404, 433. Letters from, i. 211, 245, 253, 416. Illness of, i. 340. Visits Bath, i. 211. Sepa
Hayley, i. 382. Death of
Haymarket Theatre, Lord
Two Connoiseurs acted at,
Heath, Dr. of Eton, visit to,
Henderson, Mr. the Actor, i.
Hesketh, Lady, ii. 150. Le
20, 23, 56, 57. Letters f
Death of, ii. 61, 155.
History, Epistles on, i. 185.
Holland, Lord, obtains a pl
Godfrey, ii. 60. Present
Mr. Hayley, ii. 60.
Holroyd, Mrs. i. 213, 248.
Hood, Captain, i. 126.
Howard, W. odes to, i. 191,
to, i, 203. Eulogies on, i,
tention to Mrs. Hayley, i.
Howell, Captain, calamitous f
Hurdis, Rev. epitaph on, ii. 4
——— his sisters visit
ii. 158.
Hymn, ii. 191, 193.

Isola, M. Italian Tutor to
while at Cambridge, i. 41.

Jebb, J. the Moderator at
54.
Johnson, Dr. epitaph by, i. 27
Johnson, Miss, Verses to, on
ii. 171.
Jones, Sir William, elegy on,

Kemble, Mr. Mr. Hayley rem
him on the ill success of M
Kemble, Miss, i. 323.
Keppel, Admiral, trial of, i. 1
i. 181.
Kippis, Dr. offers Mr. Hayl
ment in writing for the Biog
nica, i. 349.
Knowles, Mrs. a friend of M
281.

Lansdown, Marquis of, visit, i
Le Blanc, Mr. a friend of M
College, i. 41.
Lee, Mr. the Botanist i. 353.
Leeves, Rev. Mr. i. 255, 266
Lichfield, palace at, verses on,
Long, Mr. verses to, i. 162, 1
Lowth, Bishop, letter to, i. 1

Lucan, Lady, i. 470,
Lushington, Miss, Epitaph on, ii. 7.
——— Monument for, by Flaxman, ii. 7.

Malcolm, Sir John, ii. 199.
Marcella, Tragedy of, played at Drury-Lane unsuccessfully, i. 398. At Covent-Garden, with success, i. 398.
Marchant, Mr. Hayley sits to him for his portrait, i. 373.
Marriage, Epistle on, i. 144.
Marmontel, Verses to, i. 171.
Marsh, Mr. of Oriel College, ii. 44. Visit from, ii. 58.
Mary, Queen, Verses on, i. 368.
Mason, Rev. W. letter from, i. 274.
Matrimonial Ballad, i. 149.
Mayo, Lord, ii. 199.
Melmoth, Mr. Letter from, i. 184. Letter to, i. 198.
Melville, Lady, Visit from, ii. 57.
Mence, Mr. i. 281.
Meyer, Mr. the Miniature Painter, i. 44, 124. Paints Mr. Hayley's son's portrait, i. 307. Brings over a German play for Mr. Hayley, i. 347. Death of, i. 394.
Meyer, Wm. his son, i. 449. Visits Mr. Hayley, ii. 65. Visit to the Marquis of Lansdown, ii. 68.
Meyer, Caroline, Epitaph on, ii. 186.
Miller, Sir John, i. 228.
Milnes, Mrs. ii. 202.
Milton, Mr. Hayley engages to write the Life of, i. 429. Published, i. 451.
Monckton, Hon. Miss, ii. 202.
Monmouthshire, Mr. Hayley visits, i. 125.
Montagu, Mrs. i. 289.
More, Mrs. Hannah, Verses to, i. 240.
Morrison, Captain, i. 126.
Mundy, Mr. the Poet, i. 339.

National Advocates, a Poem, i. 467.
Newcastle, Duke of, offers Mr. Hayley's father a Baronetcy, i. 9
Nicholas, Mrs. sister of Mr. Mundy, the Poet, i. 339.
Nicol, Mr. the Bookseller, i. 451.

Ode for the Society of decayed Musicians, i. 117. To Wright of Derby, i. 303.
Opie, Mrs. visit from, ii. 191, 199. Her account of Mr. Hayley, 200.
Page, John, Esq, account of his family, i. 71.
Page, Miss, engages in a secret correspondence with Hayley, i. 74. Their intimacy broken off, i. 78.
Painting, Epistle on, i. 172.
Palmer, J. plays in the Two Connoisseurs, i. 319.
Parsons, plays in the Two Connoisseurs, i. 319.
Pitt, Mr. visit from, i. 127.
Plays for a private Theatre, i, 283, 311.
Poland, the King of, Poetical Epistle to, i. 114.
Poole, Mrs. of Lavant, her friendship, ii. 39. Letter from, ii. 195.
Paulet, Earl and Countess, ii. 203.

Rauzzini, Mr. i. 225, 249.
Resolute Fair, Musical Drama of, i. 409.
Resolution, Verses on board the, i. 119.
Richmond, Duke of, i. 267.
Riots of 1780, i. 204.
Roberts, Dr. Provost of Eton, i. 28. Visit to, i. 560.
Romney the Painter. First acquaintance with Mr. Hayley, i. 160, 172, 193, 281. Visit to, i. 287. Visits Paris with Mr. Hayley, i. 408. Assists in fitting up the Library at Eartham, i. 321. Suggests the Shakspeare Gallery, i. 346. Letter to, i. 430 His death, ii. 40. Epitaph on, ii. 40. Life of, completed, ii. 62.
Rose, Mr. Samuel, Letters to, i. 457, 459, 460, 462, 467, 469.
——— attends the Trial of Blake, ii. 47. Illness of, ii. 49. Death of, ii. 50.
Rudd, Mrs. the wife of a Solicitor, i. 192. Letter from, i. 194.

Sadleir, Mr. Letters to, i. 336, 340, 344. His intimacy with Mr. Hayley, i. 337.
Sargent, Mr. i. 175. Marriage of, i. 179, ii. 204. His account of Mr. Hayley, ii. 207, 210.
——— Rev. John, ii. 204. His account of Mr. Hayley, ii. 213.
Saville, Mr. the singer, of Litchfield, i. 277.
Saxe Coburg, Prince and Princess, visit from, ii. 199.
Saunders, Dr. i. 192.
Sculpture, Essay on, i. 466, ii. 14.
Seagrave, the printer of Chichester, ii. 33. Introduced to Hayley by Mr. Sadleir, ii. 62. His death, ii. 67.

Selwyn, George, visit to, i. 351. Verses on his decease, i. 352.
Seward, Miss, visit to, i. 242. Extracts from her letters, i. 280. Verses on, i. 278.
Shakspeare Gallery, suggested by Romney, i. 346.
Sheffield, Lord, visit to, i. 461. Visits Eartham, i. 462.
Siddons, Mrs. i. 250, 288.
Sillery, Madame, and her pupils, i. 419.
Smith, of Chichester, patronized by Mr. T. Hayley, i. 13.
Smith, Mr. ii. 199.
Smith, Mrs. Charlotte, anecdote of, i. 330. Visits Eartham, i. 432. Her epitaph, ii. 89.
Sockett, Mr. Preceptor at Petworth, i. 480.
Song for the Amicable Club at Felpham, i. 109, 178.
Sonnets, on the death of his son, ii. 12, 15, 22.
——— on the death of Cowper, ii. 17. To Mr. Clyfford's son, ii. 38.
——— on seeing the monument of his son, by Flaxman, ii. 43. To Cowper, ii. 94, 102.
Spencer, Earl, application to him in behalf of Cowper, i. 454.
Stanislaus, King of Poland, Poetical Epistle to, i. 114.
Starke, Governor, i. 276, 271.
Stanzas to the Patriots of Spain, ii. 67.
Steele, Mr. Recorder of Chichester, i. 77. Letter from, i. 95. His death, i. 153.
Steele, Mr. jun. i. 172.
Stevens, George, of King's College, i. 44, 294, 296. Letter from, i. 323. Dislikes Mrs. Siddons, i. 323. Letter to, i. 327. Rupture with, i. 328.
Stevenson, Dr. of King's College, i. 56.
Strangford, Lord, visit from, ii. 39.
Thomas, Mrs. epitaph and stanzas on, ii. 63.
Thornton, Mr. fellow student of Mr. Hayley, at College, i. 40. Verses to i. 150.
——— translates the Epistle to the King of Poland into Latin verse, i. 115.
Thornton, Mr. letters from, i. 1
174, 176, 179, 186, 188, 191
——— letters to, 152, 1
——— his illness, i. 18
i. 196. Poem on his death,
Thurlow, Lord, Mr. Hayley ir
by M. Carwardine, i. 370.
——— interview with, i
from, i. 368.
Tragedy of the Afflicted Fa
The Syrian Queen, i. 112.
——— of the Viceroy, i. 177.
i. 402.
Trial of the Rock, an afterpiec
to raise a monument for Me
Triumphs of Temper, i. 208, 2
Venusia, poem of, ii. 49.
Virgil's Tomb, picture of, l
Derby, i. 294, 305.
Unwin, Mrs. epitaph on, ii. 1
Warner, Dr. visits Eartham,
Hayley's intimacy with, i. 3
Warton, Dr. visit from, i. 321
Watson, Bishop, the Mode
bridge, during Mr. Hayley
54. His epitaph, ii. 185.
Watson, Caroline, engraves
Life of Romney, ii. 59.
Welford, Miss, marries Mr. H
Wilberforce, Mr. ii. 162.
William, King, verses on, i. 3
Williams, Miss H. M. i. 289.
Wright, of Derby, Mr. Hayl
timacy with, i. 122, 159.
305. Ode to, i. 303. His
gil's tomb, i. 294, 305.
Wyndham, George, Mr. Hayl
his education, i. 480.
Yates, Mary, second wife of
i. 2.
——— Colonel, i. 3.
Young, Mr. i. 186.
——— Widow, the, i. 374.

INDEX

TO THE

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS ALPHONSO HAYLEY.

Aiton, Mr. of Kew, 94, 251. Visit from, 480.
Austin, Dr. Death of, 56.
Aylward, Dr. of Windsor, 296.

Beattie, Dr. presents the Life of his son to Mr. Hayley, 191.
——— sonnet to, 192.
Bernini, anecdote of, 241.
Bonaparte, intercepted letter from, 423.
Boltby, Mr. a painter of animals, 291. Patronised by Lord Egremont, 295.
Boydell, Alderman, 133.
Bunce, Mr. the architect, 238, 357, 419, 475.

Carwardine, Rev. Mr. visits Eartham, 36.
——— his two sons educated by Mr. Hayley, 37.
Chinese anecdote, 197.
Clarke, Rev. James, 357.
Clifford, Mr. Death of, 34.
Collins, Monument of, by Flaxman, 141.
Courtnay, Mr. and Mrs. 89.
Cowper, Mr. visit to, 54, 69, 83.
——— Letters to, 62, 63.
——— his illness, 83, 87, 93, 223, 355.
——— Letter from, 493.
——— his death, 499.
Cracherode, Rev. Mr. 159, 458.
Diary of Mr. Hayley, extracts from, 122, 124, 144, 202, 204, 209, 270, 357, 362, 366, 373, 388, 401, 407.
Donegal, Marchioness of, 403, 404.

Egremont, Earl of, visits Eartham, 98.
——— promises a living to Wm. Meyer, 466.
Epigram, Greek, 261.
Epitaph on Harry Hammond, 284.

Flaxman, Mr. 81, 429, 430, 472. Returns from Rome, 101.
——— Letters to Mr. Hayley, 100, 101, 103, 175, 207, 215, 353, 371, 397, 398, 473, 495.
——— Thomas Hayley placed with him, 106.
——— verses to, on his birth-day, 134.
——— finishes the monument of Collins, 141.
——— executes a monument for Thomas Hayley, 505. Inscription on it, 506.
Fuseli, Mr. 471.

Genlis, Madame, 187, 206, 423.
Gibbon, Mr. 122.
Godfrey, Captain, 269, 272, 285, 403, 407, 439, 477, 486, 487, 498.
Greatheed, Mr. 83, 84, 88.
Greek Verses, 416.
Greene, Matilda, Mr. Hayley sits to her for his portrait, 400. Takes the portrait of Thomas Hayley, 415, 445.
Guy, Mr. Surgeon, of Chichester, 15, 54, 98, 141, 448, 469, 486.
——— visit to, 99.
——— his portrait, by Romney, 234.
——— sonnet to, 486.

Hammond, Harry, epitaph on, 284.
Hawkins, Mr. 468. Visit from, 480. Sonnet to, 480.
Hayley, Mr. declines the laureatship, 35.

Hayley, Mr. brings a French governess from Paris, 39. Visits Cowper, 83.
——— letters to his son, 109, 113, 146, 153, 154, 156, 158, 162, 163, 167, 169, 172, 177, 179, 181, 185, 189, 194, 197, 199, 205, 210, 212, 219, 223, 225, 228, 229, 231, 236, 238, 240, 241, 243, 245, 247, 253, 256, 257, 263, 267, 282, 287, 290, 295, 355, 361, 367, 369, 372, 378, 379, 382, 384, 404, 418, 420, 423, 425, 427, 433, 434, 436, 439, 441, 442, 446, 456, 460, 463, 467, 469, 481, 488.
——— extracts from his Diary, 122, 124, 144, 202, 204, 209, 270, 357, 362, 366, 373, 388, 401, 407, 410, 417, 447, 449, 466, 476, 479, 487, 489, 490, 494, 497, 498.
——— sits to Miss Matilda Greene for his portrait, 400.
——— finishes the Essay on Sculpture, 488.
Hayley, Thomas Alphonso, odes on his birthday, 4, 6, 8, 11, 18, 21, 24, 66, 411.
——— repeats an ode of Pindar, 16. Writes verses on seeing a picture by Romney, 26.
——— verses to him by Dr. Warner, 28.
——— visits London with his father, 19. Visits Cowper, 54, 69.
——— his employment at Weston, 71. Goes to Derby, 73.
——— letters to his father, 73, 75, 77, 79, 86, 97, 113, 115, 121, 123, 124, 130, 131, 133, 138, 147, 149, 150, 154, 157, 163, 165, 168, 173, 183, 193, 196, 199, 201, 214, 222, 225, 230, 238, 243, 247, 248, 256, 257, 258, 260, 263, 265, 272, 285, 288, 292, 377, 381, 384, 385, 406, 420, 422, 426, 431, 433, 437, 441, 459, 462, 469.
——— visits Lady Sheffield, 106. Placed with Flaxman, 106. Resides with Flaxman, 129. Visits Eartham with Romney, 143. Executes a medallion of Romney, 144. Receives a present from the Rev. Mr. Maurice, 154. His first original sketch, 155. First appearance of his illness, 206. Finishes a bust of Minerva, 216. Paints a portrait of his spaniel, 234. Visits Wilton, Lord Radnor's, and Stonehenge, 235. Draws portraits of two French ladies in disorder mistaken, 354. [illegible] of Romney, 357. Lord [illegible] him for a bust, 359. Finishes in oil, 366. Copies [illegible] at Petworth, 366. Leaves [illegible] Returns to London for [illegible] 403. Sketches a portrait of [illegible] 409. Miss Greene takes his [illegible] Removes to Eartham, 446. dying Demosthenes and a [illegible] beth, 451. Copies Romney's crayons, 451, and portraits of [illegible] mother, and his nurse, 452. 500. His character in the Epi[illegible] ture, 503. His own medisval monument by Flaxman, 506.
Hayley, Mrs. letters to, 45, 8[illegible] 104, 107, 117.
——— letters from, 5[illegible]
——— her character, 11[illegible] 368.
Heath, Dr. 440.
Hesketh, Lady, 84, 89.
Hodges, Mr. the artist, 58.
Hotham, Sir Richard, 363.
Howard, Mr. 459, 468, 470.
——— sonnet to, 471, [illegible]

Inscription on Thomas Hayley by Flaxman, 506.
Invocation to Patience, 411.
Irwin, Eyles, 446.

Latham, Dr. consulted, 356, [illegible]
Le Clair, Miss, her portrait pa[illegible] ney, 358.
Llandaff, Bishop of, 114, 19[illegible]
Long, Mr. 185, 212, 408, 41[illegible]
Lushington, Mrs. 399, 425, [illegible]
——— verses to, [illegible]

Maurice, Rev. T. his present Hayley, 154.
Meyer, Mr. paints the portr[illegible] Hayley, 7.
——— Wm. 77, 114, 139, 4[illegible]
——— visits Eartham, 136. horse, 364.
——— Lord Egremont pro[illegible] ing, 466.
——— Mrs. 94, 109, 126, 2[illegible]

Meyer, Mrs. visit from, with her family, 394.
——— Letters to, 443, 465.
——— Fanny, her portrait sketched by Thomas Hayley, 409.
Milman, Dr. consulted, 433, 437, 470.

Payne, Mr. T. 189.
Phillips, Mr. a painter, patronised by Lord Egremont, 254.
Pitt, Mr. Verses to, by Mr. Hayley, on his declining the Laureatship, 35.
Pocock, Mr. a pupil of Romney, 421, 450.

Radnor, Lord, visit to his house, 235.
Rembrandt, his picture of the servant who owed forty talents, 247.
Romney, the painter, 58, 155, 187, 194, 228, 421, 430. His annual visit to Eartham, 145, 357, 449. Paints a family picture for Lord Egremont, 145. Its progress, 151. Paints a portrait of Miss Le Clair, 358. His portraits of Mr. Hayley, Thos. Hayley, and Wm. Meyer, 233. Finishes the family picture at Petworth, 233. His pictures at Eartham, 360, 362, 404. Paints his own portrait, 451.
Rose, Mr. 198, 249, 251, 257, 283, 453, 463, 468.

Sargent, Mr. 467.
Sculpture, Essay on, by Mr. Hayley, finished, 488.
Sheffield, Lady, visit to, 106.
——— Lord, visit to, 194.
Smith, Mrs. Charlotte, 200.
Sonnets by Mr. Hayley to his son, 211, 226, 230, 477, 478, 482, 483, 485, 486, 492, 496.
Sonnets by Mr. Hayley, to Devotion, 435.
To Eartham, 454.
Song, occasional, 435.
Spaniel, anecdote of Thomas Hayley's, 149.
Stonehenge, visit to, 255.
Stothard, Mr. 134, 413.

Thompson, Baron, 463.
Thurlow, Lord, writes to Dr. Willis respecting Cowper, 85.
——— sits to Thomas Hayley for his bust, 359. Anecdote of this bust, 359.

Unwin, Mrs. 55, 85.

Walker, Mr. the Lecturer, 70, 191.
——— Mr. Cooper, transmits an anecdote of Milton, 177.
——— ——— letter from, 391.
Ward, Rev. Mr. of Mickleover, 59, 64, 65.
Warner, Dr. his verses to Thomas Hayley. 28, 136. Portrait of, copied by T. Hayley, from Meyer, 452.
——— death of, 493.
Warton, Dr. of Winchester, 14, 468.
Wilkes, Miss, 150.
——— John, Esq. 152.
Wilton House, visit to, 255.
Wright, of Derby, 59, 80.
Wyndham, George, placed under the care of Mr. Hayley, 127.
——— ——— verses to him from Mr. Hayley, with the life of Milton, 160.
——— his accident from frost, 266.

THE END.

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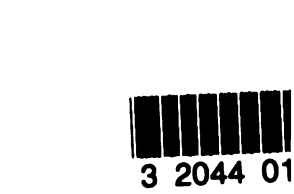
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